

THE
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NOURAJAH SHAH.

JUST at this time the gentleman with whose portrait we commence the twelfth volume of the NATIONAL, is of very great consequence in the eye of the whole world. It is Nourajah Shah, the King of Delhi. For the fidelity of the likeness we do not hold ourselves responsible; the picture is copied from a late Vol. XII.—1

number of the *Illustrated London News*, which is generally accurate in its illustrations and well-informed upon all subjects that come within the range of its editorial supervision.

Nourajah Shah is about forty-five years of age. He is a lineal descendant of the celebrated Aurungzebe, and has thus far continued in the possession and enjoyment of barbaric pomp and splendor, unequaled by those of any other earthly potentate. He is, in his personal habits, luxurious, licentious, and effeminate. As a master, he has been arbitrary and despotic; not more so, however, than his predecessors; and on the whole, perhaps, for a Mogul, his character and conduct will compare favorably with those of his predecessors.

From an account of an interview vouchsafed by the magnificent Nourajah to a British officer of high rank, we obtain some idea of the etiquette of the court at Delhi, and the humiliation to which those who approach his majesty's august presence are obliged to submit. In approaching the royal presence the whole cortege, mounted on elephants, three abreast, passed through a long corridor. This covered and carpeted passage was about a quarter of a mile in length. On passing this distance, the Europeans were obliged to dismount, and to proceed on foot toward the magnificent throne. The throne was profusely adorned with jewels and precious stones, among which were diamonds of the largest size and of the first water. Gold, pearls, rubies, and amethysts abounded; and the canopy over the throne resembled an immense umbrella of crimson velvet, fringed with pearls, and bedizened with diamonds. After the party had dismounted, and were reverently approaching the august presence of the Mogul, a crier proclaimed that an embassy had come from the land of the Franks to do homage to "the king of the world." The chief personages in the embassy were then provided with suitable dresses wherewith to appear in the presence of Nourajah Shah. The curtain was drawn aside, and on bended knee the commander-in-chief, a veritable John Bull, be it remembered, made his offering to the magnificent Mogul. It consisted, on this occasion, of a hundred golden mohurs, each equivalent to fifteen rupees, equal in value, reckoning the rupee at twenty-nine shillings sterling, to about ten thousand dollars.

In return for this present, the King of Delhi bestowed upon the English general a green-painted stick as an emblem of authority, and allowed him thenceforth to beat a drum! How ridiculously absurd, says the reader. Yes, but not more absurd in the eyes of the Mogul's ministers, than to the loyal Briton, the presentation of a black or white wand and the investiture of the garter by the fair hands of Victoria.

The King of Delhi has twelve sons and thirty daughters. His life, in the past, in spite of all his tinsel pomp, and the mock pageantry which surrounds him, has been one of ennui and weariness. What it is to be in the future, or how and when it will come to a close, who shall say? The probability, at present, seems to be, that all his glory will fade away, and that he will be the last of the Mogul dynasty.

THE SILENT MAIDEN.

THERE hangs upon my study wall
A sweet and sad, though thoughtful face,
And, as the olden legend says,
"She was the last of all her race."

Upon her bosom white and fair
Her tender hands are meekly cross'd;
And though rare beauty lingers there,
Her very name and age are lost.

These dim eyes oft look into mine,
As though she wish'd her fate to tell;
But those ripe lips, securely seal'd,
Can never, never break the spell.

If she could speak, perchance the tale
Would be (too oft sad woman's fate!)
The history of a trusting heart,
Bow'd down and crush'd by ruthless hate.

And cold disdain, and stern neglect,
A sad return for woman's trust,
And pure affection thrown away,
And trodden even with the dust.

A life that open'd like the rose,
Too soon of all its freshness shorn,
Burst prematurely to its close,
The blossom fades and leaves the thorn.

Or, her life may have been a dream
Of beauty, happiness, delight,
As swift she glided down the stream,
Which ended in a silent night.

But in the solemn midnight hour,
As o'er some volume old I pore,
I feel the influence and the power
Of that pale face behind the door.

And oft I dream of that fair face,
Which hangs upon my study wall;
Young, saintly, tender, full of grace,
On which the gathering shadows fall.



THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropp'd he.

He holds him with his glittering eye;
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

"The ship was cheer'd, the harbor clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

"The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and
howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

"At length did cross an albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through.

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmer'd the white moonshine."

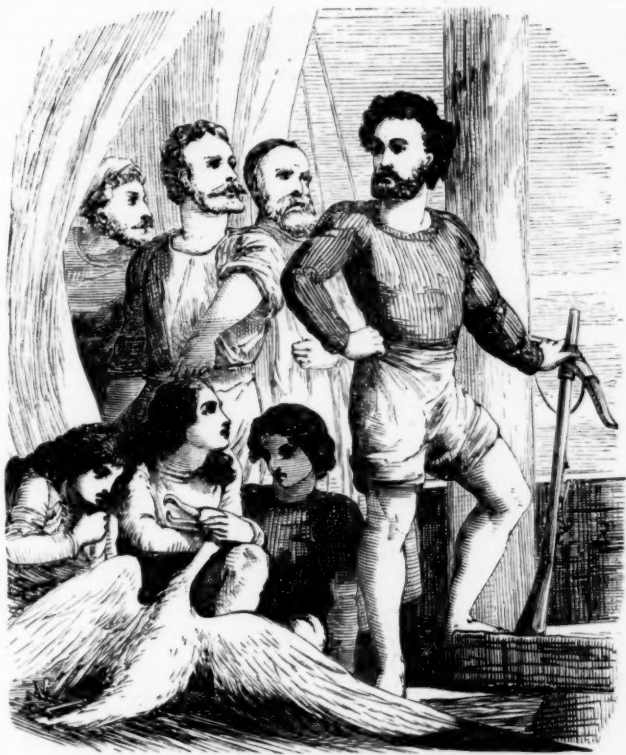
"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" "With my cross-
bow
I shot the albatross."

"The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

"And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
'Ah, wretch!' said they, 'the bird to
slay,
That made the breeze to blow!'





"Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averr'd, I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right,' said they, 'such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

"Down dropp'd the breeze, the sails dropp'd
down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We struck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung."

"There pass'd a weary time. Each throat
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

"At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tack'd, and veer'd.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drouth all dumb we
stood!

I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

"See! see! (I cried,) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

"The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.



"And straight the sun was fleck'd with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

"Alas! thought I, (and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death? and are there two?
Is death that woman's mate?

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thickens man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice:
'The game is done! I've won, I've won!'—
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

"We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seem'd to sip!
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd
 white;

From the sails the dew did drip;
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The horned moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

"One after one, by the star-dogg'd moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
 And curs'd me with his eye.

"Four times fifty living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan,
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropp'd down one by one.

"The souls did from their bodies fly,
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it pass'd me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE powerful dramatic writer, the graceful and witty lyricist, and the sweet and gentle woman, who for so many years, in her quiet retreat at Hampstead, let the world flow past her as if she had nothing to do with it, nor cared to be mentioned by it, was born in one of the most lovely and historical districts of Scotland. She was born in a Scottish manse, in the upper dale of the Clyde, which has, for its mild character and lavish production of fruit, been termed "Fruitland." As you pass along the streets of Scotch towns, you see on fruit-stalls in the summer, piles of plums, pears, and other fruits, labeled "Clydesdale Fruit." One of the finest specimens of the fruit of this luxuriant and genial dale, is Joanna Baillie, a name never pronounced but with the veneration due to the truest genius, and the affection which is the birthright of the truest specimens of womanhood. The sister of the late amiable and excellent Dr. Baillie, the friend of Walter Scott, the woman whose masculine muse every great poet has for nearly half a century delighted to honor, Joanna Baillie, wrote because she could not help pouring out the fullness of her heart and mind, and the natural consequence was fame; otherwise, whoever sees that quiet, amiable, and unassuming lady, easy and cheerful as when she played beneath the fruit-laden boughs of her native garden, sees that, though not scorning the

fair reputation of well-exercised intellect, she is at home in the bosom of home, and lets no restless desire for mere fame disturb the pure happiness of a serene life, and the honor and love of those nearest and dearest to her. Had the lambent flame of genius not burned in the breast of Joanna Baillie, that of a pure piety and a spirit made to estimate the blessings of life, and to enjoy all the other blessings of peace and social good which it brings, would have still burned brightly in her bosom, and made her just as happy, though not as great.

The birthplace of Joanna Baillie is the pretty manse of Bothwell, in the immediate neighborhood of Bothwell Brig; and, therefore, as will at once be seen, in the center of ground where stirring deeds have been done, and where the author of *Waverley* has added the vivid coloring of romance to those deeds. Bothwell manse, from its elevated site, looks directly down upon the scene of the battle at Bothwell Brig; upon the park of Hamilton, where the Covenanters were encamped; and upon Bothwellhaugh, the seat of Hamilton, who shot the regent Murray. This is no mean spot in a historical point of view, and it is richly endowed by nature. Near it also, a little further down the river, stands Bothwell Castle, on *Bothwell bank*, on which the charm of poetry has been conferred with an almost needless prodigality, for it is so delightful in its own natural beauty.

The country, as you proceed to Bothwell from Glasgow, from which it is distant about ten miles, though from the first rich and well cultivated, is not so agreeable, from the quantity of coal that is found along the roads into Glasgow, and which seems to have given a blackness to everything. As you advance, however, it grows continually more elevated, open, airy, and pleasant. About a mile before you reach Bothwell, the tall, square church steeple of which, seen far before you, serves you for a guide, a pair of lodge gates on your right hand marks the entrance to the grounds of Bothwell Castle. By writing your name and address in a book kept by the gate-keeper, you are admitted, and can then pursue your way alone to the castle, and make your own survey without the nuisance of a guide. The castle lies about half a mile from the high-road. You first arrive at very beautifully kept pleasure grounds, in which stands a good

*J Baillie*

modern mansion, the seat of the proprietor, Lord Douglas. Passing through these grounds, and close to the right of the house, you soon behold the ruins of the old castle. It is of a very red sandstone, extensive in its remains, and bearing evidence of having been much more extensive. Its tall red walls stand up amid fine trees and masses of ivy, and seem as if created by Time to beautify the modern scene with which they blend so well. The part remaining consists of a great oblong square, with two lofty and massy towers overlooking the river, which lies to your left. There are also remains of an ample chapel. From the openings in the ruins, the river below, and its magnificent valley or glen, burst with startling effect upon you. The bank from the foot of the castle descends with considerable steepness to the river far below, but soft and green as possible; and beyond the dark and hurrying river rise banks equally high, and as finely wooded and varied. Advancing beyond the castle you come again to the river,

which sweeps round the ruins in a fine curve. Here every charm of scenery, the great river in its channel, its lofty and well wooded banks, the picturesque views of Blantyre Priory opposite, the slopes and swells of most luxurious green, and splendid lime-trees hanging their verdurous boughs to the ground, mingle the noble and the beautiful into an enchanting whole. A gravel walk leads you down past the front of the castle, and presents you with a new and still more impressive view of it. Here it stands aloft on the precipice above you, a most stately remnant of the old times; and nature has not stinted her labors in arraying it in tree, bush, and hanging-plant, so as to give it the grace of life in its slow decay, making it in perfect harmony with herself. Few scenes are more fascinating than this. Above you the towers of the castle, which once received as its victorious guest Edward I. of England; which again sheltered the English chiefs fleeing from the disastrous field of Bannockburn; which was the

stronghold of Archibald the Grim, and the proud hall of the notorious Earl Bothwell. Below, slopes down in softest beauty the verdant bank, and the stately Clyde, dark and deep, flows on amid woods and rocks worthy of all their fame. The taste of the proprietor has seized on every circumstance to give a finish to a scene so lovely; and it is impossible not to exclaim, in the words of the celebrated old ballad,

"O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair."

The village of Bothwell is, as I have said, a mile further on the way toward Hamilton. The church and manse lie to the left hand as you enter it, and the latter is buried, as it were, in a perfect sea of fruit trees. You may pass through the church-yard to it, and then along a foot-path between two high hedges, which leads you to the carriage-road from the village to its front. The house in which Miss Baillie was born, and where she lived till her fourth year, seems to stand on a sort of mount, on one side overlooking the valley of the Clyde, and on the other the church-yard and part of the village. The situation is at once airy and secluded. Between the manse and the church-yard lies the garden, full of fruit trees; and other gardens, or rather orchards, between that and the village, add to the mass of foliage, in which it is immersed. Between the church-yard and the manse garden commences a glen, which runs down, widening and deepening as it goes, on the side of the manse most distant from the village, to the great Clyde valley. This gives the house a picturesqueness of situation peculiarly attractive. It has its own little secluded glen, its sloping crofts, finely shaded with trees, and beyond again other masses of trees shrouding cottages and farms.

The church has been rebuilt within these few years, of the same red stone as Bothwell Castle; but the old chancel of the church still remains standing, in a state of ruin. The church-yard is extensive, scattered with old-fashioned tombs, and forming a famous playground for the children of the neighboring village school, who were out leaping in the deep damp soil, and galloping among its rank hemlocks and mallows to their hearts' content.

Though Miss Baillie only spent the first four years of her life at this sweet and secluded parsonage, it is the place which

she has said she liked best to think of, of any in her native country. And this we may well imagine; it is just the place for a child's paradise, embosomed amid blossoming trees, with its garden lying like a little hidden yet sunny fairy land in the midst of them, with its flowers and its humming bees, that old church and half-wild churchyard alongside of it, and its hanging crofts, and little umbrageous valley.

To Bothwell Brig you descend the excellent highway toward Hamilton, and coming at it in something less than a mile, are surprised to find what a rich and inviting scene it is. The brig, which you suppose, from being described as a narrow, steep, old-fashioned concern in the days of the Covenanters, to be something gray and quaint, reminding you of Claverhouse and the sturdy Gospellers, is really a very respectable, modern-looking affair. The gateway which used to stand in the center of it has been removed, the breadth has been increased, an additional arch or arches have been added at each end, and the whole looks as much like a decent, everyday, well-to-do, and toll-taking bridge as bridge well can do. There is a modern toll-bar at the Bothwell end of it. There is a good house or two, with their gardens descending to the river. The river flows on full and clear, between banks well cultivated and well covered with plantations. Beyond the bridge and river the country again ascends with an easy slope toward Hamilton, with extensive plantations, and park walls belonging to the domain of the Duke of Hamilton. You have scarcely ascended a quarter of a mile, when, on your left hand, a handsome gateway, bearing the ducal escutcheons, and with goodly lodges, opens a new carriage-way into the park. Everything has an air of the present time, of wealth, peace, and intellectual government, that make the days of the battle of Bothwell Brig seem like a piece of the romance work of Scott, and not of real history.

Scott himself tells us, in his "Border Minstrelsy," in his notes to the old ballad of "Bothwell Brig," that "the whole appearance of the ground as given in the picture of the battle at Hamilton Palace, even including a few old houses, is the same as the scene now presents. The removal of the porch, or gateway, upon the bridge, is the only perceptible difference." There must have been much change here

since Scott visited it. The old houses have given way to new houses. The old bridge is metamorphosed into something that might pass for a newish bridge. The banks of the river, and the lands of the park beneath, are so planted and wooded, that the pioneers would have much to do before a battle could be fought. All trace of moorland has vanished, and modern inclosure and cultivation have taken possession of the scene. When we bring back by force of imagination the old view of the place, it is a far different one.

When we picture to ourselves the Duke of Monmouth ordering his brave foot-guards, under command of Lord Livingston, to force the bridge, which was defended by Hackstone of Rathillet, and Claverhouse sitting on his white horse on the hillside near Bothwell, watching the progress of the fray, and ready to rush down with his cavalry and fall on the infatuated Covenanters who were quarreling among themselves on Hamilton haughs, we see a wild and correspondent landscape, rough as the Cameronian insurgents, and rude as their notions. The Bothwell Brig of the present day has all the old aspect modernized out of it, and smiling fields and woods speak of long peaceful times, and snug modern homes.

To the left, looking over the haughs or meadows of Hamilton, from Bothwell Brig, you discern the top of the present house of Bothwellhaugh over a mass of wood. Here another strange historical event connects itself with this scene. Here lived that Hamilton who shot, in the streets of Linlithgow, the Regent Murray, the half-brother of the Queen of Scots. The outrage had been instigated by another, which was calculated, especially in an age like that when men took the redress of their wrongs into their own hands without much ceremony, to excite to madness a man of honor and strong feeling. The regent had given to one of his favorites Hamilton's estate of Bothwellhaugh, who proceeded to take possession with such brutality that he turned Hamilton's wife out naked, in a cold night, into the open fields, where before morning she became furiously mad. The spirit of vengeance took deep hold of Hamilton's mind, and was fanned to flame by his indignant kinsmen. He followed the regent from place to place, seeking an opportunity to kill him. This at length occurred

by his having to pass through Linlithgow on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. Hamilton placed himself in a wooden gallery, which had a window toward the street, and as the regent slowly, on account of the pressure of the crowd, rode past, he shot him dead.

Add to these scenes and histories that Hamilton Palace, in its beautiful park, lies within a mile of the Bothwell Brig, and it must be admitted that no poetess could desire to be born in a more beautiful or classical region. Joanna Baillie's father was at the time of her birth minister of Bothwell. When she was four years old he quitted it, and was removed to different parishes, and finally, only three years before his death, was presented to the chair of divinity at Glasgow. After his death Miss Baillie spent with her family six or more years in the bare muirlands of Kilbride, a scenery not likely to have much attraction for a poetical mind, but made agreeable by the kindness and intelligence of two neighboring families. She never saw Edinburgh till on her way to England when about twenty-two years of age. Before that period she had never been above ten or twelve miles from home, and, with the exception of Bothwell, never formed much attachment to places.

For many years Joanna Baillie was a resident of Hempstead, where she was visited by nearly all the great writers of the age. Scott, as may be seen in his letters to Joanna Baillie, delighted to make himself her guest, and on her visit to Scotland, in 1806, she spent some weeks in his house at Edinburgh. From this time they were most intimate friends; she was one of the persons to whom his letters were most frequently addressed, and he planted, in testimony of his friendship for her, a bower of pinasters, the seeds of which she had furnished, at Abbotsford, and called it Joanna's bower. In 1810 her drama, "The Family Legend," was through his means brought out at Edinburgh. It was the first new play brought out by Mr. Henry Siddons, and was very well received, a fortune which has rarely attended her able tragedies, which are imagined to be more suitable for the closet than the stage. There they will continue to charm while vigor of conception, a clear and masterly style, and healthy nobility of sentiment retain their hold on the human mind.



FALLS OF THE NAUGATUCK AT SEYMOUR.

THE VALLEY OF THE NAUGATUCK.

THE scenery of the Naugatuck Valley between Seymour and Naugatuck presents some of its boldest and most characteristic features. This portion I shall designate as "the Highlands of the Naugatuck." The illustrations which appear in this article exhibit some of its most striking and characteristic features.

The above illustration represents the Falls of the Naugatuck at Seymour. It was in the vicinity of these falls that the Naugatuck Indians fixed their abode, and where the remnants of the tribe lingered until a comparatively recent period.

The view looking up the valley from Seymour is peculiarly characteristic of the scenery of this region. It was sketched from a hill on the east side of the river, known as "The Promised Land." On the left of the engraving appears the railroad, on the right the old turnpike. So circuitous is the stream and its accompany-

ing railroad, as seen from this point, that it would seem an impossibility for them to penetrate through hills which appear so completely to shut in the view in the back ground.

The singular and nearly cone-shaped mountain known as Rock Rimmon, presents a bold, grand outline, as seen from various points of view. It is the abrupt termination of the line of hills known as "the Beacon Hills," from the most considerable elevation of which Long Island Sound is distinctly visible at a distance of about fifteen miles. Tradition says that in Revolutionary times the beacon fire was kindled on these hills to give warning of approaching danger.

The small cluster of houses and the large manufacturing establishment known upon this road as the Beacon Falls Station are most picturesquely situated in the midst of some of the wildest scenery of this portion of Connecticut. The extensive manufactory which appears in the cut is devoted to the production of the vulcan-

ite or hard India-rubber goods. A great variety of articles are manufactured here, of a portion of which I append a list, possessing a degree of interest, as exhibiting the variety of uses to which this material is applied in the present advanced stages of its manufacture. Here are made syringes of all descriptions; telegraph insulators; telegraph wire; various parts used on telegraphic machines, viz., magnet heads, switch handles, etc., the material being an entire non-conductor of electri-

city; chemical and photographic apparatuses, not subject to corrosion from any acid; a variety of surgical implements, tumblers, dice cups, tunnels, caster rolls, caustic holders, thimbles, shaving-brush handles, powder-flasks, martingale rings, whip-sockets, inkstands, bottles for travelers, pomatum jars, napkin rings, corkscrews, whip handles, etc., etc. There are in this establishment about one hundred and fifty hands employed, who are mostly Germans, and who have been en-



VIEW NEAR BEACON FALLS.

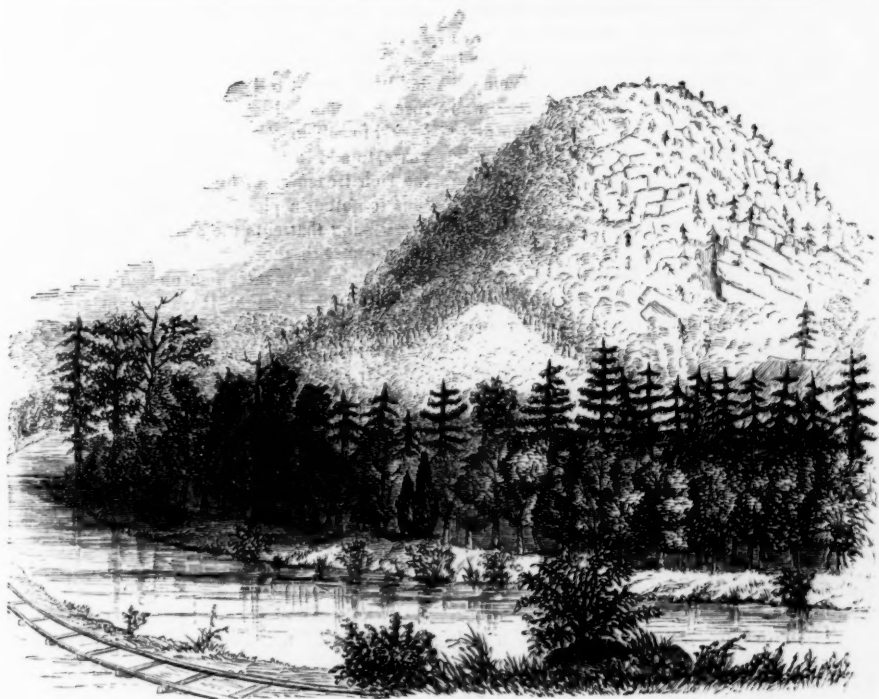
gaged at home in the turning of ivory and horn.

The rubber is put into molds when in a soft state, and then subjected to a high degree of heat. This process renders the substance sufficiently hard to be worked in the same manner as ivory. It is turned upon lathes, after which it is susceptible to the highest polish.

The water power here was first brought out by William De Forest, Esq., and others, in 1836. In 1850 it was purchased by a

new company. The present buildings were not completed until 1853.

Immediately above Beacon Falls the scenery assumes its most frowning and savage mood. Bold and jagged heights appear, shattered granite rocks are piled one upon another. The dark hemlocks are scattered over the mountain sides without the soil, as it would seem, necessary to sustain them; indeed, appearing to spring out of the solid rock. The narrowest portion of the gorge through which



ROCK RIMMON.

the railroad passes is here approached. On the one side is the river, and above dark, stern, and frowning heights arise.

The illustration which I present of a view near Beacon Falls, is of a point about one mile above that station, near the house known as the Sherman Place. At the distance of about half a mile from this place, in a wild gorge of the mountains, approached by a delightful walk following a small tributary of the Naugatuck, is Jones's Gap.

This singularly beautiful spot is comparatively little known, but to the lovers of the picturesque it is well worth a visit. From Seymour to Naugatuck, a distance of about seven miles, every step of the way develops some charming point of view. The traveler by the train is so hurried through this singularly wild and picturesque scenery that he can form at best but an imperfect impression of its characteristic features. Indeed, there are few portions of Switzerland or Norway where the pedestrian is better repaid for a ramble through them. Like our American scenery in general, this lacks the Alpine

features so peculiar to those countries, but in the picturesque and wild it is scarcely excelled in either.

The view of Naugatuck which I present was sketched from a hill near the cemetery, upon the Waterbury turnpike. It can scarcely be said to be a general view, as the town is much scattered and built upon both sides of the river. It, however, gives a good impression of the central part of the village. Naugatuck was formerly a society of Waterbury known as Salem Bridge. In 1844 it was incorporated as a town under the name of Naugatuck. On the right of the cut appears the Congregational Church, a structure highly creditable to the place, which was completed in 1855. On the left is St. Michael's Church, (Episcopal,) and near these the High School. Naugatuck is a thriving place, with numerous manufacturing establishments, among which "Goodyear's Metallic Rubber Shoe Company" is the most prominent.

Mr. Charles Goodyear, the well-known inventor and patentee of various articles manufactured from India-rubber, although

not a native of Naugatuck, passed the earlier portion of his life at this place, with which his name is intimately associated. It was at Naugatuck that he developed many of his plans. Mr. Goodyear was born at New Haven in 1799, soon after which his father removed with his family to Naugatuck, where he resided up to the time of his decease. In 1834 Mr. Charles Goodyear engaged in the manufacture of gum elastic in the city of New York. To the *American Phrenological Journal* of December, 1856, I am indebted for most of the following facts, which are given in a biographical notice of this gentleman.

Enthusiasm is pre-eminently an American characteristic. It was an enthusiastic love of liberty, and freedom to worship God without control or restraint, that led the Pilgrims and the Huguenots to abandon the luxuries of the Old World, to meet the privations of the howling wilderness, and to overcome the obstacles which threatened to make them martyrs. This spirit was seen in the Revolution, is evinced in the pioneer spirit which settles new territories and plants cities of wealth and

enterprise on the far-off shores of the Pacific, making the solitary wilderness of the West vocal with the hum of industry, and "the desert to bud and blossom as the rose." This spirit inspired Audubon to bury himself in the trackless forests for years, to add to the science of ornithology the rich treasures of his discoveries, and thus to gather a plume for his brow from every wing that cuts the air, and to write his name with the quill of that imperial bird which his country had chosen as the symbol of her liberty. It was enthusiasm that warmed the blood of Kane and his companions, amid the eternal monuments of Polar winter; it was this same exultant energy which nerved the gallant Fremont to scale the frosty crags of the Rocky Mountains, to open to the world the golden gate of California.

In every branch of industry this spirit is cropping out, indicating boldness, perseverance, and a self-sacrificing heroism that scorns hardships and mocks opposition.

Fulton suffered poverty, privation, and ridicule, as he toiled earnestly to perfect



BEACON FALLS.

the steamboat, while his enthusiasm was warmed by the prophetic visions which now float over the waters of the wide world like fairy palaces. Morse, too, penniless, and almost friendless, secluded in a garret, with seedy garments and scanty fare, studied and labored to harness the fiery agent which the enthusiastic Frank-

lin, three quarters of a century before, had coaxed from the angry heavens. The poor artist has become a millionaire, or has earned the right to be one, and that which was once called "arrant folly" is now regarded as sound philosophy. The world calls its pioneers fools, or crazy; but when they give material form and



SKETCH IN JONES'S GAP.

action to their great thoughts, then they became wise and sound instantly. But tardy justice is better than none.

Charles Goodyear, imbued with the same spirit, would listen to no persuasion from his friends to abandon what, to them, appeared a hopeless project; and though he had expended his means, and exhausted

his credit with cool business-men, and been denied further aid from ardent capitalists, and he saw nothing before him but penury and the poor-house, still he did not give up his darling thought. His hope, undimmed, burned with unabated fervor in the darkest hour, and thus sustained him until his conquest was completed.



NAUGATUCK.

We saw him, haggard and worn, and weary, in the darkest hours of his struggle, and though he was pointed out to strangers as the man who was crazy on the subject of India-rubber, we saw in the pale and careworn man the faith and hope that, though cast down, are not destroyed, and a gleaming fire in his eye that bespoke perfect confidence in himself and in his great idea.

It requires but a moment's reflection to perceive that few inventions have done more to increase human comfort than that by which caoutchouc, or India-rubber, is made available, as it now is, for so many uses.

We remember when India-rubber was used only to erase pencil-marks from paper. The rude shoes first made over lasts of clay, so stiff and hard when exposed to a temperature below the freezing point, that human power could produce scarcely any effect upon them, were thought a great achievement. Its quality of resisting water, and its freedom from a tendency to

rot like other fabrics, made it very desirable for articles of clothing for the human body. It was therefore at once seen, that if India-rubber could only be made perfectly, or even partially pliable, like cloth or soft leather, a great desideratum would be gained, and human comfort greatly increased. Chemistry was invoked for aid, and human ingenuity was taxed to the utmost. As it was a new article, the scholars in chemistry could give but little light on the subject. It was left for such men as Goodyear to exhaust everything but ingenuity, backed by an enthusiastic hope which stayed up his heart and strengthened his hands, until success crowned his efforts.

In 1834 Mr. Goodyear engaged in the business of manufacturing gum elastic in the city of New York. His experiments were continued and various; but failure and disappointment were his only reward. Though money, time, and health were wasted, yet, as Goodyear's

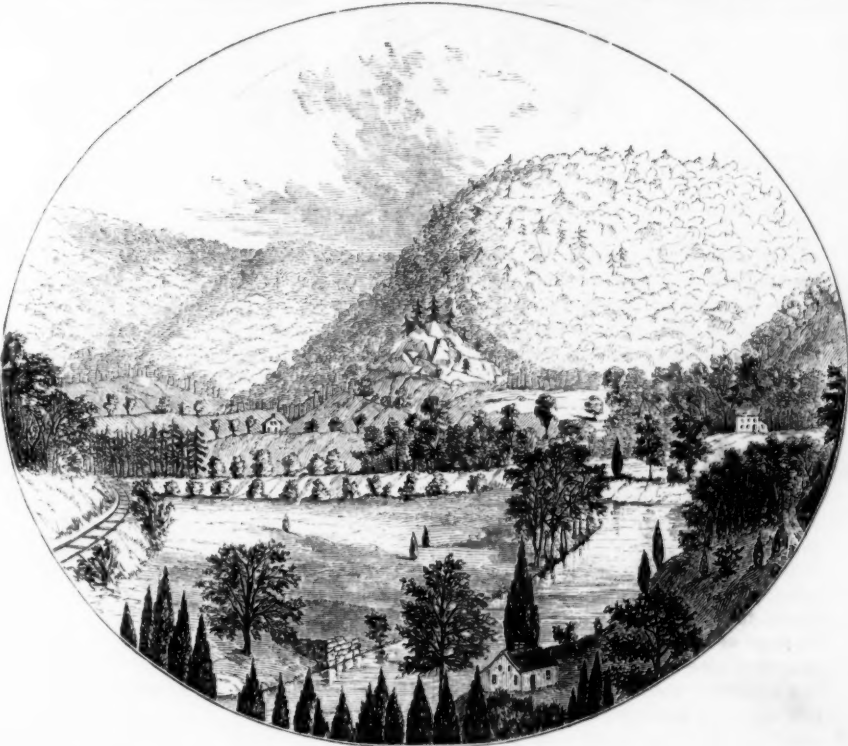
enthusiasm had inspired his faith, he felt attracted by a truth he could not see, and his stout heart fainted not. Disappointment in one experiment, instead of damping his ardor, merely convinced him that the truth he sought, and which he felt sure must exist somewhere, lay in another direction; and since every futile experiment proved where it was not, he believed he was drawing nearer to it; hence every failure was to him but the removing of so much rubbish which hid from his view the object of his research, and thus stimulated him to a further trial. His money and credit were gone; and lawsuits, duns, executions, sheriffs, and sharp pinchings of poverty, soon followed. Destitute of means, yet hunted from place to place, sometimes imprisoned for debt, he still continued to apply himself with invincible pertinacity to the master thought of his life.

In January, 1839, he realized his expectations, and was repaid for all his toil, expense, and sufferings, by the discovery of

the process so long his untiring object by day, and his dreams by night.

In 1844 he obtained his great patent, while residing at Springfield. . . . Mr. Goodyear about this time returned to Naugatuck, and started a large establishment for the manufacture of those beautiful articles now so necessary to every one's wardrobe, and especially serviceable to those exposed to storms. Experience has awakened and directed the ingenuity of the manufacturer to such an extent, that thousands of articles of luxury, ornament, and convenience, are now made from that material which we but recently saw only in a clumsy India-rubber shoe, nearly half an inch thick.

From this time Mr. Goodyear had prosperity; but infringements upon his patents caused him much harassing litigation, but he was everywhere honored and respected, and poverty no longer howled, gaunt and hungry, around his hearthstone. In view of his extreme poverty and suffering, Mr. Webster, in his great argument in behalf



VIEW LOOKING UP THE VALLEY FROM SEYMOUR.



CHARLES GOODYEAR.

of Mr. Goodyear's patent, and the last time this prince of advocates ever appeared at the bar, said: "It would be painful to speak of his extreme want; the destitution of his family; half-clad, he picking up with his own hands little billets of wood from the wayside, to warm the household; suffering reproach—not harsh reproach, for no one could bestow that upon him—and receiving indignation and ridicule from his friends."

For several years past Mr. Goodyear has resided alternately in England and in France. All the varieties of rubber goods manufactured from his patents are eagerly sought in different parts of Europe. In England and France several large establishments have been built for the production of rubber goods, working under his patents. The shoe establishment at Montargis, in France, produces eight thousand pairs of shoes per day. At the establish-

ment in Paris for the manufacture of rubber clothing, nine hundred garments are turned out daily. Both of these are carried on by the firm of Hutchinson, Henderson, & Co. Among the numerous marks of honor conferred upon Mr. Goodyear in Europe, he has received a brevet of knighthood from the Emperor Louis Napoleon.

A story is related at Naugatuck, of the result of a night's courting adventure to a youth of that place, in the Revolutionary times. As every little local incident which throws any light upon the history and exigencies of that period possesses a degree of interest, I will give it.

While the British were in possession of Long Island, they were in the habit of sending their agents on marauding expeditions to this vicinity, who acted in concert with the tories and "cow-boys." Many a farmer's cow-yard, granary, hen-

roost, and sheep-fold told the story. These parties used to cross the Sound, sometimes landing near the mouth of the Housatonic, at others coming up in their boats as far as Derby, and occasionally honoring the people of the lower portion of the Naugatuck Valley with a call, and with considerable drafts discounted at sight upon their eatables.

At this period there lived at Naugatuck, among many patriotic families, one of the name of Judd. A small settlement in Naugatuck, known as Guntown, was a stronghold of the tories. But these political differences seem not to have cooled the ardor of some of the Naugatuck youths, or to prevent occasional expeditions to Guntown, which, if partaking somewhat of a marauding character, were doubtless looked upon with a certain degree of complacency by the marriageable fair ones in the tory neighborhood.

It was upon one of these expeditions to Guntown that a young man named Chauncey Judd, a son of the person before referred to, started one evening. The night doubtless passed cheerily on, and, in accordance with the custom of those times, it was daylight when our hero left his lady-love. The night's "sparking" ended, the young "rebel" set out on his return home, whistling cheerfully along, and doubtless spinning cobweb fancies for the future. He suddenly discovered a detachment of armed men upon the road a short distance in advance of him, whom he took for Americans, but being somewhat shy, and on one of his first courting expeditions, he wished to avoid their railery, and turned off from the road to cross the lots. He was mistaken, however, in the party, as they proved to be British and "cow-boys," and as soon as they discovered that he sought to avoid them, the leader of the party sent one of his number, who was acquainted with the neighborhood, to examine him, as they were suspicious that he might give information of their whereabouts, and that it would result in their being pursued, as they had been for several days plundering the neighborhood. Cady, the man sent to examine the youth, reported him as belonging to a staunch Whig family in the vicinity. After a consultation they determined to retain him as a prisoner. He was accordingly taken to one of the houses of the tories at Guntown, where he was confined in a cellar.

After three or four days his father, accompanied by several friends, having traced him to this neighborhood, entered the house where he was confined. The young man heard distinctly his father's voice in the room above inquiring for him, but he was threatened that if he spoke or made the least noise to acquaint the party of his place of concealment, that he should be instantly killed. There was a well in the cellar into which they had before threatened to throw him. Our hero heard, as may be imagined, with no very pleasant forebodings for the future, the retreating footsteps of his friends. Perhaps he in the meantime repented his night's sparking in the tory neighborhood, but this I will not pretend to say. He might have thought with "the captive knight,"

"They have gone, they have all pass'd by,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
And have left me here to die."

After the party in search of the young man had left the house, the occupants began to feel serious apprehensions for the future. The question then arose, how they might best dispose of their prisoner. The leader of the party insisted upon the necessity of killing him. This consultation, as well as the decision, was heard distinctly by the prisoner. The wife, however, of the owner of the domicile, declared that she would have no such deed of blood committed in her house, and no ghost of the murdered man hereafter to haunt her. They therefore decided to take him down to a brook near by, and dispatch him there. He soon heard the cellar door open and the sound of footsteps on the stairs; death now seemed inevitably to stare him in the face. He was taken from the house to the spot proposed for the dark deed, and here Cady, the man first sent to examine the youth before his arrest, interfered, and saved his life.

The party soon after started with their prisoner down the river in the greatest haste. They arrived at the mouth of the Housatonic during the night. The weather was cold and stormy. Here they took their boat to cross the Sound. One of the thole-pins was missing, and the young man was compelled, notwithstanding the extreme cold, to hold a bayonet for one of the men to row against. They arrived safely on the opposite shore,



UNION CITY.

and were landed on Long Island. The prisoner was here taken to a house which they made their head-quarters, with no very enviable hopes for the future, as he now felt that he was removed at such a distance from his friends that he might be dispatched with impunity. This was a trying hour for a youth of eighteen. But his friends were in pursuit; they traced the party to the mouth of the river, where they found a person who knew the rendezvous of these men on Long Island. They soon manned a whale-boat and pushed across the sound. They attacked the house, and made the whole party, with the exception of one, prisoners; among them was an English lieutenant. They also succeeded in escaping with the whole number, and in bringing them across to Stratford. Our hero was taken from his hiding-place; he had heard the tumult in the house, not knowing into whose hands he might now fall, and was so frightened and confused that he shouted lustily, "God save the king."

The parties connected with this affair at Guntown were tried; one was sentenced to be executed, another had his property confiscated.

The writer has learned this story from one who heard it from our hero. To add to the romance of the matter, it is certainly unfortunate that the young man's tory mistress was not the means of effecting his escape; I should furthermore be happy to state that the two were afterward united in the holy bonds of matrimony, as all true lovers should be. But, so far as I know, these things have not transpired.

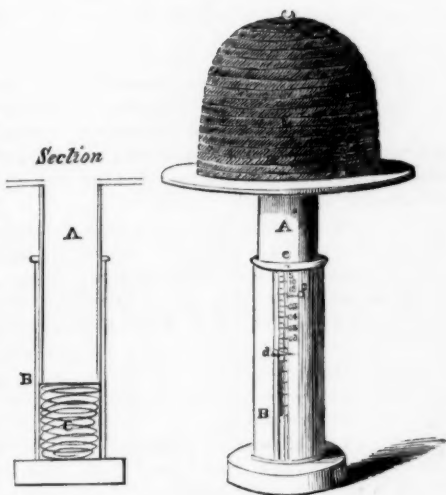
The settlement known as Union City is in the town of Naugatuck, about one mile north of the center. In its immediate neighborhood are several prosperous manufacturing establishments. The view which I present was sketched a short distance south of the place, upon a hill near the Naugatuck Road. The house appearing in the distance is known as the "old Goodyear place," and was for many years the home of Charles Goodyear.

THE age of crusades was the youth of modern Europe. It was the time of unsophisticated feelings and ungovernable passions; the era of love, war, enthusiasm, and adventure.—*Schlegel*.

SELF-ACTING INDICATOR BEE-STAND.

NUMEROUS as are the contrivances for facilitating the study of the honey-bee, we have not one which enables the bee-keeper to note the daily progress of a colony in the accumulation of a store. To know the weight of a hive, we must bring out a tripod and steel-yard, and move the hive from its site; and even then we cannot judge accurately as to daily or weekly progress; in fact, we only learn the gross weight when we weigh it, and compare one weighing with another. In order to judge of what has been accomplished in the interim, I have lately thought of a plan by which the daily, even hourly progress of a hive may be known, by a self-acting apparatus of most simple construction; and as this is the time to determine whether a new appliance shall be tried or not, I venture to submit my plan to your apiarian readers. If I wait until I have put it into practice, the communication may appear too late to be of use to others during the present season.

Construct a pedestal for a hive on the plan represented in the diagram. Let it be formed telescope fashion; a turned pillar, A, working in the manner of a piston inside a brass or copper cylinder B. Inside B, and beneath the pillar A, is a spiral spring of brass or steel; and on this spring the pillar A presses, more or less, according to the weight superincumbent upon it. In the front of the cylinder B are two open slits, and between them an index, marked in accordance with the strength of the spring. The right-hand slit is simply a groove, in which a finger, *c*, works freely up and down, when moved by the hand, and a screw fixes it wherever it may be required to remain. The finger *d* is attached to the base of the pillar A, and the slit in which it works is quite open; so that as A presses down the spiral spring the finger *d* marks the gross weight of hive, hive-board, sufers, bees, and honey. At *e*, a thumbscrew passes through the rim of the cylinder B, to press against the pillar A, and retain it in its position. This is to prevent any jerking upward of the hive on the removal of a cap or sufer.



The use of the contrivance can need but little explaining. The hive, with its swarm and floor-board, is placed on the pillar, and its gross weight is immediately marked by the finger *d*. Suppose the gross weight on the afternoon of the swarm being hived to be 10 lbs., fix the finger *c* at 10 lbs., and the finger *d* will the next evening show the actual amount of work accomplished in the formation of comb, etc. If a sufer is put on, let the additional weight noted by *d* be added to the former weight of the hive, as indicated by *c*; so that whenever you desire to know the total weight of the contents, you have but to deduct the weight registered by *c* from that indicated by *d*, and the product is the answer required.

By such a plan we might compare hives, swarms, and localities with each other, the index showing the daily, even hourly progress of each. The effect of a few fine days in May would be pleasingly evident; and it is likely enough that, with the help afforded by the thermometer, the time for putting on sufers, or opening the partitions in collateral boxes, would be very definitely noted. But such, and other uses that may arise, I leave to the consideration of those who may care to adopt my invention.

The above contrivance would doubtless prove interesting and valuable to the apiarian. It is not at all necessary that the hive itself should be of the particular form indicated by the engraving, though we should prefer one somewhat ornamental.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

IT has been objected to a recent publication that the author, in delineating the various phases of the character of "the True Woman," omitted, and, to use an Americanism that is becoming popular, *ignored* that large and respectable class denominated *Old Maids*. Whether this omission was intentionally disrespectful, intending to imply that every true woman of marriageable age must, of necessity, be linked to one of the other sex, it is not my purpose to inquire. I do know, that there have been many true women who have chosen to live in single blessedness; and in every life—even the quietest, even the least disturbed and eventful—there is some little vein of romance, some golden vein in the earthy ore, if we might be permitted to trace it in the sunshine. I do not like to think that any of the thousand throbbing, hoping, fearing hearts I meet can be all clay, all indurated selfishness; the hardest, most unpromising people, for aught we know, may have acted long romances in their own proper persons, and have grown cold and passive after them to a degree that would lead one to believe they had never felt.

There was Miss Fernley, for instance, a maiden lady of immense antiquity, whom we used to visit when I was a little girl. She lived in a large, genteel, red-brick house, inclosed in a stiff garden, with a great iron gate. Miss Fernley was precision and neatness personified, but her parlor was intolerably dull and gloomy; moreover, it was infested with three of the surliest cats I ever knew, and a parrot, the most vixenish of its race. I remember with awe the solemn tea-parties, to which all the children of her acquaintance were annually invited. Depression fell on my spirits as the gate clanged behind me; by the time my bonnet and cloak were taken off I was rigid; and when I was set down on a stool, at a considerable distance from the fire, but within reach of the cats, I was petrified into stupidity for the rest of the night. Miss Fernley delighted in me accordingly; she was accustomed to say to my mother, that I was "such a quiet, prettily-behaved child;" and in consequence she often sent for me to spend the afternoon on Saturday half-holiday, giving as a reason that she liked company. She was a kindly, ceremonious old lady,

with no idea whatever of amusing a child. Every time I went she gave me an old brocaded-satin bag filled with ends of worsted and silk; these she bade me sort out into packets according to color; and when she had done that, she let me alone until tea-time. Once I abstracted from its shelf an illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which Apollyon was represented as a handsome Crusader in scale-armor, standing on prostrate Christian. I did admire Apollyon, he was so grand, and had such wings; but an audible remark to that effect caused me to be immediately deprived of the book, and in all subsequent visits at this period my attention was divided between the end-bag and the cats.

Miss Fernley's parlor never underwent any change. If one of her pets died, it was replaced by another of the same sex and color. All the cats were king-cats, and gray; and they did spit sometimes! The straight-backed, slender-legged chairs always stood primly up by the walls; the heavy sofa preserved its angle by the fire-side as if it were fastened to the floor; and the discordant old piano was forever open. I used to perform upon it a line and a half of "Paddy Carey," the only tune I knew without music, every time I went. Later in life, I did the "Caliph of Bagdad" and the "Battle of Prague," to Miss Fernley's delight; and I remember her once singing to me, with the remains of a very sweet voice, "The Woodpecker tapping," and a little Spanish air.

There were two circular portraits in this room of Miss Fernley's brothers, both in uniform; the elder had been drowned at sea, and the younger killed in battle. She loved dearly to talk of these two brothers, when once she had begun to be confidential, and would quote a great deal of poetry in her narrative of their histories; I believe she grew to love me for the interest with which I always listened to the oft-told tales. It probably never occurred to me until some years later to think whether she was a pretty or an ugly old lady; she was tall, thin, stiff; scantily dressed in silks of a uniform cloud-color, with a lofty-crowned cap with a good many white bows; she wore a frill of fine rich lace about her neck, and ruffles at her wrists when nobody else did, and had a particularly precise and almost courtly air; I should say she was proud;

and one bit of ceremony always observed by me to the day of her death was, never to sit in her presence until invited to do so.

The way I became acquainted with the life-romance of this gray, lonely old lady was as follows. She invited me to take up my abode at her house for a week when I was about sixteen, to be company for three madcap girls, her nieces, and daughters of the younger brother whose portrait decorated the dismal parlor. Their exuberant spirits were very trying to Miss Fernley; they outraged the cats by dressing them up in nightcaps and pocket-handkerchiefs; they taught the parrot to be impertinent, and broke the strings of the old piano.

One long wet day their pranks went beyond all bounds; they wanted to act a play in the drawing-room, and to bribe them from their intention, Miss Fernley gave them the key of a great lumber-room, and bade them go and ransack the chests of ancient apparel therein contained for amusement. Up we all accordingly went. Out upon the dusty floor, with screams of laughter, the wild girls tossed armfuls of garments of all degrees of hideousness and antiquity; startled sometimes by a moth fluttering out from the heaps, and arrested often by the sight of some article of attire more curious than the rest. One of them—Letty, the youngest—lit upon a sack of crimson silk, and immediately cried out that she would dress up, and astonish Aunt Jeanie. Her costume, when completed, was rather incongruous; but a quaint old mirror against the wall showed her a very pretty, if fantastic figure, draped in the crimson sack, with amber-satin petticoat, and a black Spanish hat, with a plume shading down over her golden hair. Lettie Fernley was a bright-complexioned lassie; and as she walked a stately step before the glass, you might have thought her a court beauty of fifty years ago stepped down out of a picture-frame.

Meanwhile the eldest sister had been pursuing her investigations into the depths of a huge black trunk, and drew forth a packet of letters tied round with a faded rose-color ribbon. "What have we here?" cried she; "a mystery, a romance; somebody's old love-letters!"

In an instant Lettie, still in the crimson sack, was down on her knees by her sister, full of vivid curiosity.

"Gently, gently," said the other, turn-

ing aside her impatient fingers; "let us consider a moment before we disturb old memories. What hand traced these discolored characters? Is the hand dust yet, or only slow and heavy with the dead weight of age?"

"Have done with your speculations, Minta, and let the letters speak for themselves," interrupted Lettie eagerly.

Minta loosened the string, and divided the packet carefully. A piece of printed paper fell to the floor: it was a column cut from a newspaper; the story of a great battle, and an incomplete list of killed and wounded.

"Let us lay that aside till we seek a clew for it; till we see whose name on that list is connected with these letters," suggested Minta; and we all approached our heads close together to read the faded yellow pages. The first letter bore date half a century ago; the writer was one Francis Lucas. We had never heard the name before; but we conned the lines lingeringly and with interest, for they were such as all hearts echo to—warm, loving, tender.

"Francis Lucas, whoever you may have been, one thing is sure," said Minta, as she read; "you were a gentleman and a true knight of dames. I can picture to myself the blushing face that fifty years ago bent over these lines, and laid their sweet promises away in a heart as worthy as your own."

We paused long over that letter; for its speech was so full of life, and love, and hope, that we were loth to put it away among the things of the past; almost as loth as must have been the "darling mouse" to whom it was addressed: it still breathed the same old song of love and trust which is never out of date, and sounded as true as earnest passion ever does. There were seven letters in all among the Cumberland Fells; and the last spoke of a speedy meeting in words that thrilled all our maiden pulses.

"O, Francis Lucas, I hope you were happy with your 'faithful heart,'" cried Lettie. "I hope you and your true love live yet in a green old age together."

The next letter was written after an interval of two months, in May, 17—. Francis Lucas was then a volunteer in the army; and his bright glad words reflected the high courage which he knew "would make his darling love him more." Those

were his words. There was but one other; it was very short, written on the eve of battle, and it was the last.

"O, Minta, I could weep for that 'faithful heart,'" said Lettie, with tears in her eyes. "Look at the list now; it is no longer a sealed page to us; there is his name—'Francis Lucas, killed.' There the story ends."

"But the 'dear mouse,' the 'faithful heart,' who is that?" asked Minta, turning the yellow paper over, while Lettie idly twisted the ribbon that had tied the letters together; "who can it be?" The moisture cleared from our eyes slowly; more than one great tear rolled down my cheeks.

"It is Aunt Jeanie, Aunt Jeanie!" suddenly exclaimed the second sister, who had read in silence. "You remember, he says 'darling Jean' in the first letter."

"Aunt Jeanie," echoed Lettie. "O, I wish we had not been so curious; it was very wrong of us!"

"But who could have thought there had ever been a love-story in her quiet life?" said Minta. "How beautiful and how nice she must have been! I dare say she might have been married over and over again."

"I am glad she was not; I shall like to think of her as Francis Lucas's 'faithful heart' better than as the richest lady in the land."

"And so shall I; and O, Minta, how we have plagued her! Help me off with this red thing," said Lettie, pulling at the crimson sack. "It would be profanation to go to her jesting, after what we have just found out. Dear Aunt Jeanie! If she has had a faithful heart, she must have had a suffering one too."

The door opened softly, and Miss Fernley looked in. "Children, you are so quiet, I am sure you must be in mischief," said she, in her gentle voice. She came among us, and looked over Minta's shoulder as she sat on the floor with all the papers scattered in her lap; stooping, she took up the strip of newspaper, and gazed at it through her spectacles; I saw her lip quiver and her hands tremble.

"Where did you find these letters, children? You should not have opened that black trunk," said she hastily. "Give them to me; have you read them?"

"Yes, Aunt Jeanie," replied Lettie, penitently. The old lady took them from Minta's hand without another word, and

left us to our researches; but we had seen enough for one morning, and quickly restored the old dresses to their dusty receptacles, and left them to the moths and the spiders.

When we descended to the parlor, rather subdued, and ashamed of our curiosity, we found Miss Fernley rummaging in an ancient Japan cabinet; she brought out two miniatures, and showed them to us; one was Francis Lucas, a young, gay-looking soldier, the other was herself. The latter bore a marked resemblance to Lettie, only it was softer and more refined in expression. Then she told us her love-story; how she was to have married Francis Lucas on his return from that fatal campaign, and how she had consecrated to him, in life and death, her faithful heart.

"O, Aunt Jeanie, I may be like you in the face, but if I were to live to be a hundred I should never be as good or as kind as you are!" cried Lettie as she finished. And this was the romance of old Miss Fernley's youth.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

LIST to the song of the mountain stream,

From its old rocky chamber springing;

Hailing the earliest morning gleam,

With its frolicking—sparkling—singing!

"O, 'tis a glorious thing to bound

Through a world of such wondrous beauty;

The flowers are breathing sweet odors around,

And hark! the old woods with gay music resound:

Pleasure is glancing,

Sunbeams are dancing,

Life is a boon, and enjoyment a duty!"

LIST to the song of the mountain stream,

As its murmurs are gently swelling,

Bounding along with its noontide theme,

Of the glory of labor telling.

"I'll water the land, and cool the breeze,

And set the young grass blades growing;

I'll creep round the roots of the old oak-trees,

And call to the cattle their thirst to appease.

Lambs shall come skipping,

Birds shall stoop sipping;

All shall be glad for my pure limpid flowing."

LIST to the song of the mountain stream,

As it rolls with its heaving motion,

Calmly reflecting the sun's last beam,

Ere it loses itself in the ocean:

"No more through life's beautiful vale I'll wend;

I have finish'd life's changeful story;

Peacefully—thankfully seeking the end,

Where with the main, my small tribute shall blend,

Mingling—not dying,

Smiling—not sighing,

Singing forever *His* greatness and glory."

INSANITY, AND TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

THIRD PAPER.

THE Insane Institutions of Germany are very numerous, and of course of every degree of merit. In many cases they occupy the old monastery buildings, and are endowed with the funds which on their suppression accrued to the government. In others, where the Roman Catholic religion is still the religion of the state, they are under the control of some of the religious fraternities, and the Sisters of Charity are the attendants upon the patients. Under both circumstances, although much has been done to alter and modify the buildings for their present use, there is necessarily a want of those more recent improvements, of warmth, ventilation, and comfort which are to be found in the more recently constructed edifices for the care of the insane. In a few instances new and convenient buildings have been erected, replete with all those arrangements which can conduce to the health, comfort, and rapid recovery of the patients. It should be remarked that in all the continental institutions physical labor is regarded as one of the best curative measures in the treatment of the insane. The hands are kept busy where it is profitable, and, so far as may be, the mind also.

Among the best conducted of the German institutions are that at Berlin, under the care of Dr. Ideler; at Siegburg, under Dr. M. Jacobi; at Sachsenberg, under Dr. Flemming; at Halle, under Dr. Damerow; at Sonnenstein, in Saxony, under Dr. Lessing; at Leubus, under Dr. Martini; the Asylum for Incurables at Zurefalten, under the care of Dr. Schaeffer; at Hildesheim, an immense establishment, under Dr. Bergmann; Illenau, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, under Dr. Roller; Eichberg, in the Duchy of Nassau, under Dr. Snell; Frankfort-on-the-Main, under Dr. Hoffman; and the private institutions of Dr. Jessen, at Hornheim, near Kiel, and Dr. F. Engelken, at Obervienland, near Bremen.

Some of these are deserving of special notice; the Insane Hospital at Siegburg has been, perhaps, better known abroad than any other in Germany, Dr. Jacobi having been at its head since its foundation in 1825, and having contributed as much as any man in that country to the promotion

of correct views on the management of the insane. The buildings were originally erected and occupied as a Benedictine monastery as early as A.D. 1051. Though many alterations and improvements have been made in them, they are still not well adapted to the present purpose, but the genius and skill of Dr. Jacobi have triumphed over all obstacles, and the hospital is one of the best conducted in Germany. The patients mostly labor, and tobacco and snuff are given them as a recompense for their work. Dr. Jacobi has also provided for recreation both out of doors and within the hospital. Shooting with the crossbow at a mark, cultivating flowers, etc., form the principal out-door amusements, while within there is a library, theatrical exhibitions, the occasional presentation of gifts, musical entertainments, and instruction in music, drawing, and literature. The scenery in the vicinity of the hospital is exceedingly picturesque.

The Institution for the Insane at Halle, under the care of Professor Damerow, the accomplished editor of the *Journal of Psychiatry*, was erected under his supervision and opened in 1843. It has two departments, one for curable and the other for incurable patients, and is intended to furnish accommodations for four hundred. Dr. Earle, who visited it in 1849, commends its arrangements and the ability with which it is conducted.

The asylum for incurables at Zurefalten is said to be the best establishment of its kind in Germany. It has apartments for one hundred and fifty patients. It was organized in 1839.

The Illenau Hospital, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, was opened in 1842. No pains or expense was spared in the construction of the buildings, which form a vast pile resembling, at a little distance, a village compactly built. Dr. Roller, the present director, superintended its construction. The arrangements for the comfort of the patients are very perfect. Labor is practiced, but considered only as a curative means, not an end. There is more variety of labor than in most of the other German institutions; in addition to agricultural pursuits, there are workshops for tailors, shoemakers, saddlers, bookbinders, turners, joiners, wagon-makers, coopers, locksmiths, blacksmiths, and mattress makers. Schools have also been established, and are under the charge of

the chaplains and one of the female supervisors. In these the elementary branches are taught. Botany is also taught to such patients as desire it, by one of the assistant physicians, and music, both on the piano and organ, by a special music teacher hired for the purpose. Concerts and festive parties are frequently given. The corridors and rooms are hung with pictures. A gymnasium and bowling alleys are among the provisions for the recreation of the patients. The Christmas holiday is as fully observed at Illenau as anywhere in Germany.

The institution at Leubus, near the confines of Poland, is one of great interest to the traveler, from the extent of its buildings, originally erected for a monastery by Casimir the First, the beautiful scenery by which they are surrounded, and the genial and attractive manners of the accomplished superintendent, Dr. Moritz Martini. The household economy of this institution is represented by Dr. Earle as admirable. Its general system of treatment and its arrangements for labor and recreation do not differ materially from those of the other institutions already described.

We might go into particulars in respect to several of the other insane hospitals enumerated above, but there is so much of general similarity in their arrangements that it would hardly be interesting to the reader. The palm for neatness is due to the charity hospital at Berlin, under the care of Dr. Ideler. The directors of insane hospitals throughout Germany seem to have engaged in a landable rivalry in the study of the phenomena of mental disease; and the discussion of many of the topics connected with it in the *Journal of Psychiatry*, give evidence of profound research and marked ability. There are in the whole of Germany, including Austria and Prussia, ninety-three public and about twenty-five private institutions for the insane.

The asylums and hospitals for the insane in France next claim our attention. These are of three classes, viz.: first, insane asylums forming departments of general hospitals, such as those of the Bicetre and Salpêtrière; second, insane asylums under the care and government of religious fraternities or sisterhoods, like that of Bon Sauveur at Caen and many others; third, insane hospitals on an independent basis, like those of Charenton, Stephansfeld, etc.

The great hospital La Salpêtrière contains a population of five thousand three hundred and fifty, all of whom, except the physicians and internés, are females. Of these, sixteen hundred are insane, epileptic, or idiotic. The Bicetre is a similar institution for male patients, but its total number of inmates is somewhat less, and of this number about twelve hundred are insane, epileptic, idiotic, or paralytic. Both are intended in all these departments exclusively for paupers. A very large proportion of the insane rank as incurables.

Where a number so very large are assembled together, we cannot reasonably expect that the treatment will be as skillful or the success as great as in smaller institutions. There is, too, a general feeling in the Parisian hospitals that the *canaille* are fit subjects on which to make those experiments which, however hazardous they may prove to life and limb, are so congenial to the tastes of French physicians and savans. The present physicians of both of these great hospitals are men of eminent attainments, both in the general literature and science of the profession, and in the special walk (insanity) to which they have devoted themselves. Dr. Baillarger in particular has devoted to the investigation of mental disease all the powers of a very superior intellect and the extraordinary facilities which attach to his position. There are also many eminent psychologists in Paris who have charge of private institutions for the insane. M. Brierre de Boismont is perhaps the best known of these, from his able work on suicide, as well as from his other valuable communications to the *Annales Medico-Psychologiques*.

The *Hospice de Bon Sauveur*, at Caen, has accommodations for deaf mutes and the infirm as well as the insane. It has twelve hundred and forty-three resident inmates, of whom two hundred and thirty-seven are the choir and lay sisters of the order; five are priests; twenty-six free boarders; one hundred and fifty-five deaf mutes; one hundred and twenty-eight resident domestics, and six hundred and ninety-two lunatics, of whom three hundred and two are men and three hundred and ninety women. There are also attached to the establishment, but non-resident, two physicians and eighty work-people. It is largely endowed. The celebrated Beau Brummell, the companion

of George IV., and so long the Napoleon of the realms of fashion, passed the last year of his life here, and died in one of the apartments which is pointed out to the visitor. The institution is in no respect up to the demands of the time as a hospital for the insane. The *Sœurs Religieuses*, though deserving of admiration for their earnest zeal in the care of the sick and insane, and the courage with which they control the violent and wayward, are somewhat too conservative for the adoption of those improvements which would elevate the condition of their establishment. The order have two other similar institutions of a similar character with this at Caen, one of them (in the south of France) fully as large as the one we have described.

The Nantes asylum, like *Bon Sauveur*, is only a department of a general hospital, intended for the reception of infirm paupers, deaf mutes, orphans, and lunatics. The whole number of persons connected with the establishment is eleven hundred and ninety-six, of whom three hundred and ninety-one are insane. The buildings were constructed expressly for lunatics, and are very conveniently arranged, and every department of the institution is well conducted. The patients are quiet, contented, and generally very well behaved. The milder forms of restraint are in quite general use in most of the French insane hospitals.

Charenton has always maintained a high reputation for the skill and tenderness with which the insane have been treated within its walls; and under its present accomplished, able physicians, Drs. Calmeil and Foville, it seems likely to lose nothing of its past high character. It is intended only for pay patients, and is well adapted to facilitate their recovery.

But the model insane institution of France, and, indeed, of the continent, is that of Stephansfeld, near Strasbourg. In the construction of its buildings, adapting them to their designed purpose, giving an air of cheerfulness even to those intended for the most violent; in the management of its household economy, combining a plentiful supply with careful economy and strict accountability for everything in use in the establishment; in its system of labor, in which almost all of the mechanic arts and agricultural pursuits are followed, and the ambition, industry, and energy of the patient encouraged by

the incentive of a small reward; in its well-considered system of recreation, as adapted to call into action the dormant powers of the intellect, and to call off attention from the delusions and hallucinations to which they are subject; and especially in its schools for the instruction of such of the insane as are disposed to study, schools which were the first in the world to demonstrate the possibility and advantage of the instruction of the insane; in all these respects we must pronounce the Insane Hospital at Stephansfeld as equal to any on the continent. Dr. Røederer, its able director, has been at the head of the institution since 1842, and it is owing almost entirely to his skill and tact that it has attained its present high position.

We have only given examples of the three classes of insane hospitals in France, as any extended account of them would far transcend the limits we have proposed to ourselves. By a decree of government every department, of which there are eighty-six in France, is required to provide at least one establishment for the treatment of the insane, and as in addition to this there are a very considerable number supported by religious orders, and also many private *maisons de santé*, as these hospitals are called, the whole number of asylums in France must considerably exceed one hundred.

The hospitals for the insane in the United States, though not as numerous in proportion to the population as those of Great Britain, are of more uniform capacity, and are not so generally filled with incurable patients. The pauper class is much less numerous and formidable here than there, and the great mass of incurable patients, if quiet and harmless, are received by their friends, and do not cumber the wards of the hospital. There is, besides, less dread of the reputation of insanity in families here than there, and consequently not the necessity for mystery and concealment which is supposed to exist there.

There are in the United States between fifty and sixty insane hospitals, including several private establishments, averaging, as nearly as can be estimated, two hundred patients each; thus furnishing provision for between ten thousand and eleven thousand of the insane. Besides these, there are county or other receptacles in the nature of alms-houses, which provide

separate though inadequate and very objectionable accommodations for perhaps three thousand more. The total number of the insane in the United States, according to the most recent and reliable data, is not less than twenty-seven or twenty-eight thousand. The provision as yet made is of course entirely inadequate for the accommodation of those deprived of reason. Public attention has, however, been so thoroughly aroused to the necessity of making provision for this class, both in the hope of their restoration and for the protection of community, that there is little reason to doubt that hereafter the proportion of hospital accommodations to the whole number of the insane will be greatly increased.

The first chartered institution for the treatment of the insane in this country was the Pennsylvania Hospital at Philadelphia. It was opened in 1752, and though intended as a general hospital, yet special provision was made in its charter for the reception of insane patients. In the ninety years previous to 1841, when the insane patients were removed to the new hospital for the insane, which had been erected for their special accommodation, it had received four thousand three hundred and sixty-six patients, of whom thirty-four per cent. had been discharged cured. The new hospital completed in 1841 is replete with every convenience for the comfort and successful treatment of the insane, and in the perfection of its arrangements is not surpassed by any institution of this country or Europe. The grounds belonging to the hospital comprise one hundred and ten acres, and on a portion of them at some distance from the present buildings the corporation are now erecting another hospital, of equal capacity with the present, at an expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the completion of which it is intended to devote one edifice to male and the other to female patients. The two establishments will furnish accommodations for about five hundred patients.

A portion of the ample grounds is laid out as a lawn, and the grapery, greenhouse, and gardens of the hospital not only add much to the beauty of the premises, and conduce to its healthfulness and comfort, but also add materially to its revenues; the sums thus received, however, being, for the most part, expended in pro-

curing books for the ward libraries, apparatus for illustrating the lectures, materials for games of recreation, etc.

Dr. Kirkbride, the accomplished superintendent of this hospital, combines in an extraordinary degree the qualifications required for a post so important and arduous. An accomplished scholar, a thoroughly educated physician, endowed with a genial and sympathizing spirit, he possesses also great tact and executive ability, and a remarkable capacity for details as well as for the general management of the establishment. His able treatise on the "Construction and Organization of Hospitals for the Insane," as well as his numerous valuable contributions to the *Journal of Insanity*, give evidence of his zeal in the cause to which he has devoted his life as well as his abilities as a writer.

The New York State Lunatic Asylum, recently the scene of a disastrous conflagration, was planned and constructed at a period when erroneous views prevailed relative to the extent of such institutions. It is too large to be properly and efficiently superintended by a single physician. The very able and eminent physicians who have preceded the present incumbent have proved by their own experience the evil of placing so heavy a burden of care and responsibility on the shoulders of one man.

Dr. Brigham fell a victim to his overexertion. Dr. Benedict was compelled by nervous prostration to seek a milder climate and relaxation from the severity of his professional duties, which he soon found must be permanent instead of temporary. We can only hope that the present superintendent may long be spared their painful experience. The asylum was intended to accommodate from four hundred and fifty to five hundred patients, and is always full. The central portion of the building having recently been destroyed by fire, it is presumable that in its rebuilding every improvement which experience has sanctioned will be introduced. The state is suffering from the want of two or three more insane hospitals, and the preliminary steps have already been taken for deciding upon suitable localities for two at least. The Insane Hospital at Blackwell's Island and the Bloomingdale Asylum, a branch of the New York Hospital, are both well conducted, but offer no special characteristics deserving of notice.

The reputation of their superintendents, Dr. Brown and Dr. Ranney, is deservedly high. The Lunatic Asylum at Blackwell's Island is much too large, having on the first of January, 1856, five hundred and seventy-three patients. The State Lunatic Hospital at Taunton, Massachusetts, is one of the most recent of the large insane hospitals, having been opened in April, 1854. It received at once two hundred and eleven patients from the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, then inordinately crowded. Having commenced with so large a body of old cases, its report of recoveries was necessarily meager; but, considering its disadvantages, the success which has attended its treatment has been highly gratifying. The new insane hospital now erecting at Northampton gives promise of being a model institution.

The Butler Hospital for the Insane at Providence, Rhode Island, the noble result of the munificence of Nicholas Brown, Josiah Butler, and other large-hearted and liberal-minded citizens of Providence, is, though less extensive than some others in its accommodations, one of the best constructed and most perfect institutions of its kind in the United States. In January last the number of patients was one hundred and forty-three. The hospital occupies a beautiful and commanding site in the eastern part of the city, and its tasteful buildings and elegant grounds render it an object of much attraction to visitors. Here, as in Philadelphia, the method of steam warming and ventilation has recently been adopted, and with very gratifying success. The plan of this building was designed by Dr. Luther V. Bell, late superintendent of the M'Lean Asylum at Somerville, Massachusetts, who was sent by the trustees of the Butler Hospital to Europe to visit the insane hospitals there for the purpose of ascertaining what improvements had been made in their construction in Great Britain. It was the result of his tour, and embodied whatever he regarded as of value in foreign institutions.

Dr. Ray, the present superintendent of the Butler Hospital, is widely and well known, not only for his ability as a superintendent, but for his valuable contributions to the jurisprudence of insanity, and his many able articles in the *Journal of Insanity* on important psychological

questions. His profound attainments in medical jurisprudence, and especially in this department of it, have often led to his being summoned to testify as an expert in those perplexing cases of crime in which the plea of insanity is set up, and no man's opinion carries more weight on such a question.

The New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum at Trenton was opened in 1848, but has since been greatly enlarged by the addition of extensive wings. It is intended for the accommodation of two hundred and fifty patients. It is heated by steam, and thoroughly ventilated upward and downward by means of return flues opening into the smoke-stack. The arrangements for the comfort and improvement of the insane there congregated seems to be judicious and successful. The form of the buildings is somewhat peculiar, being a modification of the linear form usually adopted. The building consists of a main edifice with three lateral wings on each side, the second range of wings falling back from the first, and the third from the second. In 1854 a separate museum and reading room were erected for the accommodation of the patients, and also a calistheneum or building for an exercise room for the female patients. By the statutes of New Jersey the asylum is required to receive insane criminals, an objectionable measure, as it must prove revolting to the other patients, and unless extraordinary precautions are resorted to, must endanger the safety of the other patients and the community. It is to be hoped that provision will be made either by several states together or by the states individually, when the number of this class is considerable, for their safe keeping in an isolated position, where, while all the necessary appliances for their restoration to reason are provided, they may still be kept so securely as not to endanger the lives of others. Dr. Buttolph, the superintendent of the New Jersey Asylum, has a high reputation as a careful, able, and efficient officer.

Perhaps the most complete and admirably constructed insane hospital in the United States is the Michigan Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo, now nearly completed. It is intended for two hundred and eighty-eight patients. The grounds comprise one hundred and sixty-eight acres of diversified surface, capable

of producing the finest effects under the care of a good landscape gardener. The ground plans were furnished by Dr. John P. Gray, the superintendent of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, and were carefully arranged to comprise every improvement which modern science and architectural skill have been able to devise. The architectural designs were made by Messrs. O. and A. H. Jordan, and the construction of the building has been superintended by Mr. A. H. Jordan. The style adopted is the Italian. The material is brick covered with Roman cement and sand, and finished to represent free stone; the window caps, sills, brackets, belt courses, and capitals are of Athens white limestone. The warming by means of hot air chambers heated by steam pipes. The ventilation is forced by means of a fan driven by steam, and is both upward and downward. The drainage and sewerage is perfect; the buildings will be lighted by gas manufactured on the premises. They are abundantly supplied with water, and are as nearly as possible fire-proof. Dr. E. H. Van Deusen, the first assistant physician at the New York State Lunatic Asylum, has been elected superintendent.

Our space does not permit us to go into an extended description of the numerous institutions which now exist in the Union; they are all well conducted, and many of them are under the superintendence of men whose talents and attainments are such as to command for them a world-wide reputation. One of the number, Dr. Luther V. Bell, after twenty years of professional labor, has recently resigned his connection with the M'Lean Asylum at Somerville, Massachusetts, purposing to devote the remainder of life to pursuits less arduous and harassing. Dr. Bell is a man of decided genius, and his professional career has been a brilliant one. Among his contributions to the pathology of insanity has been one on a peculiar form of mania thus far uniformly fatal, and which the profession generally have recognized as Dr. Bell's mania. He has also contributed a valuable essay on the ventilation of insane hospitals, and an interesting narration of his observations on the phenomena of the so-called spiritual manifestations.

Dr. Pliny Earle, now visiting physician of the New York City Hospital for

the Insane, has also attained a high reputation, both for his skill in the treatment of mental disease and his fine powers of observation. Some years since he made an extensive tour in Europe, and on his return published an account of most of the European asylums on the continent, replete with the results of a calm, careful, and philosophical observation.

Dr. Galt, the superintendent of the Eastern Virginia Asylum for the Insane, has also distinguished himself by his contributions to the literature of his profession, to which he has brought the results of wide and genial culture.

We should do injustice, not only to our own feelings, but to the cause of the insane, did we fail, in this connection, to name also the accomplished physician of the Insane Retreat at Hartford, Dr. John S. Butler, and to do homage to his skill and tact as a superintendent. Dr. B. is now one of the seniors in his department of the profession, having devoted eighteen years to the care of the insane. We have already, in another article, described at some length the institution over which he so ably presides, a hospital which, though from faults in its early construction, not so perfect a model of what the hospital for the insane should be as some more modern structures, still manages, from the skill of its physician and the careful and intelligent coöperation of its numerous attendants, to restore full as large a proportion of its unfortunate inmates to reason and life as any institution in the country. Dr. Butler is an enthusiast in his profession. His motives to action are three-fold, and all act upon him with great intensity: sympathy for the suffering, love to man, and love to God. Under the influence of this intense enthusiasm no exertion is too great, no toil too arduous, which may bring the wandering intellect back to its throne; no sacrifice of health or comfort too severe on his own part which may benefit the unfortunate beings to whose interests he has devoted his life.

He possesses a vigorous intellect, highly cultivated and polished by foreign travel, and could easily have distinguished himself in the walks of literature; but the offering of this upon the altar of professional duty is but one of the many sacrifices to which he has felt called. He is not alone, however, in this enthusiasm and

devotion to duty. Among the fifty or more superintendents of insane hospitals in the United States there are many to whom He who, while here on earth, restored reason to the insane and peace and quiet to the maniac, will say, when their labors on earth are finished, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Of the New England asylums the M'Lean, at Somerville, is the oldest, and, next to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and the small asylum at Frankford, Pennsylvania, it is the oldest in the United States, having completed its thirty-ninth year. The Retreat at Hartford is next in seniority, the report for 1857 being the thirty-third. The Worcester State Hospital and the Bloomingdale Asylum are next in age, and besides these there is not an insane hospital in the Union which has existed above twenty years.

The Canadas have two very efficient and well-conducted lunatic asylums, one at Quebec, the other at Toronto. There is also one at St. John's, in the province of New Brunswick.

Among the gifted of all the past there have been not a few whose lives have demonstrated the truth of the adage, that "great wit to madness is allied."

The scrofulous temperament, which, from its rapid and often premature development, its vivid perceptive faculties, and its intense sensibility, is more often than any other the *habitat* of genius, has generally a strong predisposition to insanity. Among those whose brilliant intellect has illumined the literature and science of the world for the last two thousand years, there are comparatively few who have not at some period of their lives given evidence of insanity, or at least of hallucination. In some it has assumed the form of melancholy, embittering all their existence, making life a burden, and causing them to depreciate their own powers, and imagine themselves despised or contemned by the world. It was owing to this mood that Virgil stipulated in his will that his great poem, the *Æneid*, should be burned; it was the tempting dream of his own melancholy that prevented Socrates from offering any defense when arrayed for his life; and the bitterness of spirit which melancholic gloom had induced caused the almost inspired Tasso to entreat his literary executor to burn all

his poems, and especially his *Gierusalem Liberata*.

The accomplished author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," whose vast learning had gathered from all the treasures of the past whatever might illustrate his subject, found his researches of so little use that the midnight gloom which it had been the object of his studies to dispel settled with a still deeper darkness on his spirit, and finally shrouded one of the greatest of intellects in the abyss of fatuity.

Collins, whose picture of the passions evinces his profound acquaintance with the human heart, was a prey to the direst melancholy, and his most brilliant poems are but the efforts of a powerful intellect struggling almost in the death throes of a contest with incipient insanity.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, partly from disease self-induced, and partly from the misanthropy of a taint of insanity, poured forth the bitterness of a jaundiced heart in those powerful volumes which more, perhaps, than any other single cause, contributed to the bloody tragedies of the French Revolution.

Pope, deformed from birth, and suffering from childhood the evils of a scrofulous taint in his system, was gloomy and misanthropic, except when under the influence of excitement sufficiently powerful to change his melancholy to the mirth of madness. His bitter, stinging satires, more keenly barbed, perhaps, than those of any other poet of ancient or modern times, were but the expression of a misanthropy which fell little short of insanity. Johnson, the great lexicographer, for years lived in the constant dread of insanity, and his friends, the Thralls, relate that some years before his death they found him on his knees with a parson, praying that he might not go mad.

The gentle and amiable Cowper was, as is well known, subject to attacks of insanity, always of the form of melancholy, and with a suicidal tendency; and several of his poems were written while not fully recovered from these fits of depression. Keats, too, was one of these melancholy children of genius. Though consumption had doubtless marked him for its own ere the scathing review of the *Edinburgh*, so wounded his sensitive spirit, yet the gloom and depression with which that unjust and cruel criticism invested all his future prospects unquestionably hastened the

fatal termination, and plucked from the literary firmament one of its brightest stars.

But saddest of all these instances of melancholy is that of the gifted Byron. Endued with hereditary tendencies to epilepsy, and annoyed by a painful consciousness of deformity, he hovered ever on the verge of insanity, now writing with fearful energy the "Bride of Abydos" to "keep him from going mad by eating his own heart;" or pouring forth, in strains that remind one of an Eolian harp smitten by the breath of the tempest, such misanthropic compositions as his "Manfred" and "Childe Harold;" and anon plunging into dissipation with a savage fury, as if he hoped by the madness of the revel to drown the reproaches of conscience and the threatenings of insanity; his life was like a sky black with clouds, from which occasionally leaped out the lurid lightnings, all the more vivid for the darkness which they illumined.

The tendency of Burns to insanity of a somewhat different character was hardly less marked; and while to its occasional flash we owe the most brilliant of his poems, we can hardly decide whether the world would have been the loser or the gainer had his life been more regular, and the insane tendency not been nurtured by his excesses.

But the melancholy mood is not the only one in which insanity has visited men of genius. That form of mental exaltation known to psychologists as *cheromania*, has often exhibited itself in their conduct, and sometimes in their writings. Jacob Böhmen, "the inspired shoemaker," as he was called by his contemporaries, imagined that his essays were always dictated to him by an angel, and that during their transcription he was surrounded with a Divine light. This form of delusion, which lasted during his entire life, did not impair in any way the gentleness, purity, and consistency of his character, and he passed from life listening, as he had often done in his visions, to celestial music.

Emanuel Swedenborg, one of the profoundest scholars of modern times, was for years a cheromaniac, the mental disorder in his case being more aggravated than in that of Böhmen. No one familiar with the phenomena of insanity can read his "Arcana Celestia," or his "Heaven and

Hell," without coming to the conclusion that both were written during a state of mental exaltation (habitual, undoubtedly, to the writer in his later years) in which the perceptive faculties were in a state of intense excitement, and the ideal left as vivid an impression upon the mind as the real. Brilliant as are some of these visions, their lurid light compares to little advantage with the pure rays of Scriptural revelation. Amid the gorgeousness of their illumination we constantly see evidence that the mind that evolved them was still a habitant of a tenement of clay; for, brilliant as they are, they are yet of the earth earthy; *ignes fatui*, leading to destruction, not stars which will guide us homeward.

Benevenuto Cellini was a cheromaniac. He believed that his head was always surrounded by a halo of glory, and insisted that he could see it, and that it illumined his steps. It was in his estimation the testimony of Heaven to the greatness of his genius. Petrarch was visited, not in dreams only, but in his waking hours, by bright visions of his beloved Laura. But we will not protract the list, which we might do indefinitely by recounting in detail the delusions of Lord Herbert, of Malebranche, of Descartes, of Shelley, and others.

In other cases the delusion, though temporary, was of a less pleasing character; as, for instance, the satanic visitant of whose troublesome intuition Luther complains, and at whom he once hurled his inkstand; the illusion of Spirello, the painter, whose study for his picture of the fallen angels was so intense that the horrible shadow of the arch-demon was ever present to his vision; and most distressing of all, the case of Jurieu, whose intense investigation of the apocalyptic visions induced the delusion that the beast of blasphemy, with its seven heads and ten horns, was pent up in his body, and was preying upon his vitals. We might go on with these illustrations of the delusions of the gifted, almost *ad infinitum*, but we refrain, lest our readers should suspect us of the delusion that their patience is inexhaustible. In conclusion, we would only say, that it behooves all whose intellects are undisturbed, to thank God for their reason; for, precious as it is, there are few whom a slight change of circumstances might not throw into insanity.

ABOUT EELS.

NO inhabitant of the deep has attracted more notice, from its natural character and habits, than the eel. It is associated in our minds with our earliest attempts to gain a knowledge of the "gentle art;" and there are few persons who have not some lively recollections of their fishing exploits in securing this slippery and troublesome customer. It is not at all improbable that the serpentine form of the eel may have added to the singular interest which has attached to it, particularly since the commencement of the Christian era. Its resemblance to the serpent tribe has, no doubt, tended to deepen the dramatic power and interest of many legends about this fish, which are current both on the continent and in this country.

Respecting the generation of the eel, there have been the wildest and most ridiculous notions. One ancient author supposed that eels were born of the mud; another, that they were produced from particles scraped from the bodies of large eels when they rubbed themselves against stones; that they grew out of the putrid flesh of dead animals thrown into the water; from the dews which cover the earth in spring and summer; from water, and so forth. Among modern writers, we have the same confusion of theories. There is a popular notion in many districts of the north of England, that eels are generated from horse-hairs deposited in springs and rivulets. A recent German author mentions that they owe their origin to electrical phenomena; but he is sadly at a loss about substantiating his theory by facts. The great naturalist, Buffon, is said to have remarked, in the latter part of the last century, at a meeting of French *savans*, that he considered the question as to the generation of eels to be one of the most puzzling in natural history. The late Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Kay, read a paper to the Royal Society on this subject. He noticed some small eels in the thatch of a cottage; and he endeavored to establish the proposition that the spawn of the fish had been deposited on the reeds before they were cut, and had been subsequently vivified by the sun's rays.

The gastronomical qualities of the eel have been extolled from the earliest times. It was prohibited, however, as an article of food among the Jews; and the ancient

Egyptians, while rejecting it as such, gave it a place among their deities. The Greeks were passionately fond of the fish, and cooked it in every possible fashion, as we find recorded in Athenæus and other classical writers. Archestratus, in his work on gastronomy, says of the eel:

I praise all kinds of eels; but for the best
Is that which fishermen do take in the sea
Opposite the Strait of Rhegium,
Where you, Messenius, who daily put
This food within your mouth, surpass all mortals

In real pleasure. Though none can deny
That great the virtue and the glory is
Of the Strymonian and Copaic eels,
For they are large and wonderfully fat;
And I do think, in short, that of all fish
The best in flavor is the noble eel.

The conger-eel was offered to Neptune and his divine colleagues, as being capable of imparting immortality to those who partook of it; and Macrobius informs us that it was a common saying among the Grecians, that the dead would return to life if it were possible for them to taste a morsel of this delicious fish. Another writer tells us that near Sicily, a city of the Peloponnesus, there were conger-eels caught of such dimensions as to require a wagon drawn by oxen to carry one of them. Even the head and intestines were eaten, and esteemed delicacies.

The ancient Anglo-Saxon tribes were passionately fond of eels. Grants and charters were often regulated by payments made in eels. Four thousand of them were a yearly present from the monks of Ramsay to those of Peterborough. In one charter, twenty fishermen are stated to have furnished sixty thousand eels to the monastery. Eel-dikes are often mentioned in the boundaries of lands belonging to religious establishments. The Gauls were great consumers of eels; and among their descendants there are many tenures of land in France stipulating for the payment of rent, and the discharge of stipulated public taxes, in eels. In one of the capitularies of Charlemagne we find allusions made to the same subject.

There are several places in England which derive their names from the quantity of eels they formerly produced. *Elmore*, on the river Severn, and *Ellesmere*, on the Mersey, were once famous for the production of this fish. The town of *Ely*, too, is singularized in this way. Fuller, in his *Worthies of Cambridgeshire*, has

the following remark: "When the priests of this part of the country would still retain their wives in spite of whatever the pope and the monks could do to the contrary, their wives and children were miraculously turned into eels; whence it had the name of Ely. I consider this a lie." Eude, the celebrated cook to Louis XVI., was known all over Europe for his mode of serving up this fish. He says in his book *On Cookery*: "Take one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. *Note.*—Several gentlemen have accused me of *cruelty* (astonishing!) for recommending in my work that eels should be burned alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and the preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burned eels are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin." In this country they are not in very great demand as an article of diet. In the New York markets the lower classes of the colored people are the most frequent purchasers; but the consumption of eels, as articles of food, throughout Europe, is prodigious. In London, the number imported, chiefly from Holland, amounts to about ten millions annually; and the fish is met with on the most sumptuous as well as on the most frugal tables—food alike for the London alderman and the gamin in the streets.

The ancient and modern physicians have dabbled with the eel, as with most other fish, to a great extent. Hippocrates denounces him to all his patients, and particularly to those afflicted with pulmonary consumption. Galen says he is indigestible to weakly people. Rhases and Magnus maintain that his food is deleterious to persons recovering from fever; and Franciscus Bonseuetus, when speaking of rheumatic ailments, forbids the eel, for the general reason:

All fish that standing pools and lakes frequent,
Do ever yield bad juice and nourishment.

Another of the olden medical writers says that he found the oil of the eel highly useful when used as a mollifying unguent to soothe the nerves when suffering under "hot rheumatism." The gall of the fish he employed as a liniment for sore eyes; and the bones of the head were ground to powder, and found efficacious in bleedings at the nose. It is a common practice in the north of England at this hour for young lads to tie a piece of eel-skin round their ankles, to keep away cramps, etc. There is an old ditty, which reads thus:

Around the shin
Tie the skin
Of full-grown river-eel;
And every sprain,
And cramp and pain,
Will fly unto the deil.

The eel has been a subject of augury in dreams. If a young woman dreams of eels, she may expect to have slippery lovers. To dream of fish generally, is a sign of sorrow; but if you catch eels, and can retain them, it is a sign of your possessing a kind and fast friend. A writer on dreams, in the middle ages, affirms that to dream of eels, portends a large family of children; and if you dream of cooking them, your children will give you a great deal of trouble. The following is stated in a work called the *True Interpretation of Dreams*, (Bologna, 1614:.) One of the kings of Spain dreamed three successive nights that an eel came out of his mouth, and made a desperate struggle to regain a small river which flowed hard by. The king took his sword and endeavored to prevent it entering the water; but it escaped, got into the water, and mounted up on the opposite bank. It then went into a cliff in a rock. This was in a locality which the monarch knew very well. He called together some of his domestics, told them the dreams he had had; and they all went to visit the chink in the rock, where they discovered a very valuable treasure of gold and precious stones.

The voracity of the eel has been a fertile topic of discussion and romance among naturalists and anglers. It is doubtless great. We have ourselves witnessed this fish devouring each other greedily. There is scarcely anything too delicate, and few things too nasty, for his ravenous appetite. He has often been found with a half-decayed water-rat in his mouth; and it has been recently stated in the newspapers,

that at Wimpson, in Hampshire, the ducks on the farm were denuded of their feet by some large eels that were found in a pond which this species of poultry were in the habit of frequenting. But we find the most remarkable statements about the voracity of the creature in a work called *The Wonders of Nature and Art*, published at Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1780. About the middle of last century, the farmers near Yeovil suffered greatly by losing vast quantities of hay. This could not be accounted for. A reward was offered for the supposed culprits; upon which several soldiers, then quartered at Yeovil, kept watch, and to their great surprise found, in the dead of the night, a monstrous eel making its way out of the river, and setting itself to feed greedily on the hay! It was destroyed, and roasted; and the fat that came out of its body filled several casks and tubs! This work was designed by the writer as a "useful and valuable production for young people!"

The eel has been a fruitful topic for legendary lore in most European countries. The subject, however, is so voluminous, that we can do little more than merely dip into it. The legend of the "Lambton Eel" is well known, and fully recorded in the various histories of the county of Durham. The substance of the story is as follows: The heir of the Lambtons, in the early part of the middle ages, fell into a profane habit of angling on a Sunday. On one of these hallowed days he caught in the River Wear a small eel, little thicker than a common thread, which he threw into a well. In process of time, this young heir of the Lambton family was called to the wars against the Moslems in the First Crusade, organized by Peter the Hermit, where the ambitious young soldier distinguished himself by many feats of daring and valor. On returning to his own country he learned, with great surprise, that the small eel he had thrown carelessly into the well had grown to a fearful magnitude, and manifested the most cruel and ravenous propensities. He was solicited to rid the vicinity of the monster. It frequently coiled itself nine times round a large tower; daily levied a contribution of nine cows' milk on the inhabitants; and when this was not immediately granted, it devoured both man and beast. Before, however, the valiant knight undertook a per-

sonal conflict with this enormous eel, he consulted a noted witch in the neighborhood. She advised him to put on a coat-of-mail, furnished on the outside with numerous razor-blades. Thus equipped, he sallied out and encountered the huge fish near a high rock on the banks of the Wear. It immediately coiled itself round him. His coat of razor-blades, however, proved more than a match for the gigantic eel, which was soon cut in pieces by the sheer exercise of its own strength. There is a sequel to the legend: the witch promised the Count of Lambton her aid only upon one condition, that he should slay the first living thing he met after the conquest. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, he directed his father that as soon as he heard three blasts from his bugle in token of victory, he should release his favorite greyhound, which he would immediately sacrifice. When the bugle was heard, the old father was so overcome with joy that he entirely forgot the injunction his son had put upon him, and ran out himself, and threw himself in the victor's arms. Instead of committing parricide, the heir repaired again to the old sorceress, who evinced considerable wrath at the neglect of her commands. By way of punishment, she foretold that no heir of the Lambton family should die in his bed for seven—some accounts say nine—generations; a prediction which some local historians affirm came literally to pass.

There was a very ancient custom among the clergy of Notre Dame, in Paris, called the *Rogations*, which consisted of carrying a figure resembling an eel through a certain locality on the River Seine, and throwing fruits and cakes into its mouth. It was made of wicker-work, and was considered a representative of a great eel which emerged out of this river, and threatened destruction to the entire city. It was vanquished by some valiant sons of the Church. This procession was observed till the year 1730; after which the chief personage in the procession contented himself with merely pronouncing a benediction on the river.

But the superstitions connected with eels, and the mythical and legendary stories in which they figure, are innumerable; and to avoid being carried beyond our limits, we had better let the subject slip through our fingers at once.

SKETCHES OF COLONIAL HISTORY.

CHAMPLAIN'S ATTACKS UPON THE IROQUOIS INDIANS.

THE violent expulsion of the missionaries and the French from Onondaga, excited much inquiry as to the cause. It was imputed by some to a previously concerted plan by the Onondagas, "to destroy the French, the Hurons, the Algonquins, and their allies." To effect this, it was assumed that they had resorted to the stratagem of getting into their power as many as they could of the French, the missionaries, and their old enemies, the Hurons and Algonquins, by professions of friendship and good-will toward them; and then to commence the work of destruction by cutting them off at a stroke.

Father Ragueneau, either from a sincere belief that the Indians were honest in their professions of friendship, or from a mortified pride at being duped and ensnared by them, was unwilling to admit this solution of the matter. He says in one of his notices of the affair:

"They urged, for many years, with incredible persistence, with evidences of special affection, and even with threats of rupture and war, if their friendship were despised and their demand rejected; they insisted, I say, and solicited that a goodly number of French should accompany them into their country; the one to instruct, the others to protect them against their enemies, as a token of peace and alliance with them."

He would not admit that the savages possessed so much intelligence and tact as to practice such hypocrisy, and successfully decoy the more enlightened Europeans into the snare they had laid for them. It is quite evident that the zealous Jesuit did not accurately appreciate the intelligence and sagacity of these sons of the forest, nor take into the account their probable estimate of the conduct and motives of the French and the missionaries, who manifested so much zeal to secure their submission to the government of the French and the control of the Jesuits. The truth seems to be, that the Onondagas were vacillating, sometimes inclined to favor the French and close with their proffers of friendly alliance, and at others, jealous and reserved in their intercourse and negotiations with them. The Mohawks, Senecas, and Cayugas, with whom they were confederated, were more uniformly firm in opposing all overtures of

friendly alliance with the French; and particularly the Mohawks exerted an influence, whenever an occasion to do so occurred, to check any tendency on the part of the Onondagas toward encouraging the French to reside among them, or granting them any privileges that might be employed to their disadvantage. It was this influence, no doubt, on the part of the Mohawks, which determined the policy of the Iroquois Indians toward the French; a policy which was prominent in all the wars and conflicts between them and the French, as long as the latter continued in possession of Canada.

This policy of the Iroquois Indians toward the French grew out of the policy of the latter, early adopted and steadily pursued toward these powerful and much-dreaded neighbors. It was inaugurated by Champlain, the founder of Quebec, under the auspices of the French government and the proprietors and patrons of the colonial settlements; and it so clearly discovered the intention and motives of the colonists, that the savages could not fail to understand it in its bearings upon them and their cherished interests. The practical tendency of this policy had fallen first and most heavily upon the Mohawks, and afterward upon the Senecas and Cayugas. In the course adopted by the adventurous Champlain and his French associates toward the Indians, both in the colony of New France and that of New York, there was enough to admonish the sagacious Iroquois to receive with suspicion and distrust any proposals for peace and amity, in whatever way they might come, from the agents and emissaries of the French at Quebec. Though it takes us back of the sketches heretofore published, that portion of colonial history which embraces the adventures and government of Samuel de Champlain in New France is so much in point, as setting forth the policy which ever after controlled the conduct of these neighboring powers with respect to each other, and accounts for the expulsion of the French and missionaries from Onondaga, that I propose in this paper to give it in detail.

It must be premised, that anterior to the year 1600, though the country had been discovered by Cabot more than a century before, no expedition had effected a permanent settlement in it. Cartier, in 1534, under a commission from the French king,

"landed at several places on the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign." The following year he ascended the St. Lawrence up to the island where Montreal now stands. In 1603, Champlain, in the employ of a company of merchants, who were chartered under a commission from the king "for prosecuting discoveries and establishing settlements on the river of Canada," made a voyage, in company with M. Pontgrave, to the colony; and he ascended up the St. Lawrence as far as the Rapids of Lachine. He explored much of the country on the banks of the river, and made many inquiries of the natives respecting it. The principal Indian nations inhabiting the territory at that time were the Algonquins and Hurons, the inveterate enemies of the Iroquois, from whom they had suffered everything but utter extinction by the harassing wars in which they were almost perpetually engaged with them. These weak and exposed people would naturally accept, on any terms, a proposition from so powerful an ally, to aid them in subduing their formidable enemies. Accordingly, when he returned to that section in 1608, and laid the foundation of Quebec as the principal trading post of the company, in less than a year afterward we find him, with some of his men, engaged in an expedition with the Huron and Algonquin Indians against the Iroquois, in the neighboring colony of New York. His own account of this expedition sufficiently shows the motives and spirit by which he was actuated, and the little reason the savages against whom it was directed had to repose confidence in any professions of friendship and good-will which he, or others in sympathy with the government of which he was the ostensible representative, might ever make to them.

Led by the Indians, he proceeded to make an attack on the Mohawks. On the 2d of July, 1609, they passed the Chambly rapids. After passing the rapids, all the Indians who had gone by land re-embarked in their canoes. They reviewed all their force, and found twenty-four canoes with sixty men. The next day they came to the lake, which Champlain having thus discovered, was ever after called by his name. Continuing their route along the west bank of the lake, he saw in the distance the mountain ranges in Vermont

and New Hampshire, made many inquiries of the Indians respecting the tribes that inhabited those regions, and obtained much valuable information of the country and its inhabitants. On approaching the enemy's country they traveled only by night and rested during the day. As they advanced, softly and noiselessly, they encountered a war party of Iroquois about ten o'clock at night. This was twenty-seven days after their leaving Chambly. Both parties raised a shout, and seized their arms to prepare for battle. Little did the Iroquois know, who had been accustomed to encounter only the arrow and the tomahawk, with what weapons they were to be assailed; while their enemies, who had so often been vanquished by them, felt an unwonted confidence that they should now be able to chastise them for their former assaults and annoyances, by the arms of their new and valorous ally. The remainder of the account we give in the language of Champlain himself. He says:

"When they were armed and in order, they sent two canoes from the fleet to know if their enemies wished to fight; who answered they desired nothing else, but that just then there was not much light, and that we must wait for day to distinguish each other, and that they would give us battle at sunrise. This was agreed to by our party. Meanwhile the whole night was spent in dancing and singing, as well on one side as on the other, mingled with an infinitude of insults and other taunts; such as the little courage they had, how powerless their resistance against their arms, and that when the day would break they would experience this to their ruin. Ours likewise did not fail in repartee; telling them they should witness the effect of arms they had never seen before; and a multitude of other speeches, as is usual at the siege of a town. After the one and the other had sung, danced, and parlied enough, day broke. My companions and I were always concealed, for fear the enemy should see us, preparing our arms the best we could. . . .

"After being equipped with light armor, we took each an arquebus and went ashore. I saw the enemy leave their barricade; they were about two hundred men, of strong and robust appearance, who were coming slowly toward us, with a gravity and assurance which greatly pleased me, led by three chiefs. Ours were marching in similar order, and told me that those who bore three lofty plumes were the chiefs, and that there were but those three, and they were to be recognized by those plumes, which were considerably larger than those of their companions, and that I must do all I could to kill them.

"I promised them to do what I could, and that I was very sorry they could not understand me, so as to give them the order and plan of attacking their enemies, as we should

undoubtedly defeat them all; but there was no help for that; that I was very glad to encourage them, and to manifest to them my goodwill when we should be engaged.

"The moment we landed they began to run about two hundred paces toward their enemies, who stood firm, and had not yet perceived my companions, who went both into the bush with some savages. Ours commenced calling me with a loud voice, and making way for me, opened in two, and placed me at their head, marching about twenty paces in advance, until I was within thirty paces of the enemy. The moment they saw me they halted, gazing at me and I at them. When I saw them preparing to shoot at us, I raised my arquebus, and aiming directly at one of the three chiefs, two of them fell to the ground by this shot, and one of their companions received a wound, of which he died afterward. I had put four balls in my arquebus. Ours, on witnessing a shot so favorable for them, set up such tremendous shouts, that thunder could not have been heard; and yet, there was no lack of arrows on one side and the other. The Iroquois were greatly astonished seeing two men killed so instantaneously, notwithstanding they were provided with arrow-proof armor, woven of cotton thread and wool; this frightened them very much. While I was re-loading, one of my companions in the bush fired a shot, which so astonished them anew, seeing their chiefs slain, that they lost courage, took to flight, and abandoned the field and their fort, hiding themselves in the depths of the forest, whither pursuing them, I killed some others. Our savages also killed several of them, and took ten or twelve prisoners. The rest carried off the wounded. Fifteen or sixteen of ours were wounded by arrows; they were promptly cured.

"After having gained the victory, they amused themselves by plundering Indian corn and meal from the enemy; also their arms, which they had thrown away in order to run the better. And having feasted, danced, and sung, we returned three hours afterward with the prisoners. The place where this battle was fought is forty-three degrees some minutes north latitude; I named it Lake Champlain."^u—*Voyages de la Nove. France, par le Sr. de Champlain: Paris, 1632.*

This narrative possesses much interest, as an account of the first battle of the Canadian Indians with the Iroquois in which white men took part, the beginning of those bloody wars between the French and Indians, which continued to the mutual annoyance and injury of both for a full century; of the first knowledge the Iroquois had of fire-arms, and their terrible power in the destruction of human life; and of the warlike spirit, tact, and energy of the French, who had commenced building up a colony in their vicinity. But to

the Iroquois Indians, scattered all along the southern border of New France, from Lake Erie to the Champlain, this sudden and unprovoked attack upon them by the founder of Quebec and ostensible governor and representative of the new colony, was a significant prelude to what they had to expect from that growing power, united as they were with their common enemies, the Algonquins and Hurons. Their natural sagacity would lead them to contemplate all this with serious forebodings. And with their instinct of malice and revenge, it is not to be supposed that they would soon forget or forgive so wanton an assault upon them by strangers and foreigners whom they had never provoked or injured. But these feelings of animosity against the French, engendered by their unadvised alliance with the Canadian Indians, and stealthy attack upon the Iroquois, was in no wise allayed by the subsequent conduct of Champlain toward them.

"Six years after the occurrence above noted," says the record, "Champlain proceeded to the upper waters of the Ottawa River; thence crossed over to Lake Nipissing, and having discovered the Huron Lake, which he called *La Mer Douce*, or the Fresh Water Sea, he joined some Hurons in an expedition against one of the Five Nations, south of Lake Ontario." Goodrich, in his late work, says: "He explored the Ottawa, and many other parts of the country, before he returned to France." But this appears to be an error. Champlain was in France in 1612, and, under the patronage of the Prince of Condé, who assumed the title of Viceroy of New France, succeeded in forming a new association at Rouen. Thence he returned, bringing with him four Recollet friars, for the purpose of converting the savages. Thus provided with new civil and ecclesiastical appliances for his work of molding and establishing the colony, he proceeded, in 1615, on his tour of exploration up the Ottawa. The fame of his encounter with the Iroquois at the east had reached the distant tribes of the west. They, being at enmity with the Iroquois, were elated with the intelligence of having, in the French chieftain, so invincible and willing an ally to aid them in subduing their common foe. Among these savages, somewhere in the wilderness between Lake Simco and the Georgian bay of Lake Hu-

* Between Lake George and Crown Point, probably in the town of Henderson.

ron, Champlain made his appearance on the 7th day of August, 1615, where he was received, as he says, "with great joy and gratitude by all the Indians of the country." Here he tarried a short time to wait for the warriors to come in from the adjacent villages. His own account of the matter shows that he had identified himself with these Indians in their hostility and warfare against the Iroquois. They had intelligence, he says, that a distant nation of their allies, with whom the Iroquois were at war, "wished to assist in this expedition with five hundred good men, and enter into amity and alliance with us, [the French,] having a great desire to see us, and that we should wage war all together." During the interval of their remaining, "it was a continued series," he adds, in his report, "of feasting and dancing, through joy for seeing us so determined to assist them in their war, and as a guarantee already of victory."

On the 1st day of September, they assembled the major part of their forces, and set out from the village. They received new recruits of followers as they proceeded in their march toward the enemy's country. And after having dispatched a number of their bravest men to inform the five hundred men who wished to join them, of their departure, and to make arrangements to have them meet their forces before the enemy's fort, they advanced, by land and water, to Lake Ontario, and thence across the lake into the enemy's territory, where they hid their canoes on the shore in the vicinity of Sodus Bay. On the 9th of October, eleven Iroquois Indians were discovered by a scouting party, and taken prisoners. This was probably the first intimation these poor savages had that the enemy was in their midst. And even then they did not know that they had to encounter the white man's terrible arquebus, before which the chiefs of their Mohawk brethren had fallen, and their war-braves were scattered and slain.

The day following the enemy's fort was reached, imbosomed in the forest near to where the beautiful and wealthy village of Canandaigua now stands. Champlain did not design to discover himself and his associates until the next day, when he might surprise and terrify the enemy by bringing his fire-arms into requisition at an opportune moment, and finishing the

contest at a blow. But the impetuosity of his savages would not brook this. Some of them entered into skirmishes with the enemy at once, and got into difficulty. Others were impatient to see the effect the arquebus of their invincible ally and leader would have upon their enemies, and also to relieve their friends whose rashness had gotten them into difficulty; and Champlain was induced to show himself at once. "I advanced," he says, "and presented myself, but with the few men I had; nevertheless, I showed them what they had never seen nor heard before. For as soon as they saw us, and heard the reports of the arquebus, and the balls whistling about their ears, they retired promptly within their fort, carrying off their wounded and dead; and we retreated in like manner to our main body, with five or six of our wounded, one of whom died."

Finding the fortification of their enemies much stronger and more difficult to subdue than they had supposed, Champlain directed the construction of a movable tower, from which, by the use of their fire-arms, they could harass and discomfit their enemies within it. With this novel provision for an assault, an attack was made. They were valiantly repulsed; though "the multitude of arquebus shots" drove the enemy from their position, to shelter themselves in less exposed portions of the fort. The savages, who had so fiercely rushed to the contest at the commencement of the action, now broke loose from all restraint, and, with an Indian yell, which drowned the voice of their commander, commenced shooting arrows within the fort, which did very little execution. In the midst of their confusion and disorder, one undertook to set fire to the fort, which, being on the wrong side, was soon extinguished by those within it. Champlain found it impossible to restore order; and after three hours' hard fighting, during which two chiefs and fifteen other individuals were wounded, and he himself partially disabled by the arrows of the enemy, he was forced to yield, and retire from the contest. With this result he was greatly dissatisfied; and he urged the Indians to renew the attack, and to set fire to the enemy's fort when the wind was fair to cause its destruction; but it was to no purpose. They were intent upon a retreat; and, providing to carry their wounded, departed for their own

country, having gained nothing but the increased ill-will of their enemies they went to subdue.

By means of these two attacks upon the Iroquois by the ostensible representative of the French in the colony of New France, the policy of the colonists was too evidently indicated to be misunderstood. And the Iroquois Indians had sufficient discernment and sagacity to comprehend it, in all its length and breadth, with integrity and courage to withstand it in whatever form it might assail them.

This policy embraced three interests; the monopoly of the fur trade by the company established at Quebec, the extension of their colonial possessions in America by the French government, and the establishment of the Catholic religion among the savages in the New World by the Church and state combined. Champlain was in the employ of the company, whose principal object was the acquisition of wealth by their traffic with the Indians. And in all his intercourse with them, his principal endeavor was to secure their trade with the French, by attaching them to the colony in friendly alliance, or forcing them into it by conquest and subjugation. The Iroquois could see nothing but the latter for themselves in all his treatment toward them. But while the company and their traders at Quebec confined their views and measures to the advancement of the commercial interests of the colony by an extension of their traffic with the natives, Champlain's enterprising spirit led him, beyond this, to contemplate the establishing of a civil government on an extended scale, over the vast territory occupied by the Indians. This object seems to have actuated the French government, more than anything else, for some time after the first discovery of the country. Hence, when Jaques Cartier, in 1534, "sailed under a commission of the French king, he landed at several places on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign." And in 1540 "Francois de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, received a patent from Francis I., declaring him Seigneur de Norembugue, (the name by which nearly all North America was then designated,) with all the power and authority possessed by the king in that quarter." But from various causes this object seems to have been lost sight of for

a time; and the colony sustained and controlled by those who resorted to it for purposes of trade merely, was little more than a respectable mercantile establishment. With Champlain's superintendence of its affairs, however, the ambition to extend its limits, and bring the whole country, with its inhabitants, under the civil jurisdiction of the French, was revived, and constituted a part of the policy by which he was governed. He had succeeded in securing a submission of the principal tribes within the colony to the King of France as his subjects. And then, with them, under pretense of acting as an ally, to aid them in humbling their enemies, made war upon the Iroquois beyond the limits of the colony, for the purpose of subduing them, and appending the territory they occupied to the colony under the dominion of the King of France. All this was plain to the understanding of the independent and war-like Five Nations. And the entire course of this intrepid and artful Frenchman, who controlled the affair of the colony at that period, tended but to excite a spirit of hatred in these savages against the French and all that were affiliated with them, and to prepare them the more vigorously to resist every attempt that might be made to subjugate them under the dominion of France, or any of its dependencies. Accordingly, though the five years succeeding his unsuccessful assault upon the Senecas, near Canandaigua, were spent by Champlain in conflicts and wars with the Iroquois Indians, no advantage was gained over them; but they constantly became more formidable and troublesome to the colony and its ambitious governor.

It may be proper to add, in this connection, that the religious element which was employed to aid in carrying into effect the policy of the French in Canada, did not tend, under the circumstances, to conciliate the feelings of the wary chiefs and braves of the Five Nation, but rather to increase their distrust of and animosity against their new antagonists. After his first attack upon the Iroquois, in which he betrayed the worst passions of a bad heart, in deliberately shooting down two brave chiefs, and others, with his death-dealing arquebus, and suffering a wanton plunder of the scanty provisions of their survivors, Champlain brought with him from France four Recollet friars, as the representa-

tives and teachers of the religion he professed, for the declared purpose of converting the savages to the faith and fellowship of that religion; and soon after he settled with his family in the colony, in 1620. While continuing in the government of it, "the Duke de Ventadour, having entered into holy orders, took charge, as viceroy, of the affairs of New France, solely for the purpose of converting the savages, and for this purpose sent some Jesuits to Canada." The unsophisticated Iroquois could not contemplate the character and services of these religious teachers apart from the political movements of their patrons and employers. It was natural that they should look upon them with suspicion and distrust, with whatever professions of concern for the religious welfare of the natives they might appear among them.

It was soon after the arrival of these Jesuits, in 1627, that Cardinal Richelieu, in his zeal to propagate the Catholic religion and promote the glory of the French nation, of which he was prime minister, granted to the company of New France the celebrated charter under which, with Champlain to control its workings, the progress of its affairs received a new impulse. The prominent features of this charter were the special provisions it contained for giving efficacy and expansion to the religious element in the policy prescribed for the government of the colony. Goodrich says:

"The company engaged to have six thousand French inhabitants settled in the countries included in their charter, before the year 1643, and to establish *three priests in each settlement*, whom they were bound to provide with every article necessary for their personal comfort, as well as the expenses attending their ministerial labors, for fifteen years, after which cleared lands were to be granted by the company to the clergy, for maintaining the Catholic Church in New France. The prerogatives which the king reserved to himself were, the supremacy in matters of faith; homage, as sovereign of New France, with the acknowledgment of a crown of gold weighing eight marks, on each accession to the throne of France; the nomination of all commanders and officers of forts; and the appointment of the officers of justice when it became necessary to establish courts of law.

"The royal charter then granted to the company of New France, and their successors forever, in consideration of their engagements to the crown, the fort and settlement of Quebec, all the territory of New France, including Florida, with all the country along the great river of Canada, and all the rivers which discharge

themselves therein, or which, throughout those vast regions, empty themselves into the sea, both on the eastern and western coasts of the continent, with all the harbors, islands, mines and rights of fishery."

The administration under a viceroy being omitted, the company continued Mr. Champlain as Governor of Canada. With enlarged powers, and his plan of extending the dominions of the King of France, and bringing the scattered tribes under the jurisdiction of his sovereign and of the Catholic Church, recognized and sanctioned by the home government, Champlain proceeded with new zeal to carry forward his cherished scheme of conquering the hostile savages, and establishing a vast colony which would vie in power and grandeur with any other in the new world. As the sequel of Champlain's administration, and its influence upon the destiny of the colony, would occupy too much space for the present paper, we shall reserve them for another.

GREAT STREAMS FROM LITTLE FOUNTAINS.

LET a man roll a little air in his mouth, and what is that? Let Napoleon twist it between his lips, and the whole world is at war. Give it to Fenelon, and he will so manage it with his tongue, that there shall be universal peace. It is but a little agitated air that sets mankind in motion, or that subsides the ruffled waves of human passions into a perfect calm.

Small things in the hands of Providence terminate human being in the present life. Pope Adrian lost his life by a *gnat*. A distinguished Roman counselor lost his life by a *hair*. Anacreon, the famous Greek poet, lost his life by the *seed* of a *grape*. The Emperor Charles the Sixth was deprived of his life by a *mushroom*. These cases might be multiplied to a great extent.

Our own great historian, Bancroft, says:

"Who will venture to measure the consequences of actions by the apparent humility of their origin? The mysterious influence of that Power which enchains the destinies of states, overruling the decisions of sovereigns, and the forethought of statesmen, often deduces the greatest events from the least commanding causes. A Genoese adventurer, discovering America, changed the commerce of the world. An obscure German, inventing the printing-press, rendered possible the universal diffusion of in-

creased intelligence. An Augustine monk, denouncing indulgences, produced a schism in religion, and changed the foundations of European politics. A young French refugee, skilled alike in theology and civil law, in the duties of magistrates and the dialectics of religious controversy, entered the republic of Geneva, and, conforming its ecclesiastical discipline to the principles of republican simplicity, established a party, of which Englishmen became members, and New England the asylum. The enfranchisement of the mind from religious despotism led directly to inquiries into the nature of civil government; and the doctrines of popular liberty, which sheltered their infancy in the wilderness of the newly-discovered continent, within the short space of two centuries have infused themselves into the life-blood of every rising state, from Labrador to Chili; have erected outposts in Oregon and in Liberia; and in making a proselyte of enlightened France, have disturbed all the ancient governments of Europe, by awakening the public mind to restless action, from the shores of Portugal to the palaces of the czars."

The world is made up of trifles. The grand movements of great events, and the changes of empires, are founded in causes which, very generally, would be pronounced trifles by the world. Yes, "trifles light as air" have led to some of the most important discoveries. The fall of an apple gave Newton the clew to gravitation; the rising up of the lid of the tea-kettle, gave us our railroads, steamboats, ocean steamers, and a thousand other things—not to speak of the press—that, combined, put the world centuries ahead, in the mysteries of the universe, and the purposes of God. To the observation of a flower dimly pictured on a stone, we owe the philosophical researches in chemistry and light which ultimately gave us the daguerreotype.

In a lecture given a few years ago, on the use of tobacco, the speaker said: "I saw a man standing on the border of a four-acre wood-lot burned as black as your hat. 'Sir,' said I, 'how came this a smoldering ruin?' 'Sabbath-breakers,' was the reply. 'Sabbath-breakers were here yesterday, amid these dry leaves, with cigars and pipes! That tells the story, sir.' 'Prosecute them,' I remarked. With an air of derision he exclaimed, 'Prosecute the whirlwind! Smokers are tall characters. They do as they choose, burn barns, burn stables, blocks of buildings, and, should they burn up the globe, we must be mum, or charge it to some scape-gallows.'"

A church in Chicago, which cost some

thirty thousand dollars, was laid in ashes by the same cause. A carpenter went upon the roof with his pipe, and in an hour after he came down the upper portion of the noble edifice was wrapped in flames beyond control.

Who has not heard of the "Great fire in London?" The commencement of this memorable conflagration was not of a character to excite alarm, even in timid minds. About ten o'clock in the evening of September 2, 1666, a fire broke out in a baker's shop, near to the spot on which the Monument of London now stands. The beginning was by no means alarming. All who deigned to take the least notice of it, soon expected to see it extinguished. But those tame predictions were soon shown to be false, and ere long just cause for serious alarm was most frightfully manifested. The lurid flame spread to and speedily entwined its destructive embrace around contiguous buildings. An eye-witness, John Evelyn, gives the following graphic description of what he beheld:

"All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. God grant that my eyes may never behold the like; now seeing above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise, and the cracking, and the thunder of impetuous flames; the shrieking of women and children; the hurry of people; the falling of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm; and the air about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. Thus I left it, on that afternoon, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. Thus it continued its awful progress for another day or two, and then it was found to have destroyed eighty-nine churches, the city gates, Guildhall, several hospitals, schools, and public libraries; a very great number of stately edifices; thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, and upward of four hundred streets. 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!'"

The inundation of a portion of Holland is another well-known calamitous event. But the first cause was apparently insignificant, too trivial to be deemed worthy of the least attention, or the adoption of any precautionary or preservative measures. Tourists in Holland all make mention of the large embankments or dikes, built to protect the low lands from being submerged by the sea. Many years ago, it was perceived that one part of the embankment was defective, for the water had begun to ooze through, although in small

quantities. A meeting of the inhabitants of the immediate neighborhood was called to take into consideration the means of remedying the defect. The meeting adjourned without deciding upon anything, because the matter was considered so insignificant. No serious consequences need be apprehended from so slight a discharge of water, and some future time would do well enough to remedy the defect. Not many weeks after this meeting, on a beautiful Sabbath evening, when a more than usual calm serenity rested upon everything, without any further warning whatever, the sea burst through the embankment, which had been gradually weakened by the apparently trivial evil, destroyed many large towns, seventy villages, an immense number of cattle, and a vast number of inhabitants. A small beginning this, but a terrible ending.

We close this paper with two cases of a more pleasing character than those already given. The Rev. Dr. Hamlin, the well-known missionary, while recently in England, visited the grave of "The Dairyman's Daughter," in the Isle of Wight. Writing to the *Puritan Recorder*, he thus speaks of the influence of Legh Richmond's admirable memorial of that humble saint of God:

"The Dairyman's Daughter was translated into the Turkish by the Rev. Dr. Goodell many years since, and a copy presented by him to the Armenian Church of Nicomedia was the means of the conversion of the two priests, Der Horootiane and Der Vartones; both of them still are faithful helpers, bringing forth fruit in old age. From that beginning came the Church in Nicomedia, and then Abadazar and Boghchejok. Here, in this secluded spot in the Isle of Wight, sixty years ago, commenced a spiritual conflict in the heart of a poor and humble servant, the results of which are now spreading over the mountains and valleys of Bithynia. Here dwelt, and prayed, and preached that man of God whose tongue is silent in death, and yet in how many languages does it now publish salvation!"

The writer traces this chain of causes and consequences one link farther back.

"In 1798, a vessel about to go to sea was detained by a change of wind, and came to anchor near this place. The Rev. Mr. Crabb, a Wesleyan chaplain, with characteristic zeal goes on shore, gets up a meeting, and preaches from the text, 'Be ye clothed with humility.' It was the message of God unto salvation to Elizabeth Walbridge, the 'Dairyman's Daughter.' The wind fills the sails again, bears the chaplain away to India, and for many years he knows not but he has labored in vain."

The same writer continues:

"How wonderful and beautiful is the providence of God in the works of redeeming grace! What a fine illustration is this history of the true unity of the Church, of the true evangelical alliance which God uses among the people in accomplishing his purposes! A Wesleyan, an Episcopalian, and a Congregationalist are equally co-workers in it, and God blesses them all alike."

Perhaps the cases here given make this article sufficiently long. Other cases in illustration of the same topic may be given in another paper.

THE AMBITIOUS MOTHER; OR, THE OLDEN TIME IN SCOTLAND.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago, Scotland was steadily, though still slowly, settling down into tranquillity and order, after the fierce and long-continued struggles, religious and civil, which had so long convulsed the whole country. The feudal system, or rather, we should say, the old feudal manners and habits of thought, with much of its pretension, if not with all its tyranny, still prevailed to a certain extent; and, as is usually the case, in proportion as the privileged class saw their privileges threatened, and their power to retain them weakened, in what was the never doubtful, though certainly rather protracted, suit of *Law versus Laird*, they became only the more tenacious of their ancient rights, or rather, we should say, of their antiquated claims.

As was natural, too, the more of these privileges they lost, the more they became, not only, as has just been said, tenacious of those that were left them by their common enemy the law, but morbidly jealous every one of another in regard to their respective, and often rival pretensions. Jealousies of this kind, to an extent scarcely credible now, frequently existed between neighboring proprietors: each contesting, as if the titles to their broad lands depended upon such things, a pre-eminence in the veriest trifles by which rank could be distinguished or even imagined. Their disputes were endless; the slightest encroachment of any kind on each other's fancied rights was bitterly felt and resented; where equality between them was supposed to exist, any suspected recognition of the superiority of one among them, which a neutral party might testify to the disparagement of the favored individual's

peers, was considered to be a mortal affront offered by that party to all the rest.

If this much has been said by way of preface, it has been because the tragedy about to be related flowed from a supposed affront of so trifling a kind, that if we did not keep in view the manners and feeling of the time, it would appear almost impossible that it should have led to the sad results it did. A bow of respect offered by a clergyman to one family before another, brought upon him, without any other exciting cause whatever, the vengeance of a lady belonging to the latter, and cost the worthy man his life.

Lady Betty Fleming lived on her pleasant lands of Toskertown, feared, but not loved. Descended from a long line of ancestors, she treasured the memory of the days gone by, and even among her own order was conspicuous for pluming herself upon and asserting the ancient privileges which belonged to it. Her tall and still handsome figure, the cold, severe stateliness of her manner, and the fastidious care she bestowed upon her dress, invariably attracted, if they could not always retain, that admiration and preference which she so ardently coveted.

She derided and scouted all modern innovations, and jealously guarded, in the minutest matters, the rights of her only son. Her whole desire was to revive in him the spirit of what she thought the good old times, and to preserve in him and for him the dignity and honors of his family. Many a mother can suffer for her child; we have to speak of one who could sin for hers, and sin in no ordinary degree.

It was formerly the custom in many parts of Scotland—and if, indeed, it be altogether extinct in the present day, it has become so not very long ago—for the officiating clergyman, at the close of the service, and before the dismissal of the congregation, to bow formally, and from the pulpit, toward the leading families of the district. On either side of the pulpit in the church of S— were the pews of the two principal proprietors, and in these, at the time when the event of this but too true tale took place, were wont to appear the respective households of Sir Andrew Kennedy of Killaster, and of the widowed Lady Betty Fleming, of Toskertown. The patronage of the parish was vested in the Killaster and Toskertown families, the right of presentation being exercised by the one

and the other alternately. It had been by the former that, a few months before the catastrophe about to be related took place, a Mr. Crawford had been appointed to the parish, and the choice of the patron could not have fallen on a more guileless and worthy man. Now, as was very natural, the simple-minded minister invariably turned in the first instance toward the quarter from which he had obtained his presentation, and tendered to Sir Andrew his first salute. The previous incumbent, on the contrary, having owed his appointment to the Toskertown family, had as naturally made it his practice that to them his first salute should be offered. Very natural, however, as this was in either case, it did not seem so to Lady Betty. The change appeared to her an affront; and though Mr. Crawford had probably never thought of the matter, nor even known what the custom of his predecessor had been, she firmly persuaded herself that the affront was an intentional one, and that it was designed to make her house appear of secondary importance in the eyes of the congregation. And so it was that, in the house of God, where all men are equal, or, at least, where distinction is discernible only by Him who searcheth the heart and who resisteth the proud, the salutation of the minister of the Gospel of peace struck from out the hard and flinty heart of one worshiper the fatal spark which was to kindle a destroying fire.

That her son should have felt as she did upon the point, seemed to her a matter of course. To her great mortification, however, she found that he was indifferent on the subject, and even laughed, in his hearty and good-humored, but by no means unfilial way, at her angry exclamations against Mr. Crawford. It was in vain that she endeavored to impress upon him that their family position was, as she said, forfeited; that theirs was, and ought to be the leading family in the district; and that the minister who recognized another as such from the pulpit, was guilty of a direct and audacious insult to them. In vain did she represent to him the dignity of his own house, and remind him that the Kennedys were comparatively upstarts—not two generations old in the county—scarcely recognized as cousins by the true old Kennedy stock.

The indifference of her son only increased Lady Betty's irritation; and, as

was natural to her revengeful disposition, she "nursed her wrath to keep it warm." Still, it would doubtless have cooled under the influence of time, had it not been that her excitement was artfully kept up by a young woman, a member of her household, who acted in the family at once as housekeeper and as companion to the lady. She was a great favorite with her mistress, who placed unlimited confidence in her, and consulted her on all occasions, not only in the strictly domestic, but also in the family concerns of Toskertown. She, however, had some stronger hold on Lady Betty than could well flow merely from the favor of a mistress for a dependant; and many were the surmises on the subject, both at that time and since. The secret of her ascendancy over the haughty woman has, however, never been satisfactorily explained, further than that she had rendered her some great service once, as, indeed, Lady Betty had been heard herself to acknowledge. The lady had been traveling on the Continent some two or three years before the time of this story, and Adèle had returned with her. More of the latter's previous history than this has ever remained mere conjecture. One thing, however, was certain; some mysterious sympathy united these two women, so separated as they otherwise were by rank and circumstances.

Adèle, whatever was her native country, certainly possessed the strong passions generally characteristic of the more southern climes. The single name of Adèle, I may here remark, is the only one by which she is known in tradition. She was impetuous and daring, and her vanity and self-importance, extravagant as they naturally were, had been fostered, though unintentionally, by Lady Betty's treatment of her, till they grew to a development which that lady little expected. Little, indeed, did she suspect the height of her protégé's aspirations; little did she think that Adèle had presumed to regard with affection the heir of Toskertown. Pure and unselfish love such a being as Adèle was incapable of feeling; but such affection as she did possess she had bestowed on the young, frank, and generous laird, Walter Fleming.

But Walter had seen and shown some little attention to Lucy, the fair daughter of Kennedy of Killaster, and Adèle had hinted, in a playful manner, at his polite

attentions to his fair neighbor, adding, as she saw the angry frown rise on Lady Betty's brow, that, of course, it was no more than the usual politeness which such a gentleman as Mr. Walter would show to any young lady he might meet. On this, being sternly told to say plainly what she meant, she disclosed to her irritated listener not a few circumstances calculated to rouse the suspicions of the latter. And, what entered into her more nefarious design, she insinuated that Mr. Crawford, the minister, was aware how matters stood; connived at clandestine meetings between the young people; nay, even allowed them to meet clandestinely at his own house; all of which was as false as it was atrociously malicious.

Lady Betty sent for her son, covered him with the bitterest reproaches, and ended by saying, when she could no longer storm, that sooner should the last drop of Fleming blood be shed, than that her son, now the last of his name, should be the first to disgrace it. Here and there, in her fury, she interrupted herself to utter maledictions on the heads of those who had abetted his conduct; it was observed, however, that she did not name any one. The scene ended in a way for which the submissiveness her son had hitherto shown had not prepared her. Accustomed though he was to her violence, the naturally high-spirited lad was thoroughly roused by her language on this occasion, and, stung to the quick by the coarse words applied to the innocent object of his affections, he unreservedly and boldly avowed his love for Lucy Kennedy.

From that moment the house of Toskertown was divided against itself. Mother and son alike felt that they were no longer as they had been to each other. Yet, amid all the blackness which was fast enveloping the soul of Lady Betty, one ray of light shone pure and clear. She certainly loved fondly and devotedly her only child. Whatever she was brought to do proceeded from intense motherly love, as well as pride, as regarded Walter. But she derived no real happiness even from maternal affection; she could not do so, fearfully misjudging and misguiding as that affection was. The best affections become really the most dangerous, when they absorb all others, and make themselves paramount to principle.

Lady Betty, after this scene with her

son, appears to have become, in spite of her naturally stern and unyielding spirit, almost a passive tool in the hands of Adèle. The artful woman played her part so well, that she, on the contrary, appeared the tool of an imperious mistress. But there seems to be little doubt as to who was the real author and instigator of what followed.

Walter Fleming was on the point of attaining his majority, and his twenty-first birth-day was to be celebrated at Toskerton with the rejoicings usual on such occasions. Everybody, high and low, for miles round was invited, with the marked exception of the Killaster family. Among them was, of course, Mr. Crawford, the minister. Lady Betty went in person to invite him, for he was a man of retired habits, and would, perhaps, have excused himself if he possibly could. As it was, he at first tried to do so, but the lady would take no denial, and at last he promised to take part in the festivities of Toskerton. Little did he imagine that he was going thither to meet his death.

The fated day came. It was passed at Toskerton in amusements and games of all kinds, the happy-minded minister looking on with kindly interest. It was, indeed, afterward noticed that he looked more than usually gay and cheerful. Dinner was served in the house for the more distinguished guests; Mr. Crawford was placed beside his perfidious hostess, who treated him with a degree of kind respect, which, afterward at least, was said to have been over-acted. In particular, toward the end of the banquet, she called for a curious cup, an heirloom in the family, which was brought to her ready-filled by Adèle, and which, after slightly tasting it herself, she handed to him, and desired him to empty to the health of her son. He did so, it was re-filled, and passed to the other guests in succession. Very shortly after, with an apology to Lady Betty for leaving before the dance began, he returned home.

Scarcely, however, was he under his own roof, when he was seized with violent sickness and spasms. His wife, greatly alarmed, sent for medical aid. Some hours elapsed before it could be obtained—hours of mortal agony and terror. The surgeon, however, on his arrival, found the unfortunate man calm and self-possessed in the midst of his sufferings, clinging, as it were, by his looks, to his wife

and their little ones as they stood round his bed, but yet resigned to a fate which he expressed his belief was inevitable. He felt, he said, that for him the sands of life were all but run down, and that nothing could save him. It was, indeed, but too true. The violent paroxysms of pain from which he had been suffering left him, however, for a short time just before his death in comparative peace. He took advantage of this relief, and in solemn language committed his family to the care of the God of the widow and fatherless.

"And promise me, Agnes, my love," these were his last words, "promise me that you will never inquire into the cause of my sudden removal. Leave it to God. He will do all things well." After that he seemed to be praying a while, for his lips moved, and he shut his eyes, and then he said, "Father, I come. O God—forgive—" So he died praying for his enemy, but his prayer was finished in another world; the servant of God had entered into his rest.

The death of Mr. Crawford, of course, made a great sensation in the neighborhood, but no judicial inquiry was made into the circumstances of it. That the authorities of the time did not think proper to make any, will doubtless appear strange at the present day. As will be seen, however, they did not know then all that was subsequently known. But though the authors of the dark deed were never brought to human justice, they did not go unpunished.

Adèle, it would appear, was soon made to feel that her horrid scheme was a vain one; the crime was bootless to her. What passed between her and the young laird was known only to themselves, but she soon found that, even if his mother had been willing, he never would have thought of making her his wife. The consequence was what might have been expected from her passionate temper; her love and ambition being disappointed, a thirst for vengeance took possession of her. Inordinate must have been this thirst, for to satisfy it she seems to have cared little how far she endangered herself.

Nevertheless, it was not without a mixture of her natural craftiness that she began to put into execution the new plan she had formed. She made a desperate attempt to secure her own safety while denouncing her mistress. For her vengeance

amounted to nothing less than disclosing the murder.

How she prevailed on Lady Betty to write the letter, a copy of which I am about to give, it is not easy to say. Lady Betty was probably a prey to remorse, and made a coward by her conscience. Perhaps Adèle may have pretended that she felt remorse, and may have brought her accomplice to fear that she might betray her. It may have been with a view of alleviating that supposed remorse by removing the fears which alone, it seemed probable enough, had caused it, that Lady Betty wrote the letter: certain it is that she did write it; though probably not without repenting of it almost immediately. The letter was as follows—how its contents became known will be afterward explained. Passing over the first part of it, which was to the effect that she, Lady Betty, being ill and troubled in her mind, was anxious to thank her kind and faithful Adèle for her care and devotedness while in her service, it went on:

"Ah, Adèle! if I had taken your advice, I should not now suffer as I do. But I would not listen to you, when you sought humbly but firmly to set things before me in their proper light. I allowed trifles to provoke me to actions which I now hate to think of. The cries of that poor widow and her children are ever ringing in my ears. O, Adèle, pity your unhappy mistress. . . . I beg of you to accept this purse as a remembrance of one who always felt a warm interest in you."

It has just been said that Lady Betty probably soon repented of having written thus. And that she did so immediately, is in all likelihood what must have followed her reading in the face of her attendant the look of malignant triumph and expectant vengeance that doubtless could not be suppressed on it, when Adèle found herself thus in possession of a document which put her mistress completely in her power. New terrors would have seized on the unhappy woman, and it would have been but too evident to her guilty mind that concealment of her former crime was only to be purchased by the commission of another.

A short time after this letter must have been written, Adèle asked leave of her mistress to go to the neighboring town of S—, about six miles distant. Permission was granted, but not for the next day, as Adèle had requested. She must delay going till the day after, Lady Betty said.

Accordingly Adèle left Toskerton the

next day but one, never, as she thought, and as it turned out, to return; but also, never to reach the town as she intended. She must have taken with her several articles of value—several afterward were missed at least—and she had in her pocket the well-filled purse given her by Lady Betty. In that purse she carried the important letter.

Half-way to S— from Toskerton, a small stream crosses the road; much rain having fallen for several days, it was then greatly swollen. There was no bridge across it at that time; it had to be passed by stepping-stones. The flood had made these slippery and dangerous; but Adèle was not easily daunted, and attempted to cross. She missed her footing, and, as was then supposed, was washed away by the current, and drowned.

When twenty-four hours had gone by without her re-appearing at Toskerton, much alarm was expressed by Lady Betty, and by her orders a search was instituted for the missing woman. It had scarcely been set on foot when two men, notorious as smugglers, made their appearance at Toskerton, and declared, in presence of the assembled family, that early that morning, when about to cross the stream, about a mile below the stepping-stones just mentioned, they had found the dead body of Lady Betty's foreign attendant. They had conveyed it, they said, to a neighboring cottage, but life was quite extinct. And they produced one or two trifling articles which they had found upon her and secured. But they did not produce the greater part of the booty; and while the purse, with a few pieces of money in it, were among the articles exhibited, it did not contain the letter.

The body of Adèle was buried, but not with it were buried Lady Betty's fears. The letter, to recover which she had incurred the guilt of another crime, had not been recovered; it was, moreover, in the possession of a man who knew well how to make use of it. This was a man of the name of Smith, commonly called "Black Jack," and one of the two smugglers who gave out that they had found the body of Adèle. There is little doubt that they had murdered her; and it is now almost equally probable that they did so at the instigation of Lady Betty, who, it was afterward remembered, was seen speaking to one of them, on a little-frequented path

that led through the woods of Toskertown, on the day preceding Adèle's departure; a strange thing, indeed, for such a person as Lady Betty. It has been said that Black Jack and his companion were notorious as smugglers. Black Jack, so called, probably, on account of his swarthy complexion, was a man of gigantic proportions, and possessed unusual strength; he caused his name to be long remembered in the locality by his surpassing audacity and fearlessness.

Black Jack, immediately after the death of Adèle, was observed to be in unusually prosperous circumstances. He, indeed, admitted that he was, and gave out that this arose from his having made some *runs* of late which had been more than commonly lucrative. Among the Toskertown people, however, it was rumored that his sudden prosperity was to be attributed to the plunder of the unhappy woman. But neither his own admissions nor the surmises of others touched upon the real fact. Some articles he and his associate certainly had pillaged from the dead body, but of those the intrinsic value was small compared with the importance of the letter from Lady Betty, which he had secured. Ever and anon he made his appearance at Toskertown, or had elsewhere private interviews with the miserable woman, and on each occasion the continuance of his secrecy had to be purchased by a new and higher bribe.

It would seem probable, also, that he disclosed the secret to the young laird, with a view, of course, toward bringing him, too, under the influence of his intimidation. This, at least, is the easiest way of accounting for the fact that one day, after an interview with the ruffian, Walter rushed precipitately into his mother's room, bade her farewell in a few incoherent words, and, without trusting himself to say even so much to Lucy Kennedy at Killaster, rode away from the scenes of his youth, never more to revisit them. Lucy, indeed, received letters from him, dated in a foreign country, urging her to unite her fate to his, but the dutiful and loving girl refused to leave her aged father, and firmly rejected every entreaty of her lover.

To Lady Betty the hour of retribution came at length. The son for whom the unhappy woman had periled her own soul, died. This was the last stroke. She had

dared to commit more than one terrible crime for him; she had borne up against his abandonment of her, and the feeling that she had become an object of horror to him—all this she had done and endured, in the single hope of knowing that he was to succeed to the proud inheritance of his fathers, and now this hope was forever quenched. Thus was she broken. For some time after her son's death, she went about her usual occupations, as if sternly resolved to brave it out to the last; but one by one these were abandoned, and for some months before her decease she never left her room, and scarcely even spoke. The proximate cause of her death seems to have been a stormy interview she had with her relentless persecutor, Black Jack, the smuggler. Almost by force he had gained admission to her presence, and had loaded her with reproaches and scarcely disguised threats. When at last he was removed by the servants, the wretched woman burst into a flood of tears, but her desolate heart apparently found no relief from them. She was then, by her own orders, left alone for a considerable time, and when, at the sound of her bell, one of her attendants returned to her, she had become speechless. The look of haughty defiance had passed away, and a gentler expression was visible on the stricken features. On a table beside her lay an open miniature: it was the portrait of her son when a child. The servant, terrified at the death-like appearance of her mistress, took her hand, but it was icy cold, and fell on the lady's knee, when, in her fright, the woman shrunk from it. Lady Betty once more endeavored to speak, but again failing, she sighed deeply three or four times, and then her soul was called before its Judge.

I have little to add. The fair and goodly lands of Toskertown are now possessed, under another name, (for even the old name has been changed,) by a family in no way related to the ancient race of Fleming, of whom, indeed, scarcely any memorial remains, except a single field, still called "Lady Betty's Field," and regarded in the country with somewhat of a superstitious feeling. This, too, not merely by the common people; for the proprietors, even to the present day, have constantly refused to allow it to be plowed, for which no precise reason has been assigned.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

"**T**IME was," says a recent writer, "when it would have gone hard with any one who showed pictures of men and scenes that neither pencil, brush, nor hand had touched; and if, in defense, it had been asserted that the sun itself had traced them, the tortures of the rack would have been had in requisition to force the inventor to confess himself a wizard, and to tell his terms of compact with the devil; and even in our own time, though we have passed from the demonism," there is still something mysterious and awful associated with the term science in the minds of many. It is regarded as something which can be successfully prosecuted only by those who spend a kind of monkish life among books and instruments, in the cloistered halls of a university. Many men regard it as that which, because of its wondrous revelations, they are bound to respect and admire, but which they need never hope to understand; since none but those who have enjoyed the most finished education, who are possessed of a scientific taste, and who are placed in peculiarly favorable circumstances, can prosecute it successfully.

This opinion, though common, is erroneous; for while it is true that men in the circumstances imagined have been ornaments of science, and by their researches into the arcana of nature have immensely increased the stores of human knowledge, and conferred incalculable benefits on their race, it is equally true that there have been men who possessed none of these advantages, but who, while contending with the privations and hardships incident to a life of poverty and toil, have successfully prosecuted the study of science, and risen to the highest eminence as philosophers. Dollond was a weaver, and the elder Herschell was once a blacksmith. What is science? It is knowledge—knowledge reduced to a system; that is, arranged in a regular order, so as to be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied. Now science thus defined is patent to all men; to the workman at his forge or his loom as well as to the prince in his palace. The humble artisan may be influenced with a thirst for its acquisition, as well as the most dignified and noble, and may, from the sources which are around him, acquire a

knowledge of its wonders. Being possessed of fewer facilities, he may not acquire it so rapidly; but if possessed of a reflecting and inquiring mind, he may, from the opportunities enjoyed by the very humblest in our country, rise, like many before him, to no mean eminence as a scholar and philosopher, and may by his discoveries become a benefactor of the human race. Although the fundamental lessons of science may to many, at first sight, wear a forbidding aspect, because to understand them requires an effort of the mind, somewhat, though certainly not much, greater than is requisite for understanding more ordinary matters; yet it is pleasing to reflect that, in consequence of the increasing enlightenment of the age, and the now general teaching of the elements of science in our schools, its study is regarded as less formidable. The false impressions in regard to it are fast dying away, and a taste for scientific investigation is being diffused among all classes of the community. Thousands in all ranks of life have tasted the gratification which her investigations can impart; and feeling not only that the possession of knowledge gives power, but that the acquisition of it confers an exquisite and elevating pleasure, are studying eagerly her wondrous revelations, and adding by their discoveries to her already multitudinous treasures.

The stereoscope, the subject of this paper, more than any other scientific instrument, is calculated to foster this growing love of science in the public mind, since its wondrous illusions, its life-like creations, are calculated to confer pleasure on men of every class and character. Its invention, and the discussions which have arisen in regard to it, have done more to extend our knowledge of the manner in which external objects are perceived by the mind, than any other discovery in modern times. Its practical applications have not only been perceived by theoretical writers, but have been seized upon by earnest and practical men, and are now carried out on a stupendous scale.

Photographers are now employed, says Brewster, in every part of the globe in producing pictures for the instrument; among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum; on the glaciers and in the valleys of Switzerland; among the public monu-

ments in the Old and New World ; amid the shipping of our commercial harbors ; in the museums of ancient and modern life ; in the sacred precincts of the domestic circle ; and among those scenes of the picturesque and the sublime which are so affectionately associated with the recollection of our early days, and amid which, even at the close of life, we renew, with loftier sentiments and nobler aspirations, the youth of our being, which, in the worlds of the future, is to be the commencement of a longer and happier existence.

The stereoscope is the invention of Professor Wheatstone, and was first described by him in "A Memoir on some remarkable and hitherto unobserved Phenomena of Binocular Vision."

But as his stereoscope could not be used conveniently, was far from portable, and required considerable nicety of adjustment, Sir David Brewster was led, in 1848, to construct one on an essentially different principle ; namely, by refraction. It is extremely simple in principle, and satisfactory in its performance. It has been called by its distinguished inventor the lenticular stereoscope, from its being composed of a convex lens of five or six inches focus, such as the lens of a pair of spectacles, which is cut through the middle and mounted in a box, with the thick edges outermost, and two and a half inches apart. The operation of the instrument, and the manner in which the pictures are displaced, may be easily illustrated by a simple experiment. If such semi-lenses as we have described be held by the finger and thumb of each hand, and we look through them with both eyes at two wafers laid upon a piece of white paper about two and a half inches apart, two images of the wafers will be seen ; by turning either of the semi-lenses, we will perceive that we have the power of making the two images advance to, or retire from each other ; and can, when the lenses are in a certain position, make *the one image exactly lie upon and cover the image of the other*. When this result is accomplished it will be found that the two diameters of bisection are outermost, which is consequently the position of the lenses of the stereoscope. A stereoscope, it is manifest, therefore, is nothing more than an instrument which enables us to squint without effort or inconvenience, as is proved by the fact that many by a little

practice can witness the stereoscopic effect from binocular pictures, simply by uniting them with their eyes, or, in other words, by squinting.

The form which has been given to the lenticular stereoscope by its distinguished inventor, is exceedingly simple and elegant. It consists of a pyramidal box, blackened inside, and having a lid or door in one of its sides for the admission of light when required. The lenses are mounted in short tubes, which are fastened in the top of the box, and can be slightly separated from each other to suit the eyes of different observers. The tubes can also be drawn out, or pushed in, for the adjustment of focus. At the bottom of the box there is a groove, into which the slides containing the binocular pictures are placed.

As we have already stated, the eyes themselves form a stereoscope to those who have the power of converging their axes to points nearer than the objects they contemplate, or, in other words, of squinting. It is obvious that by applying short telescopes to the eyes, and converging their axes to a point nearer than the objects surveyed, a stereoscope is produced. This form has also been suggested by Sir David Brewster. The telescopes may be made either with convex or concave eyepieces, and need not exceed a couple of inches in length.

Several other forms of the stereoscope have been recommended, which are not in any way particularly worthy of notice, as they are all modifications of the instrument of Sir David Brewster, and possess no advantage, either in form or arrangement, over that which he at first produced. None of them has ever come into general use, while the original instrument has found its way into every corner of the globe, and in its simple elegance of form is already stereotyped on the human mind.

Before proceeding to point out the educational and artistic applications of the stereoscope, we shall give a very brief and popular description of the principle of its operation. To do so it is necessary to understand the general structure of the eye, and the laws of vision by which we see objects in the position which they occupy. The human eye is an organ by which a small but perfect picture of an external object is formed upon its inner posterior surface, which picture is per-

ceived by the mind in a way that never has been, and probably never will be explained. All visible objects radiate, or throw out in all directions particles or rays of light, by means of which we see them directly, by the images of them formed in the eye. Now it has been proved by accurate experiments, that in whatever direction a ray falls upon the retina, it gives us the vision of the point from which it proceeded, in a direction perpendicular to the retina at the point on which it falls. This is called the law of visible direction.

Another important fact connected with the theory of vision is, that when we look at an object we can only see one point of it distinctly at any instant, namely, when the focus of the eye is adjusted for the vision of that point, and its image is formed on the point of distinct vision on the retina. But although we can only see one point distinctly at any given instant, we can, with the greatest rapidity, obtain the most correct knowledge of the form and color of an object. This is done by the eye, with almost infinite rapidity, running over the different points which compose the object, and conveying a clear and definite impression of each to the mind. There is no finer proof of the admirable mechanism of the human eye than this fact which we have stated. So admirably is it adjusted, so rapid are its motions, that it runs over many thousand points of an object, such as the surface of a shilling; has a distinct motion on its axis, and movement of its lens for each point, forms many thousand pictures of the successive points for the contemplation of the mind, and all in a space of time so short that it seems instantaneous. But although we see with one eye the direction in which any object or point of an object is situated, we do not see its position, or the distance from the eye at which it is placed. In monocular vision we learn from experience to estimate all distances, but particularly great ones, by various means, called the criteria of distances; such as the interposition of different objects, the variation in the apparent magnitude of known objects, the intensity of color, the distinctness of outline, etc. It is only with both eyes that we can estimate, with accuracy, the distance of objects not far from us. This fact may be proved by any one attempting, with one eye shut, to snuff a candle, when the odds might be

taken as ten to one against his doing it. If a small point of light be introduced into a dark room by another person, we have no correct conception of its distance from us. This fact of the inability of one eye to judge correctly of distance, enables us to understand why a painting, or a photograph, or any representation on a flat surface, is best seen with one eye. In the painting, different parts are intended to represent objects at different distances; now as the one eye cannot judge correctly of distance, the geometrical perspective, the chiaroscuro, etc., give a beautiful illusion, and a certain amount of apparent solidity, making the different parts seem at different distances.

These facts connected with the physiology of vision prepare us for understanding how the beautiful and startling effects of the stereoscope are produced. We have, in treating of the history of the stereoscope, stated, what every one must feel to be true, that in the binocular vision of objects each eye sees a different picture of the same object. How is it, then, that we do not see objects double? Simply in consequence of the law of visible direction. The axis of each eye is directed to the same point, and consequently the image formed by one eye exactly lies upon and covers the image formed by the other, and hence a single impression is obtained. The following illustration will make plain this important optical law. If a person, seated in a dark room, direct his eyes to a small hole in the window-shutter, an image of the small luminous aperture will be formed in each eye, but only one hole will be seen, because the axes of both eyes are directed to the same point, namely, the hole, at which the lines of visible direction cross each other, and at which the image formed by one exactly covers the image formed by the other, giving a single impression. If the axis of one eye be altered by pressing the eye-ball with the finger, immediately two images will be seen. If a man had a thousand eyes instead of two, in consequence of this law, although a thousand images were formed, only one object could be seen. Now when with both eyes we look at any object, say a shilling, the axes of both eyes are directed to a point on its surface, which point is seen singly, in consequence of the law of visible direction. The mind having examined it, the eyes

are directed to another and another point, with the utmost rapidity, till the most correct impression in regard to the whole surface is obtained. The most important advantage which we derive from the use of both eyes is to enable us, if we may so speak, to see distance, or a third dimension in space. This power of forming the most correct ideas of distance is not, as in the case of vision with one eye, the result of experience, or by means of the criteria referred to, but is unquestionably in consequence of the successive convergence of the optic axes to points at different distances from us. If, therefore, two plane pictures of a solid object are prepared, one as seen by the right eye and the other by the left, and their images are united or made to coalesce by squinting, or by the stereoscope, it is obvious that when we look at them with both eyes, the mind surveys the successive points in precisely the same way as it would have done if with both eyes we had looked at the solid itself, and consequently the most perfect idea of relief is obtained.

Every one who has looked at proper dissimilar pictures through a good stereoscope, must have been struck with the perfection of the illusion. The idea of a flat surface only being before us is utterly annihilated; every object is felt to be before us in all the roundness and solidity of nature and of truth. It is of the highest importance that the pictures to be combined in the stereoscope should be perfect in their delineation and properly dissimilar; but for the invention of photography these desiderata could not have been obtained, and the stereoscope could never have been of great practical value, since no artist could have produced pictures sufficiently perfect to produce the wondrous effect. The simultaneous invention of photography and the stereoscope must therefore be regarded as a circumstance in the highest degree fortunate. Photography having now reached a very high degree of perfection, pictures possessed of the greatest beauty can be readily produced by the exquisite pencil of nature herself. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that the only method by which absolutely perfect stereoscopic pictures can be produced has not been generally adopted. Photographic artists have sacrificed everything like truthfulness and accuracy to rapidity of execution. It is obvious that a lens of

large aperture and short focus will imprint a picture in a much shorter time than a lens of equal focus but of small aperture. Now artists have clung pertinaciously to the employment of large lenses, simply on account of their rapidity, and the clearness of the pictures they produce, although it has been demonstrated again and again, that large apertures cannot possibly give accurate representations of "the human face divine" or of anything else. Sir David Brewster has shown that a lens of three inches aperture gives no fewer than one hundred and thirty dissimilar pictures of a sitter, which are all huddled and jumbled together in the monstrosity which it produces. When lenses of nine, twelve, and thirteen inches aperture are employed in photography, can we wonder that people are disappointed with the hideous representations which are handed them, or be surprised at the numbers of photographic failures we daily witness? Nature points out to us the simple rule which, in this department of art, ought to be followed. From infancy we have seen every object through an aperture of one quarter of an inch, the diameter of the pupil of the eye; such ought, therefore, to be the aperture of the lens employed in taking all photographic pictures; for this plain and palpable reason, that if we employ a larger aperture it produces, not such a picture as we have been accustomed to see, but such a picture as we would have seen if possessed of a monstrous eye of the dimensions of the lens employed:

"Photography," says Sir David Brewster, "cannot, therefore, even approximate to perfection till the artist works with a camera furnished with a single quarter of an inch lens of rock crystal, or, what experience may find better, with an achromatic lens of the same aperture. And we may state with equal confidence, that the photographer who has the sagacity to perceive the defects of his instrument, the honesty to avow it, and the skill to remedy them by the applications of modern science, will take a place as high in photographic portraiture as a Reynolds or a Lawrence in the sister art."

We now come to consider the applications of the stereoscope.

There are few philosophical instruments which are calculated to be of greater practical value than the stereoscope, or which can afford a purer or more rational pleasure to the mind. The telescope and microscope open up to us worlds of surpassing grandeur and beauty, the one

showing us the boundlessness of the universe, and the other unfolding to our view the infinite richness and variety of the works of the Creator. But these wonderful instruments, from their nature, as well as from the difficulty and expense of their construction, can afford pleasure and instruction to but a comparative few. It is only the enthusiast in astronomy who has patience to watch night after night in our treacherous climate, and who has, besides, a first-rate instrument at his command, who can hope to be rewarded with an occasional glimpse of the wondrous celestial phenomena. And it is only the man whose wealth enables him to indulge in the luxury of an expensive compound microscope, or who can afford to purchase diamond or sapphire lenses, who can successfully prosecute researches into the domains of the microscope. The stereoscope, however, is an instrument which any person of moderate mechanical skill can construct for himself in a few hours, or which can be purchased for a few shillings, and which in its rudest and simplest form will perform almost as well as the most beautiful and finished instrument which art can produce or luxury demand. From this circumstance it is an instrument calculated to afford instruction and delight to all classes. The peasant in his humble cottage, who has heard of the wondrous monuments of antiquity, and whose mind soars above his condition, but who by stern necessity is chained to the soil on which he was born, can, by the savings of a few days, through the wonderful power of this little instrument, cause the monuments of Egypt, and Assyria, and Greece, and Rome, as well as the labors of the most eminent sculptors from Praxiteles to Canova, to stand before him, and can drink into his soul the feeling and the beauty which they so eminently express. Though his life may have been spent in a dreary morass, or on the side of a lonely hill, the richest combinations of wood, and water, and mountain, and sky, scenes of surpassing beauty in his own or in other lands, which he can never hope to see, can be made to pass before him, instilling into his mind the most glowing conceptions of the beneficence and power of the Creator of all things. The poor student, born with a feeling for art, but who, like many before him, had to endure the greatest privations

and struggle with the greatest difficulties ere he could command the means to study the works of the great masters, the study of which he felt to be indispensable to his success, can, at the outset of his career, by the creations of the stereoscope, have his taste corrected, his feeling for art refined, and can hope by diligence and study to arrive far more speedily at success in his profession. The classical student, too, who has devoted himself to the study of the literature of Greece or Rome, but whose circumstances utterly preclude the idea of his ever visiting the scenes amid which the men whose works he studies thought and spake, can gaze in his study on the Forum or the Acropolis; he can raise up as if by a magician's power the very localities in which Demosthenes thundered and Plato taught. Their language will consequently acquire fresh force, and their metaphors greater beauty. His philological difficulties will diminish, critical perplexities will become fewer, and fresh interest and zest in his studies will be acquired.

But the greatest advantage of the stereoscope to the student of art is the property it possesses of presenting for his study a more perfect image in all its roundness, and solidity, and detail, than he could witness, though the original object were before him. This property of the instrument is one of its greatest excellences, and can be taken advantage of for the minute and careful study of objects which, from their nature or position, are inaccessible. It is calculated to bring to light beauties which, though they exist, have never been seen. Statues, ornamented friezes, with many kinds of architectural ornaments, elevated to an immense height from the ground, and which could only be studied by the erection of scaffolding, are brought in all their perfection before the eye of the artist. This wonderful effect is owing to the fact that, instead of seeing the object itself, we see a miniature model of it brought close to the eyes; a model not only perfect in every detail, but every part of which is brought within the distance influenced by the angle of the eyes; so that the image surveyed actually surpasses the reality. Hitherto colossal works of art could only be represented, first, at such a distance as enabled the eye to embrace the whole object, and discover its proportions; and then by studying the

component parts at such a distance as that they could be distinctly observed. If the artist desired to study the great Egyptian Temple at Denderah, or the Parthenon, or the winged-bulls from Nineveh, he had to retire to such a distance as enabled him to see the great outline—the proportions of the whole—a distance which rendered the minuter parts of the edifice, or of the statue, invisible. After making his drawings afar off, he had to approach to such a distance as rendered visible the larger ornaments, and make his drawings at this point also. He required to approach still nearer that the inscription or figures, with the delicate carvings, might be seen and represented. After these frequent drawings, he had to content himself with one or two examples of the multifarious details. Such drawings, even although taken by the most accomplished artists, and even although we could suppose them perfect, (which they are not,) do not contain all that is required for the perfect study of such works; for they do not show the relation that subsists between the ornamental parts and the whole. They are merely pictures at different distances, at no one of which a perfect view of the object can be obtained; whereas, by the coalescence of the images from properly-taken stereoscopic pictures, a more perfect image is formed for the mind to contemplate than can be witnessed by the eye at any given point. It is from this circumstance that the representation of an object in the stereoscope must always be superior to the most exquisite calotype picture which can be obtained. The calotype is a picture of the object as seen by one eye from the point where it is taken; whereas the stereoscopic picture is as if it had been seen by two eyes considerably separated from each other. It must, therefore, exhibit a greater number of parts of the object, be possessed of superior brightness, and show the proportions with greater beauty and fidelity.

To the physical sciences the stereoscope has already made many valuable contributions. By it the architect can superintend the progress of an edifice, seated in his office, and give directions to his workmen though hundreds of miles from them. The geologist can obtain the most perfect idea of the position of the strata, and other circumstances, in which any interesting relic of a former world has been found.

The botanist can obtain the most correct conceptions of some rare or curious plant found in some distant country. And the geographer, without the danger and fatigues of travel, can scan the beauties and wonders of the globe, not in the fantastic or deceitful images of a hurried pencil, but in the very picture which would have been formed on his own retina were he magically transported to the scene. The gigantic outline of the Himalayas and the Andes will stand self-depicted before him; the Niagara will pour out before him in panoramic grandeur her mighty cataract of waters; while the flaming volcano will toss into the air before him her clouds of dust and her blazing fragments.

A GHOST STORY.

THERE are many incidents on record which resemble the following plain narrative, and in the books of wise men may be found attempts, more or less plausible, to account for similar facts without having recourse to anything supernatural. The reader will draw his own inferences. It is for me simply to relate the whole history, from the beginning to the end, only premising that it is true in every particular.

Some years ago my father sent me to Woodford House, a young ladies' school, of which a Mrs. Wheeler was the principal. The school had fallen off, before I went, from fifty pupils to thirty; yet the establishment was in many respects a superior one, and the teachers were very efficient.

Mrs. Wheeler and a parlor-boarder, with the two teachers, Madame Dubois and Miss Winter, and we thirty girls, composed the household. Miss Winter, the English teacher, slept in a small room adjoining ours, walked out with us, and never left us. She was about twenty-seven years of age, and had soft, thick, brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description. They were of a greenish brown, and, with the least emotion, seemed to fill, as it were, with light, like the flashing brilliancy of moonshine upon water. At half past six in the morning it was her duty to call us, and about seven we came down stairs. We practiced our scales, and looked over the lessons we had prepared the evening before, till half past eight

o'clock, when Mrs. Wheeler and Madame Dubois made their appearance; then prayers were read, and after that we had breakfast of coffee, and solid squares of bread and butter, which was very good the first part of the week. Breakfast over, Mrs. Wheeler took her seat at the head of the table, and the business commenced.

Mrs. Wheeler was a tall, stout person, with a loud voice, and a very authoritative manner. She paid assiduous attention to our deportment, and we were often assured that she was gradually falling a victim to the task of entreating us to hold up our heads.

Madame Dubois was a little old, shriveled woman, with a very irascible temper. She wore a turban on her head, and kept cotton in her ears, and mumbled her language all to mash. At one o'clock Mrs. Wheeler shut up her desk, and sailed out of the room, while we proceeded up-stairs to dress for our walk. The dinner was ready on our return at three. This was a plain meal, soon over; and after it Miss Winter took Mrs. Wheeler's place at the long table, and presided over our studies until late at seven. I thought this interval the pleasantest part of the day, for Miss Winter was clever, and took great pains where she saw intelligence or a desire to learn. I was less with her, however, than many of the girls, because, as one of the elder pupils, I was expected by Mrs. Wheeler to practice on the piano for at least three hours daily. The study was a large, uncarpeted room, with a view of a spacious flower-garden. Some part of most fine spring and summer days was spent in this garden. I liked being there better than going for a walk, because we were not compelled to keep together. I used to take a book, and when the weather was not too cold I sat much near a fountain, under the shade of a laburnum-tree which hung over it. I wonder if the fountain and laburnum-tree are there still.

Woodford House was rather famous for mysterious inmates. There was Mrs. Sparkes, the parlor-boarder, who always took her breakfast in her room, and was rumored to have come by sea from a distant part of the earth, where she and the late Captain Sparkes (her husband) had rolled in gold. It was understood that, if she had her rights, she would be worth

fifty thousand a-year. I am afraid she had them not, for I suspect her annual income amounted to little more than five hundred. She was very good-natured, and we all liked her; but our vague association of her with the sea, and storms, and coral reefs, occasioned the wildest legends to be circulated as her history. Then there was a fair pale girl, with bright curling hair, who, we found out, or thought we found out, was the daughter of a father who did not like her. She was a very suggestive topic; so was a young Italian, who had in her possession a real dagger, which many of us believed she always carried about her. But I think all these were outshone, on the whole, by Miss Winter, who never talked about her relations, called at the post-office for her letters, in order that they might not be brought to the school; and, further, had a small oak wardrobe in her room, the key of which she wore around her neck. What a life she had with some of the girls! and how lonely she was, too! for she belonged neither to Mrs. Wheeler nor to us; and it was impossible to be on very friendly terms with Madame Dubois.

Poor Miss Winter! I never troubled her with impertinent questions; and perhaps she felt grateful to me for my forbearance; for my companions, one and all, declared that she "favored Ruth Irvine." I was not popular among them, because I studied on half-holidays, and in the hour before bed-time, when we were left to our own devices. They tried to laugh me out of this; but they couldn't; so they hated me as school-girls only can hate, and revenged themselves by saying that "my father was poor, and I was, for this reason, anxious to make the most of my time while at Woodford House." This taunt was intended to inflict severe mortification, as a profound respect for wealth pervaded the school, which was, of course, derived from its head.

I suspect I over-studied at this period, for I became a martyr to excruciating headache, which prevented me from sleeping at night; and I had, besides, all kinds of awkward habits and nervous affections. O! Mrs. Wheeler's earnest endeavors to make me graceful; her despair of my elbows; her hopelessness in my shoulders, and her glare of indignation at my manner of entering a room!

I spent the summer vacation this year

at Woodford House, for my father was abroad, and I had no relation kind enough to take pity on my homeless state. I was very dispirited; and my depression so much increased the low, nervous fever which was hanging about me, that I was compelled for some days to keep my bed. Miss Winter nursed me of her own accord, and was like a sister to me. Now that the other girls were gone she was quite communicative. I learned that she was an orphan, and had a brother and three sisters, all younger than herself, who were used to consult her on every occasion of importance. I liked to hear about them much; I believed them to be wonders of talent and kindness. The brother was a clerk in some mercantile house in the city; the sisters were being educated at a private school. The affection which united her to this brother and these sisters seemed to me to be stronger than either death or life.

The teachers' holidays never began until long after ours; but in the long vacation they were allowed to take pedestrian excursions; and Miss Winter would return from these to my sick chamber, laden with mosses and wild flowers. I used to feel it a great consolation, amid the neglect and contempt of others, that she was attached to me. When the day for her departure came she gave me Coleridge's "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner;" and I was to keep it always, and never to forget her if I never saw her again. I do not think she spoke thus because she felt any foreboding of ill, for she was very happy in her quiet way; but she never allowed herself to look forward with much hope to the future. I got a letter from her to say that she had arrived safely at her brother's in the city, and begging me not to fret for her sake. I tried to be cheerful, but time passed wearily without her. Every morning, at breakfast, I heard for the twentieth time of Miss Nash, who so appreciated the advantage of spending the vacation with such a person as Mrs. Wheeler that she could scarcely be induced to leave Woodford House. She never complained that the piano in the back parlor had several dumb notes, or that Rollin's "Ancient History" was not the most cheerful specimen of polite literature. It was uncharitable; but I couldn't help it; I hated Miss Nash. The latter part of the day

was more agreeable; I was usually invited to tea and supper by Mrs. Sparkes, and was regaled in the front parlor with seed-cake and rolls, likewise with currant wine. I should have enjoyed these entertainments exceedingly, but I had written a poem in four cantos, in which the late Captain Sparkes figured as a pirate, and was shot for a voluminous catalogue of atrocities; and this secret lay like a load of lead on my mind, and prevented me from feeling at my ease with Mrs. Sparkes. It was after an evening spent with this lady, and in the absence of Mrs. Wheeler, who had gone to the city to arrange about receiving a new pupil, that —that it first happened.

It was a still, sultry night; the moon very bright. I was lying in my narrow, white bed, with my hair disordered all over the pillow; not just falling asleep, by any means, but most persistently and obstinately broad awake, and with every sense so sharpened that I could distinctly hear the flow of the fountain without, and the ticking of the clock in the hall far down below. I had left the door of my chamber open, on account of the heat. Suddenly, at midnight, when the house was profoundly silent, a draught of cold air seemed to blow right into the room; and almost immediately after I heard the sound of a footfall upon the stairs. Sleep seemed many thousand miles farther off than ever, or I should have thought I was dreaming; for I could have declared the step was Miss Winter's; and yet I knew that she was not expected back for at least a fortnight. What could it mean? While I listened and wondered the footsteps drew nearer and nearer, and then suddenly halted. I looked around, and beheld at the foot of the bed the form of my friend! She was attired in the plain dark dress she usually wore; and I could see on the third finger of her left hand the sparkle of a ring, which was also familiar to me. Her face was very pale, and had, I thought, a strange, wistful expression. I noticed, too, that the bands of hair which shaded her forehead looked dark and dank, as if they had been immersed in water. I started up in my bed, extending my arms, and exclaiming, "You here! When did you come? What has brought you back so soon?" But there was no answer, and she was gone the next moment. I was startled, almost terrified, by what I have

described. I felt an indefinite fear that something was wrong with my friend. I arose, and passing through her chamber, which was unoccupied, went above and below, looking for her, and softly calling her by name; but every room I entered was empty and silent; and I presently returned to bed, bewildered and disappointed.

Toward morning I grew drowsy, and a little before my usual hour for rising I fell asleep. When I awoke the bright sunlight was shining in through the window. I heard the servants at their work below, and I was sure that it was very late. I was dressing hurriedly, when the door was softly opened. It was Mrs. Sparkes.

"I would not have you disturbed," she said; "for I heard you walking about last night. I thought, as it was holiday-time, that you should sleep when you could."

"O, thank you," I replied, scarcely able to restrain my impatience. "Where is Miss Winter, Mrs. Sparkes?" She looked surprised at the question, but answered, without hesitation,

"With her friends, no doubt. We need not expect her for this fortnight yet, you know."

"You are jesting," I said, half offended. "I know that she is returned. I saw her last night."

"You saw Miss Winter last night!"

"Yes," I answered; "she came into my bed-room."

"Impossible!" and Mrs. Sparkes burst out laughing, "unless she have the power of being in two places at once. You have been dreaming."

"I could not dream," I said; "for I was broad awake. I am sure I saw Miss Winter. She stood at the foot of my bed, and looked at me; but she would not tell me when she came, or what had brought her back so soon."

Mrs. Sparkes still laughed. I said no more on the subject, for I thought there was some mystery, and she was trying to deceive me.

That day passed. I was little inclined to sleep, though I was very tired when night came. I kept thinking about Miss Winter, and wondered if she would come again. After I had been in bed a few hours I became terribly nervous; the slightest sound made my heart leap. Then the thought came into my head that I would get up and go down stairs. I

slipped on a few things, and softly left my room. The house was so silent, and everything looked so dusky that I felt frightened, and went on trembling more than before. There was a long passage in a line with the school-room, and there was a glass door at one end of it, which opened upon the garden. I stood at this door for several minutes, dreamily watching the silvery light which the moon threw upon the dark trees and the sleeping flowers without. While thus engaged I grew contented and serene. I had turned, to creep back to bed, when I heard, as I thought, some person trying the handle of the door behind me. The sound soon ceased; yet I almost believed the door was opened, for a rift of wind blew through the passage which made me shudder. I stopped, and looked hurriedly back. The door was closely shut, and the bolt still fast; but standing in the moonlight, where I had lately stood, was the slight figure of Miss Winter! She was as white, and still, and speechless as she had been on the preceding night; it almost seemed as if some dreadful misfortune had struck her dumb. I wished to speak to her, but there was something in her face which daunted me; and besides the fever of anxiety I was in began to dry up my lips, as if they would never be able to shape any words again. But I moved quickly toward her, and bent forward to kiss her. To my surprise and terror her form vanished. A cry escaped me, which must have alarmed Mrs. Sparkes, for she came running down stairs in her night-dress, looking pale and frightened. I told her what had happened, and very much in the same way that I have just been telling it now. There was an expression of uneasiness on her face as she listened. She said kindly, "Ruth, you are not well to-night; you are very feverish and excited. Go back to bed, and before to-morrow morning you will forget all about it."

I returned to bed; but I did not next morning forget what I had seen on the previous night; on the contrary, I was more positive than before. Mrs. Sparkes was disposed to think that I had seen Miss Winter in a dream on the first night, and that on the second, when broad awake, I had been unable to divest myself of the idea previously entertained. However, at my earnest and often repeated request, she

promised she would pass the coming night with me in the girl's sleeping-room. All that day she was most kind and attentive. She could not have been more so if I had been seriously unwell. She put all exciting books out of my way, and asked me from time to time if my head ached. In the evening, after supper, she showed me some engravings which had belonged to her husband. I was very fond of pictures. We remained looking at them till a late hour, and then we went to bed. Tired as I was, I could not sleep. Mrs. Sparkes said she should stay awake also; but she soon became silent, and I knew by her breathing that she was sound asleep. She did not rest long. At midnight the room, which had been oppressively warm, grew suddenly cold and draughty; and again I heard Miss Winter's known step on the stairs. I laid hold of Mrs. Sparkes's arm, and shook her gently. She was sleeping heavily, and awoke slowly, as it seemed to me; but she sat up in bed, and listened to the approaching steps. I shall never forget her face at that moment. She seemed to be beside herself with terror, which she tried to hide, and uncertain what it would be the best for her to do; she caught my hand at last, and held it so tightly that she quite hurt me. The steps drew nigh, and halted, as they had done before. Mrs. Sparkes's gaze followed mine to the foot of the bed. The form of my friend was there. I can scarcely expect to be credited. I can only state on my honor what followed.

A night-lamp was burning in the room, for Mrs. Sparkes never slept in the dark. Its light showed me the pale still face of Miss Winter more clearly than I had seen it on the previous nights. The features were like those of a corpse. The eyes fixed direct on me, the long-familiar, grave, shining eyes. I see them now; I shall see them till I die! O how sad and earnest they looked! A full minute, or it seemed so, did she gaze in silence; then she said, in a low, urgent tone, still looking through me with her eyes, "Ruth, the oak wardrobe in the room which was mine, contains papers of importance, papers which will be wanted. Will you remember this?"

"I promise that I will," I replied. My voice was steady, though the cold drops stood on my brow. The restless, wistful look in her eyes changed, as I spoke, to a

peaceful and happy expression. So, with a smile upon her face, she passed away. No sooner had Miss Winter's form disappeared than Mrs. Sparkes, who had been silent only because she was paralyzed with terror, began to scream aloud. She did more: she sprang out of bed, and rushed round the foot of it, out on the landing. When she could make the servants attend her she told them that somebody was in the house; and all the women, a cook and two housemaids, went armed with pokers and shovels, and examined every room from cellar to attic. They found nothing, neither in the chimneys nor under the beds, nor in any closet or cupboard. And as the servants went back to bed I heard them agree what a tiresome and wearying thing it was when ladies took fancies. Mrs. Sparkes wanted to leave the house the next day; but the thought of the ridicule to which she should expose herself, if the matter oozed out, induced her to summon up her courage, and remain where she was.

The morning after Mrs. Wheeler returned. She and Mrs. Sparkes were talking together in the study for a long while. I could not help wondering what they were talking about, and so anxious did I feel that I could not settle to anything. At last the door opened, and Mrs. Sparkes came out. I heard her say distinctly: "It is the most shocking thing I have ever heard. She was a painstaking young person, and you will miss her sadly." At the sound of the opening door, with a sudden determination, I had rushed down-stairs, and was within a few steps of the study as Mrs. Sparkes came out.

Mrs. Wheeler was sitting at the table, with an open newspaper before her. She looked grave and shocked. After making some inquiries about my health, she said, "You will be sorry to hear Miss Winter will not return—an able teacher, and I believe you were much attached to her." She was going on; but I interrupted her with a wild cry—"Miss Winter is dead!" said I, and I swooned away.

It was noon when I awoke, and saw Mrs. Sparkes bending over me, as I lay on my bed, and trying to restore me. I begged her to tell me everything, and she did so. My dear friend was indeed no more. The story of her death was, like all the sad stories I have ever heard told in real life, very—very short. She had left

the house where her sisters were lodging, late one evening; that was the last time they saw her alive. She had been found dead, lying along the rocks under the cliff. This was all that there really was to tell. There was nobody near her when she was found, and no evidence to show how she came there.

I cannot remember what happened for some days afterward, for I was seriously ill, and kept my bed; and often in the long nights I would lie awake, thinking about my friend, and fancying she would appear again. But she came no more.

Time passed on, and brought the last day of the vacation. I was sitting by myself in the study, Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Sparkes having both gone out, when a servant ushered in a strange gentleman, who, when I told him that Mrs. Wheeler was from home, immediately asked for Miss Irvine. On hearing that I was the person inquired for, he requested five minutes' conversation with me. I showed him into the back parlor, and waited, rather surprised and nervous, to hear what he had to say. He was a young man, not more than twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, and had a very grave manner; and though I was certain that he was a stranger, yet there was something in his face which seemed not altogether unfamiliar to me. He began by saying: "You were very fond of a teacher who was here, of the name of Winter. In her name and for her sake, I thank you for the love and kindness you showed her."

"You knew Miss Winter, sir?" I asked, as calmly as I could.

"I am her brother," he replied.

There was silence between us, for the tears had sprung to my eyes at the mention of my dear lost friend's name; and, I believe, at heart he was crying too. At last he mastered his feelings, and by an effort resumed his former calm manner. "I have been for this last week seeking for some papers which my poor sister must have left behind her, and always seeking them in vain," he said. "If you could give me any clue to where they may be, you would do a great kindness to my remaining sisters and myself."

He still spoke calmly; but there was a look in his eyes which showed me that he was suffering terrible anxiety. I hastened to relieve it by saying: "I have reason to think that you will find the papers you are

in want of in a small oak wardrobe which belonged to dear Miss Winter. If you please, I will show you where it stands."

How his face lighted as he rose to follow me! his lips moving evidently with voiceless but thankful words on them.

We went up-stairs to the room that had been his sister's, where I pointed out the piece of furniture to which she had referred me on that dreadful night. And after using some considerable force, the lock yielded to his determined hand; and there, concealed under a false bottom, in one of the drawers, were the papers he sought for. When he had taken them from the secret ledge, he turned to me, and said, "How much do you think these papers are worth to me?"

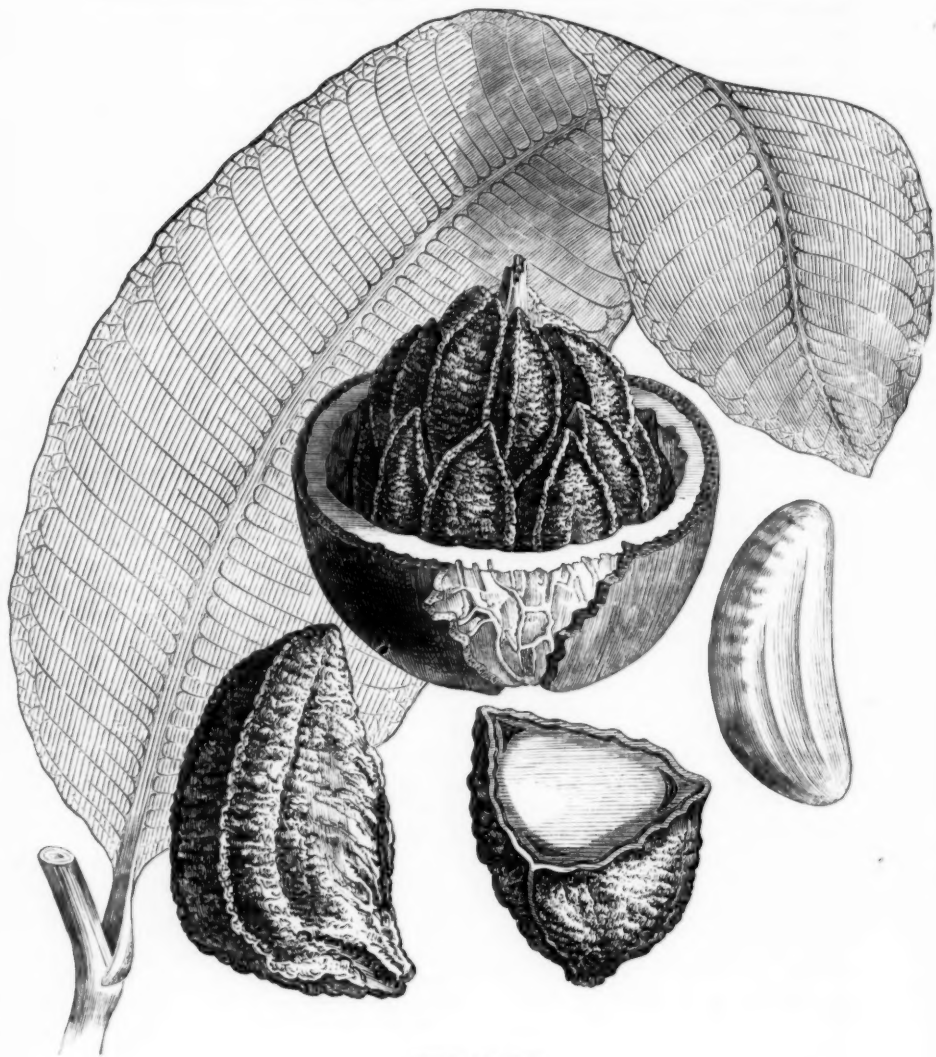
"Indeed, I can't tell," I replied; "but thank God you came hither to seek them, for I am so glad they are found."

"I thank you," he said; "I thank you, with all my heart."

We went down-stairs again into the parlor; and then he told me how a kinsman of theirs, who was very rich, but nevertheless a great miser, had borrowed a large sum of money from their dead father, which he now refused to repay, and was even wicked enough to deny he had ever received; how they had gone to law about the matter; and how, if the papers he had just found could not have been produced, he and his sisters would have been penniless; but as it was, they would recover the sum to which they were justly entitled, with interest for five years.

After this he begged my acceptance of a locket containing some of my dear Miss Winter's hair, and with her Christian name and the date of her death inscribed upon it; and bade me remember, if I should ever be friendless or in distress, (which he prayed God I might never be,) that he felt toward me as a brother. I was quite overcome, and hid my face on the table. When I looked up again he was gone.

A fresh surprise awaited me. The next day I met Mrs. Wheeler as she was coming to bid me go into the parlor; and her manner was so gracious that I obeyed her without fear. My dear father was there. He was so shocked at my ill looks that he resolved to remove me home without loss of time. I sought out my poor friend's grave, and made it as beautiful as I could with grass and flowers. There was no tombstone there then, but there is one now.



THE BRAZIL NUT.

TROPICAL PRODUCTIONS.

NO one familiar with the Brazil nut (*Bertholletia excelsa*) can fail to recognize it in the engraving we here present, although the leaf and the inclosing shell of the nuts are not so familiar to our eye. As the name implies, the nut is found in Brazil, where the natives call it *juvia* and the Portuguese inhabitants *capucaya*. In Portugal it is denominated *Castañas de Marañon*, and the French call

it *châtaigne d'Amérique* and *noix du Brésil*. But the English term, "Brazil nut," is the least objectionable of all the foreign appellations.

The Brazil-nut tree has been till quite recently unknown to the botanical world, although its fruit has for a long time been a staple article of food in the countries where it is produced. We owe the first description given of it to the celebrated

travelers Humboldt and Bonpland. These two savants established its genus and species, and dedicated it to the illustrious Berthollet.

The dimensions of the tree are sometimes quite colossal. It has been found over one hundred feet in height. The trunk is straight, and cylindrical, with a diameter of about three feet; the bark is grayish and of a firm texture. At a distance this tree strongly resembles the chestnut. Its branches are alternate, spreading very long, covered with leaves, and drooping at their extremities. The leaves are also alternate, petiolate, oblong, and semi-coriaceous, about two and a half inches broad by fifteen in length, of a fine green, distinctly marked above with longitudinal veins, and a deep furrow corresponding with the principal nerve. Below, the veins are still more distinctly marked in relief. The petiole is over half an inch in length, fleshy, deeply sulcate within, and convex without.

The flowers are of a light yellow, with white stamens, and form a kind of cluster; they are very fragrant. The calyx is tubular and six parted; corolla six petaled.

The fruit appears in a spherical mass of the size of an infant's head, and often larger. This mass is divided interiorly into four cells, each one of which contains several nuts; the whole is inclosed in a green shell, or shuck, firm and glossy. The woody internal and principal envelope is rough, and strongly marked with furrows ramifying on its exterior, and is about one fourth of an inch thick. Its membranous partitions, by which it is divided into the four above-mentioned cells, become nearly or quite obliterated as the fruit ap-



SMOOTH-LEAVED VANILLA.

proaches maturity, although traces of them still remain. Each of these cells contains six or eight nuts, making the whole number either twenty-four or thirty-two. They are fixed to a central columella by their inferior extremity. They are from one and a fourth to two inches in length, and of an irregular triangular form, tubercular, and of a pale crimson color. The kernel is oblong, obtusely triangular, and composed of a white substance of the same nature as the almond. It is excellent eating when fresh, but soon becomes rancid on account of the large proportion of oil which it contains.

The *Bertholletia* is one of the most interesting plants on this continent, and should be cultivated in all the warm countries of America with as much care as walnuts and almonds are cultivated in Europe. The tree bears a large number of fruits, and each of these contains, as we have seen, from twenty-four to thirty-two large nuts which are valuable food; besides this, the oil which they furnish unites such qualities as have made them much sought for some time in Central America, and on account of which they constitute a very valuable item of Brazilian exports. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland say:

"We were delighted to find these nuts during our voyage upon the Orinoco. For three months we had lived on poor chocolate and rice boiled in water without butter, and sometimes without salt, when we procured a large quantity of the fresh fruits of the *Bertholletia*. It was in the month of June, and the Indians were just returning from harvesting it."

At the time of the journey of Humboldt and Bonpland to America, which was about the first of the present century, the Portuguese of Para were carrying on a trade of long standing in these nuts. They shipped cargoes of them to French Guiana, to Lisbon, to England, and to the United States.

There is a species of the *Bertholletia*, commonly called the Paradise nut, found far in the interior of the country. It is less triangular in shape than the common Brazil nut, and of a brownish color; the meat is less oily, more tender, and better flavored. The natives make periodical visits to the interior, and bring the Paradise nut with them on their return; hence it is only seen here about once in four or five years.

THE VANILLA.

WE recognize in the Vanilla another valuable article of commerce from the tropical regions of America. It is more widely diffused than the *Bertholletia*, being found not only in Brazil, but also in Mexico and Columbia, and even in some of the countries of tropical Asia, although it appears to have been introduced into these latter regions by the British. The vanilla grows in humid, shady places, among springs, or more generally in places subject to inundations in the neighborhood of salt or brackish waters. It flowers in May, and its fruit comes to maturity about the last of September.

Several distinct species of the same genus have for a long time been confounded with the aromatic vanilla. The best known of the species is found widely disseminated in Mexico. It is distinguished by botanists as the Smooth-leaved Vanilla. The vanilla of commerce is nothing less than the prepared fruit of the latter species. This fruit, as we receive it, is not more than three fourths of its natural size; it is deeply wrinkled, its surface oily, its color a brownish black, its pulp soft and brown, shedding a powerful, yet savory odor; its flavor warm, piquant, and agreeable.

The principal varieties of the vanilla are known in commerce as the *Pompona* or *Bova*, so named by the Spaniards, which has a coarse taste and strong smell. The variety *Batarde* has less taste and smell, but the true vanilla has a delicate flavor and a delicious odor. Its color, when of a good quality, is of a rich reddish brown, and it should be neither too moist nor too dry. When one of the well-conditioned pods is opened it is found filled with a black, oily, balsamic liquor, in which float an infinity of little black, almost imperceptible seeds, and it has an odor so lively and penetrating that if breathed for a long time it would induce drowsiness or cause a kind of intoxication.

In Central America it would be easy to give the vanilla a systematic cultivation. Plantations of it could doubtless be made in a short time, and the abundant harvests would find ready market, both in Europe and America, but the indolent inhabitants content themselves with gathering that which grows spontaneously. The vanilla has for a long time been cultivated in Guiana and Cayenne, and an effort has

recently been made to introduce it into Europe with the promise of abundant success. Vanillas have been obtained which, in quality, fully equal those imported from Mexico.

The vanillas undergo much preparation ere they are fit for commerce. A certain number of pods being strung, they are just dipped into boiling water, which blanches them on the instant; they are then exposed to the open air and sunlight. After a day's exposure they are gently rubbed with oil, and then dried slowly. Each one is tied with a fine thread of cotton to prevent the separation of the valves, and the superfluous viscous liquor is drawn off at the end. Having thus lost their viscidness, they rapidly acquire the various properties which we have already mentioned.

The vanilla was formerly employed in medicine as a tonic and stimulant, but at the present time its use in therapeutics is wholly abandoned. It might always be used advantageously mingled with some dishes to facilitate digestion in dyspeptic subjects; but it is as a perfume that the vanilla is mostly sought; it is used to flavor creams, sherbets, and especially chocolate, to which it communicates a most agreeable taste and odor. It forms a large item of our importations, and as the duty is quite heavy, it is estimated that we pay out several millions of dollars annually for this condiment and perfume.

It now only remains to point out the botanical characteristics of vanilla. It belongs to the numerous and brilliant family of the orchids, and has for its generic traits an irregular corolla, a single terminal anther, the pollen in two small granular masses, etc. The stem is green, cylindrical, and mostly of the thickness of one's finger, which does not sensibly vary in the whole length; from time to time it throws out simple tendrils, by the aid of which it fixes itself in the fissures of rocks, or climbs trees, gaining often a considerable elevation. The root is also creeping, very long, tender, succulent, and of a pale red. The family of orchids embraces many grotesque but splendid genera and species, which are among the most interesting objects of our hot-houses.

The fruit is a sort of silique, indehiscent, cylindric, slightly curved, of the thickness of one's finger, and six or seven inches in length, its walls and divisions

thick and fleshy, and the cavity filled with a pulp, in which are scattered the numerous little black globular seeds. It is this pulp which constitutes the aroma known under the name of vanilla.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

IN the year that Columbus died Francis Xavier was born. His birth-place was the castle of Xavier, in Navarre. He was illimitably illustrious by descent: of gentle, noble, royal race. He was the youngest of a large family: brought up at home for a while with no strict discipline, but yet in a somewhat instructive way: though free, not lawless; wandering at will amid the wild pine-forests and dark, precipitous rocks of his Pyrenean home. And so, amid the silent majesty of surrounding nature, and under the impressive influences of a religious household, he grows up an enthusiastic and somewhat superstitious boy; contemplative, complying, gentle, but withal of a robust, manly cast; studious at times, but also fond of athletic sports, fondest of all excitement, whether of danger or of pleasure; fitfully idle and ambitious; an uncommon compound. All his brothers chose to be soldiers; he would be a scholar, that he might thus add to his family distinctions that only ornament they wanted, learning. So he goes up to the University of Paris at eighteen: a fine youth full of life and buoyancy; well favored every way; above the middle size, well formed, with blue eyes and dark auburn hair: of pleasing rather than of remarkable bearing. He lives at college (the college of St. Barbara) much as other youths of his time, only more successfully uniting study with pleasure than most. He takes his degree of Master of Arts at twenty, and is appointed to teach philosophy at Beauvais College soon after, though he still keeps his rooms in St. Barbe. He does this with applause; and when he has been thus engaged for a year and a half, or more, a strange man—lame and mean looking, and much older than men usually go up to college, perhaps fifteen years older than himself—who has just entered as a pensioner of the college, comes into rooms near his. You could not have made much out of this man's appearance as to who and what he was; nor would the stories you would have heard in col-

lege, though true enough, have helped you much. They say that he is a nobleman's son, of Biscay; that he has been an officer, brave and chivalrous, and that he made a noble defense at Pampeluna in the late war. And they have got a story about his lameness; how he was wounded at that siege, and how he was such a vanity-loving man at that time that, after his leg had been set and got well, he had it broken again and re-set merely because he thought it not quite so well shaped as it might have been made. However, as I have said, this would not have taught you much as to what kind of a man he now is. Be sure this man is more than he looks; how self-possessed he is, and yet not forbidding, and what measured musical speech is his: such qualities are not vulgar ones. Xavier begins to be a good deal with him. There is a certain chiseled statuary symmetry about the man, attractive but not satisfying: Xavier admires him, but does not very much like him either; he is so spiritual, so unworldly; caring so little for pleasure, and talking so much about the soul. He is not austere, indeed, at least toward others, though exceedingly so toward himself; but he is so unexcitable; if not an iron, yet a marble man. And, besides, he is so uncouth in his dress, so dirty, so slovenly; altogether so singular. Xavier ventures to rally him, to ridicule him; but not very harshly, the stranger is so solemn and so meek. The lame man likes Xavier, though he does not like his way of living, for Xavier is becoming very gay. He takes many opportunities, both when Xavier is busy and when he is alone, to ask him, what it will profit him if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul. As they walk together after lectures, and Xavier eagerly urges some scheme of amusement, he is only answered by the words, Francis, what shall a man receive in exchange for his soul? These words, so often, so calmly, so solemnly said, troubled Xavier; and the more so as he is getting into difficulties otherwise by his worldly pleasure-hunting life. The lame man is quite as kind as he is solemn, and as able to help him out of his difficulties as he is willing. Xavier learns by degrees how his monitor was once as he is now; how he was brought up at court and as a soldier; and how he lived in pleasure for thirty years of his life, and how he

now counts himself to have been dead while he so lived; and how a great change came over his spirit on his recovery from an illness, and then reading the "Life of Christ" and the "Lives of the Saints," so that from that time old things began to pass away and all things became new to him; and how, mindful of sick-bed vows, he went to the abbey of the Benedictines at Mountserrat, and hung up his sword there, and set forth with a staff and a wallet, and all lame as he was, walked bare-headed and barefooted straightway to Jerusalem. Xavier finds that though he is a tutor and his friend but a pupil, his proper place is at his scholar's feet. And so there he sits; and when he learns that this man's anxiety to become a scholar, and at the same time to discipline himself in humility, was so great that at the age of thirty-three, noble as he was by birth, and having served so conspicuously in the wars, he goes to a common day school at Barcelona, and begins at the beginning of his grammar just as any other of the scholars, and bears, all manner of jests from the boys with the greatest good humor; when, I say, Xavier learns all this, and sees how strict he is in all observances of the Church, how self-denying and how pure, he begins to believe he has been ridiculing a saint unawares. He begins to listen to him in quite another spirit, and thus listening he learns, and learning he loves. He associates with him oftener; they become to be seldom apart. The peculiar penetrating speech of the stranger distils itself upon Xavier's heart as dew, and freshens it in its feverishness; he grows to like nothing so well; nay, now he cannot do without it. For a change has come over Xavier's soul; new powers are awakening within him; his eyes are being enlightened; the visible is growing dim, the invisible is coming out into the day. He struggles hard with his new thoughts, but ultimately vainly; for after five years' daily intercourse Xavier yields himself as heartily as tardily to the solemn influence of that strange, mean-looking, lame pensioner of St. Barbara—IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

In company with five others these men at length band together, and on the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, 1534, they repair to the subterranean chapel of Montmartre, and there, amid the darkness, at dead of night, dedicate themselves by

solemn vows to become missionaries of the Church, and to preach the Gospel till they die to every man they meet. Full of enthusiasm are they, overflowing; but such is their self-control and clear insight that they repress all for a while, that they may more duly prepare themselves for so great a work by extraordinary spiritual exercises. Not until 1536 do they propose a missionary crusade, and then only into Palestine; and this^o mainly for self-education. When, however, they find that the war which is waging between the Venetians and the Turks prevents all thought of this, they offer themselves to the pope, without remuneration and without reservation, to be sent on any evangelical mission to any part of the world he may please. Their offer is tardily accepted; and it is seven long years before their plans are effectively completed. These seven years of Xavier's life I pass over, only observing that they were spent in all kinds of mortification and self-sacrifice; in most diligent performance of all priestly duties, and in the education of himself in medicine, and such other arts and sciences as he deemed would be most profitable amid uncivilized peoples. He lived in Italy the while; at Venice and Vicenza, at Bologna and at Rome; in hovels and in hospitals; reducing himself almost to death by his voluntary sufferings; incessantly tending the sick, and preaching to the people wherever they would listen to him, in market-places and at crosses, in the corners of the streets and in churches; exhibiting to us throughout as striking an instance as we can meet with anywhere of an ecclesiastical zealot and a Christian ascetic.

Xavier's lot has fallen to the East; we will now, then, turn to him as he is stepping on board the ship which is to carry him to India. It is his thirty-fifth birthday; and there you see him, a plain priest, with no followers of any kind, no baggage, no purse nor scrip; with his Bible and his Breviary, a small vessel of silver, and that crucifix which hangs from his neck, his sole instruments of warfare: a tall, sinewy, fresh-colored man; of most gentle looks, and long hair hanging down over his friar's frock. A thousand companions in that noble ship has he, and he only of the thousand is calm, he only smiles. But for him the vision of the future is more sweet than the memory of what he is leaving

is bitter. So disciplined in self-denial has he become that, though passing within sight of his paternal halls on his way to the ship, and feeling that his widowed mother's blessing would have been a joy indeed, and the sight of his saintly sister, the noble Abbess of St. Clare, yet he has denied himself this conference with flesh and blood lest he should be turned aside by it from yielding to the high calling of a Christian missionary; and now that he is on the very eve of being borne a myriad of miles from the land of his fathers, and thus removed finally from all temptation of drawing back, and irrevocably destined to this great sacrifice and labor of love, he is joyous rather than sad, as knowing that God is able to keep that which he has committed unto him unto that day when he shall receive mother, and sister, and brothers, and what is worth a hundred times as much, in the new paradise of God. And so they sail; and five months are they in doing that which is now done in as many weeks, getting to the Cape of Good Hope; but Xavier, considering the ship as his parish, finds work of charity for every hour of the day, and the employment of prayer for half the hours of the night. When on land for the last seven years, since he had been a disciple of Loyola's, he had lodged mostly in hospitals and lived mostly on alms; and so now, here in this ship, he gives up his own cabin to the sick, and divides his allowance from the admiral's table among those worse off than himself. He catechises and converses, visits and preaches, as often as he may; he prays with the whole crew every Sunday, and there is no day in which he does not pray for them.

An apostolic primitive spirit there seems to be in him from the first; and when they put in at Mozambique, on the eastern coast of Africa, to winter there, his labors are increased, and only terminated by his own serious illness. He has a local fever; is near to dying; but recovers sufficiently to set sail again in March. Slowly they sail, touching here and there every now and then, not at all in modern fashion, until they land at Goa, which was the place of his present destination. This Goa was the Portuguese capital in India. A bishop of it had been appointed by the pope a few years before, and there was a college of two years' standing. It was a sad place spiritually. Along the coast

and a little inland there were indeed forty villages of Nestorian Christians, (who, Luther said, hold a creed differing but a shade from the orthodox,) and these did not disgrace their name so much as the Catholic Christians of Goa. But still on the whole Christianity was but poorly exemplified in this region; so poorly that Xavier's spirit was instantly moved within him to reformation. So he sets about first the reformation of his own countrymen at Goa, before he attempts to convert the surrounding heathen. And the first thing he does for this end is, that he takes a bell and goes through all the streets, as a common crier, and summons all the masters and heads of families for the love of God to send their children and slaves to be catechised in church. Like Jonah in Nineveh seems he to the sinners of Goa; thrown upon them from the ocean to preach to them of coming wrath and instant repentance. A strange and perchance a crazy man they think this new priest; a troublesome man at least, intruding upon them the world to come, and anxieties about their souls. But the children and the poor soon learn to love him, and they crowd about him, and in a few months he seldom can go to church without being followed by disciples more than he can teach. For a year he continues catechising, and preaching, and visiting the sick; turning many to righteousness as much by the singular simplicity and sanctity of his life as by the fervid eloquence of his speech. The improvement, too, of the children improves the character of the parents; and Xavier strengthens this effect by the boldest and wildest methods of personal influence and intercourse. Strange is it to read of the devices he adopts, and how he becomes as different persons to different men, in order to save some from sin; and how successful he is. All men honor him, though some also fear him; and though there is a large mass of hardened wickedness in the place, which he cannot influence, yet in scarcely more than a year Goa assumes the appearance of a European city.

But the ministry of a towp was not the vocation of Xavier. He must out into the wilds; for if ever there was a missionary in spirit it is he. Repose formed no element of his character, and none seemed to welcome hardship so heartily as he. News is brought him that six hun-

dred miles off there are some baptized natives, ignorant exceedingly, and yet longing to be instructed. They were the poor creatures engaged in the pearl fishery, Paravas, a people peculiar for their wretchedness. All about them he finds utterly miserable: themselves, their country, their dwellings, their mode of living; no one comfort or visible blessing. Xavier's language, however, writing from among them to Ignatius, breathes only of thankfulness and joy, and deep delight in the work he was engaged in. He lives just as they do, on rice and water; associates with them as one of themselves; learns their rude utterances; teaches them little arts; becomes in every way their friend. He gradually preaches to them of God, and even of Christ, symbolically chiefly; he teaches them letters; and then to read simple words which he writes; he gets them to build little chapels, and interprets the creed and crucifix to them; and within a year finds such a change among them for the better as refreshes and inspires his own soul. After fifteen months he leaves them and returns to Goa for assistance.

After having re-organized the college for the education of the natives there, (of whom there were then sixty students,) and having so arranged as that the college is henceforth given up to his society, (by the name of the College of St. Paul,) he goes back to the Paravas, taking with him several missionary assistants. He finds them in a most melancholy condition in consequence of having been attacked and plundered by a neighboring tribe: many have been driven from their homes, and multitudes are dying of starvation. Xavier, whose faith works very much by love, gets from the nearest Portuguese station twenty boat-loads of provisions, and distributes them among the blessings of the people. As soon as the first pressure of misery is relieved he betakes himself again to spiritual duties. And a remarkable life is that which he seems ever to lead here, personally and pastorally. All but three hours and a half of the twenty-four he wakes and works. Except these hours for sleep, the night is given to the improvement of his own soul through meditation, and prayer, and discipline; as soon as dawn lights up the waters Xavier calls his people to worship; all day he teaches the children and the

new converts; visits the sick; goes inland to other villages; and at twilight again summons all to worship and vesper benediction. So he lives a while, staying with them until he sees them re-settled; stations some of his followers among them, and then goes on with others into the kingdom of Travancore, where (his own letters tell us) he once baptized ten thousand (read one thousand) persons in one month. He gets thirty chapels built. The people destroy their idols and their temples. The Brahmins hate him and threaten his life. He is shot at; they burn down the houses about him; he has sometimes to sleep in the woods, and at others we find him surrounded by a guard of converts both by day and by night. He does service (as Schwartz after him) to the king of the country by going out to use his influence and that of his followers with a tribe of plundering invaders, and thus obtained (as Schwartz too) the friendship of the king, and the name of the Great Father. The king, however, does not come over to the faith, though he grants permission to the missionaries to preach it where they will. Xavier avails himself of this opportunity zealously. He travels about to this place and to that, night and day, preaching and catechising, baptizing and celebrating the eucharist; a more unweariable man you shall not find under the sun. Little acquainted with the language of the people as he is, (and Xavier never was a good linguist,) he has a marvelous faculty of making an impression upon the minds of rude men; he exercises, if any one ever could or can, a kind of spiritual magnetism over men; he infuses his earnest thought into others with little help of articulate utterance, and makes his own feelings, as it were, infectious. I know of no one of whom are recorded such instances of communicative energy as of Xavier; no one who seems to have had so much influence over uncivilized people as he; none who by this alone has so thoroughly entitled himself to the appellation he was known by among his own, the *Thaumaturgus* (Wonder-worker) of the later ages of the Church.

At length in September, 1545, he goes to Malacca, which was then, as it is now, the central mart of India, China, and Japan. This he makes his center, while he goes on a missionary tour which lasted a year and a half. It would be useless to

enter into details with regard to the places he visited and the work he appears to have done at each, for their very names are strange to us. It must suffice to say that I have never read of so much labor endured in the cause of Christianity by any one man, out of the apostolic records, as by Francis Xavier. We have glimpses, too, of his interior life during this period, through passages in his letters to Loyola, which have been carefully preserved; and if one may take these as faithful exhibitions of Xavier's mind, and interpret them as one would similar words used by one of ourselves, we may assuredly say that this man is no inconsiderable Christian; that he is a saintly man; a man of prayer and of self-denial beyond all example of succeeding times. But even with great allowance for the great difference of language which there generally is between men of different countries and temperaments, and having reduced as much as may be a southern scale of expression to a northern one, one cannot but say that Xavier herein displays a zeal and a piety, a daring and a charity, which all his lamentable errors of belief and his sad superstitious infirmities cannot justly reduce to the standard of ordinary Christians.

He returns to Malacca in 1548. Here for a while he is stationary, but not idle; for here, as before at Goa, he assiduously attempts the reformation of the nominal Christians; and here, again, you might see him, bell in hand, going through the streets and crying loudly, Repent. But he is not here long enough to make a great impression now. His stay, however, is not altogether vain; for while here exercising his accustomed office of priest and spiritual overseer of all the baptized, a Japanese, of the name of Angeroo, addresses himself to Xavier as a penitent. He had come more than a thousand miles on purpose to see him. He was a person of consideration in his own country, of noble birth and rich, but obliged to live an exile in consequence of having killed a man in quarrel. Remorse of conscience brought him to Xavier, whose fame had spread even further than his home, and he found in Xavier's words the hope of forgiveness by a greater tribunal than that of his country. Xavier holds the most fervent, though the most gentle talk with him; and tests the sincerity of his new resolutions by directing him to go as a student

to the college of Goa, and await his arrival, which shall be shortly. Angeroo sets out for Goa, Xavier for Ceylon; thence he visits his old and first converts of the pearl fishery; and then travels along the coast to Goa. He represents this journey as a most successful one, and one that fills him with thankfulness and joy. As soon as he arrives at his old quarters at the Hospital he sets himself earnestly to the instruction of his Japanese convert. This man believes, and is baptized, (by the name of Paul,) and henceforth becomes to Xavier almost what Timothy was to the greatest of the apostles. Rapidly, indeed, does the scholar, who is of a noble nature, ripen under such warmth and light; and as he feels more of the influence of the faith in his own soul he feels increased longings to have it imparted to his countrymen. He pleads for them to Xavier. Xavier's heart was not such as could long hold out against the cry, "Come over and help us," even though it should be wafted as now over a dreary distance of three thousand miles. To Japan he will go; but not instantly; Goa needs his presence; his own spirit, too, wants the refreshment to be obtained by participation in full Christian ordinances, by converse with fellow-Christians, by tranquil contemplation. To these he gives himself up a while, more especially as he would wish to wait for some assistants from Europe shortly to arrive. And such of his letters and memoranda as have been preserved, relating to this period, would seem to intimate that here in the college gardens of Goa he enjoyed revelations, not of truths, but of feelings, apparently as unsuitable to be uttered in words as those which were granted to the apostle to whose honor this institution was dedicated. But he was not even now only a visionary; he was also what he was always, a laborer; accessible at all times to spiritual applicants; even amid his devotions, to children; and content to be interrupted at any time by the necessity of even only catechetical instruction; and spending half of all his waking hours in the hospitals and huts of the town. But in a few months five other members of the society arrive; and having stationed these, he feels himself at liberty to set out on his cherished mission to Japan. He takes with him Angeroo, or rather Paul, and after a short stay at his old quarters

in Malacca, arrives in Japan in August, 1549.

We know little, indeed, of the details of Xavier's labors here; but had he done nothing else but what he did in Japan, he would have been the most wonderful of all missionaries. It is, indeed, by this mission that he is best known in Europe. All this country had only been known to the Portuguese seven years, and there was nothing of Christianity in it when Xavier arrived. The Japanese were then, and are now, a loquacious, sharp-witted, luxurious, busy people; social, mercurial; Athenian, superstitious extremely. Indeed, never could a country be more wholly given up to idolatry with all fervor of worship than was Japan when Xavier entered it. It contained innumerable temples of innumerable deities. No time is to be lost. Having learned by unwearied application on the voyage, a little Japanese from his noble convert, (at whose house he now is lodged,) Xavier translates the Apostle's Creed and an exposition of it, and distributes copies; in time he preaches short sermons. His convert procures him an audience of the king, who permits him to teach. But he soon withdraws his patronage, and Xavier goes to Firando in 1550, leaving Paul with the converts, and a translation of the life of our Saviour taken entirely from the Gospels. His way of traveling would have struck you as strange; he traveled on foot, and barefoot; carrying all that belonged to him in the world on his back. A strange sight truly was this toiling, travel-worn man; no carriage of any kind nor servant; no state, no pomp, no comfort even; literally of apostolic guise. All he had on earth was a mat to sleep on and a wallet; a few papers and a cruciform staff, and the sacred symbols and their vessels. And had you seen him pacing wearily and footsore, solitary yet singing, across the dreary and dangerous wastes of Japan, you could not but have called to mind, in spite of some strange differences, the noble prototype of all missionaries, minding himself to go afoot from Troas unto Assos. He had long been accustomed to endure hardness as a good soldier of the cross. Forty hours had he once been drifting on a plank; rivers he had forded, and unbroken forests he had forced his way through; he had been nigh unto death through sickness and the sword;

but nowhere had he suffered so much as here: from perils and privations, from cold and nakedness, from hunger and from homelessness. But though his sufferings were great he loved the service; nay, I believe I may say he loved the suffering; for he seems never to have thanked God more heartily than when he was called upon to undergo all hardship for the name of Christ. He bears all not only as a man, but as a Christian; and not only as a Christian, but as a saint. He goes on preaching from town to town, just as we read of the first apostles, taking with him two of the society as helpers, and two Japanese Christians. When persecuted in one city they flee unto another; and despite all opposition Xavier keeps preaching; and baptisms follow his preachings wherever they halt a while, and catechisings, and public disputations, and conversions. Influence of some kind—we hope it is virtue—goes out of him wherever he goes. He translates portions of the litany, organizes societies, erects chapels, worships publicly; becomes all things to all men that he may gain some; ordains elders in almost every city; and writes letters to his converts and fellow-laborers at a distance, of which some portions are almost apostolic. His sanctity does as much as his sermons; and his companions are helps meet for him, displaying the peculiar virtues of the Christian in the midst of danger and reproach of all kinds; and when he leaves the mission in their hands, as he does shortly, he does so with the confidence that the unparalleled efforts and successes of the past are but as the first fruits of the future. Xavier sails for India the 20th of November, 1551.

On his return to Malacca we find him full of another missionary enterprise; grander than any that either he or any one else had yet conceived: the carrying of the cross into China. Such a thing in Xavier's time was unthought of, or, if considered, practically pronounced utterly hopeless; and every imaginable argument and influence is now tried to dissuade him from it. But Xavier was not a man whom mere difficulty would deter. A scruple of casuistry might have kept him from a permitted pleasure, but no armed legion would have kept him from an acknowledged duty. Think you that there was much that could deter a man who, on the occasion of his friends trying to dis-

suaude him from going to the Cannibal Islands of Del Moro, writes thus: "You tell me that they will certainly kill me; well, I trust if they do, it will be gain for me to die. But whatever torments or death they may prepare for me, I am ready to suffer a thousand times as much for the salvation of one soul. I remember the words of Jesus Christ, Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it; I believe them, and am content on these terms to hazard my life for the name of the Lord Jesus. They urge other ills, Cannibalism; he says: Though the evils you speak of are great, the evil of being afraid of them is greater. I leave it to Him who has put it into my heart to preach his Gospel to preserve me from them, or not, as he will; the only thing I fear is not to dare enough for him who has endured so much for me. They tell him that to preach the Gospel to cannibals is hopeless; he replies: Whatever they are, are they not God's creatures? Did not Christ die for them? Who, then, shall dare to limit the power of our God who is almighty? or the love of our Redeemer who is all-merciful? Are there in the world, think you, any hearts hard enough to resist God's Spirit, if it shall please him to try to soften and to change them? Can they successfully oppose that gentle yet commanding influence which can make even dry bones live? Shall He who has provided for subjecting the whole world to the cross, shall he exempt this petty corner of the earth that it shall receive no benefit from his atonement? Verily, no; and if these islands abounded in spices and in gold, Christians would have courage enough to go thither; no danger would deter them; they are now cowardly because there are only souls to gain. O, while I can do anything to prove the contrary, it never shall be said that charity is less daring than avarice, or that the love of Christ is not as constraining as the love of gold. Verily such a man as this it is not easy for the worldly to deal with. He and they have no common measure of motive, of principle, or of end.

In this present instance of the Chinese mission, Xavier is as invincible and as invulnerable as of old. But himself believing, though full of ulterior schemes, that it may probably be a mission unto death, he determines to visit once more some of

the churches which he has planted, and especially to set his college in order. So he returns to Goa. Here he finds all relating to the missions prospering beyond hope. He now devotes himself to a considerable re-organization of all ecclesiastical and collegiate matters there. He gives himself up entirely for a while to the care of the surrounding churches, which have become multiplied considerably by the labors of the missionaries which he has sent out. He also lectures occasionally at the college to the missionary students and the clergy of Goa, and when the time of his departure is at hand, takes most affectionate leave of them all, and leaves them a legacy of counsel which contains passages of exceeding wisdom and very singular beauty.

Xavier sets sail for Malacca in the spring of 1552. On landing he finds it visited with a plague. Here that knowledge of medicine you remember he was acquiring before he left Europe is of signal service. He ministers to the sick as laboriously as a slave, as affectionately as a brother; and is preserved from all harm himself, by his courage, perhaps, as much as by his skill. As soon as the sickness abates he is engaged in a scheme of a commercial embassy, which it is arranged he shall accompany. After tedious waiting this scheme fails; but not so the zeal of Xavier. He will trust no more to diplomacy; he will go on in his old way. So he sets sail for the island of Sancian, which lies over against Macao, where the Portuguese are allowed to trade with China. Here he seeks for some means of passage to the Chinese shore; but all think the danger of so doing so great to himself, and, what is of more consequence, to their trade, that he cannot get any one to allow him to go over in their ship. At length, after many fruitless efforts, he engages at an exorbitant price a ship with a small crew; to do what, do you think? to land him on some desolate part of the Chinese coast, and there leave him, taking themselves back again. The Portuguese of Sancian hear of it, and thwart even this. His interpreter, too, deserts him; and now he is utterly helpless. He falls sick. On his recovery he hears that the King of Siam is going to send an embassy to China; he attempts to accompany the ambassador, as one of his suit; but the whole thing fails. His fever returns; he

has a premonition of death. He goes on board the ship used as the hospital of the town, that he may die as the meanest of his brethren; but finding his devotions hindered more here than elsewhere, he begs to be set on shore again. And there on the sands he now lies dying in the open eye of heaven, uncared for by those whom his own hands had fed, untended by those whom he had ministered to as a slave. A sailor takes him to a shed which he makes with poles and tarpauling. And so in that crazy hut, on the shores of the Chinese waters, amid the howling winds of December, and in communion only with his Maker, with imperfect utterance of the lips, but most eloquent expression of the eye, might you have heard the last words of Francis Xavier: In thee, O Lord, have I trusted; let not me be confounded forever. And there lay his corpse for months—in Chinese fashion buried—in a large chest of unslacked lime, sweetly smiling as in life; a memento to the thoughtless, a mystery to the thoughtful; until it was carried with pomp and loud weeping to receive the solemn rites of Christian burial in the church and college of that city which owed all its spiritual life to his Christian sanctity and zeal.

But Xavier was a Romanist and a Jesuit. He was; but I believe that the love of God and of his neighbor constrained him to do what he did, and that in taking up his cross daily he meant to follow Christ; and I also believe that being and doing thus—thus loving God and following Christ, thus blessing his brethren and disciplining himself—his heavenly Master is able to raise him up and make him stand, albeit he be Romanist or more. And believing as I do believe all this, I feel no hesitation in regarding him as a man who, despite all his lamentable errors of belief and all his distressing infirmities of superstition, is one whom we should ever speak of with reverence, and find fault with only when obliged. Let the man who has Xavier's sanctity and self-devotion, let him, if he will, fling stones at his statue. But let him who has neither, who cares little for his own soul and less for his neighbor's, let that man hold his peace. Let him, too, who is willing to subscribe with his hand to a purer creed, and is not willing to confess with his life the same holy cause; who is ready with

any homage of the lips, but with no service of the spirit, let him hold his peace. Ay, let every one of us be dumb who live in ceiled houses comfortably while Xavier wandered about houseless and homeless to preach Christ to the heathen; we who deny ourselves but little at most, and have no real hardships to bear arising from our profession of Christ's faith, while Xavier hazarded his life daily for the name of the Lord Jesus; we who live in the midst of all we love, and have friends and relatives on this side and on that, while Xavier, noble by birth, and educated a scholar, gives up all that was dear to him in the world to go to the very ends of the earth, out of love to his Invisible Benefactor and zeal for the salvation of his brethren. It is not for us, or such as us, to speak slightly of Xavier. They only who have Xavier's zeal for the Gospel are qualified to judge him for his want of knowledge of it; all others should only the rather be admonished by Xavier's story to take heed to themselves, lest it should be found hereafter that he is less beloved by his Master who knows his will adequately and does it tardily, than he who knows it less perfectly and does it readily; he who slumbers or stands idle in the sunshine than he who works in a twilight in which no other man would work.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE BIBLE.

JOB: CONCLUSION OF HIS HISTORY.

OUR course with reference to the history of Job has been, thus far, plain and easy. We left him in the ash-heap; victorious there, with the language of rejoicing upon his lips. In poverty, bereft of his children, friendless, diseased, we heard his calm reply to the unfeeling language of his wife, and that reply completely baffled the Tempter's malice. One blow after another fell upon his unsheltered head. He bore it

"Like an unmoved rock,
Not shaken, but made firmer by the shock."

In all this did not Job sin with his lips. But our present task is more difficult. Before entering upon it let me make two or three remarks that may remove what is a stumbling-block in the way of many. I mean the obscurity of some parts of the

sacred record. Peter's assertion relative to the writings of the apostle Paul, "in which," says he, "are some things hard to be understood," is eminently true of the book of Job.

The difficulty arises from various causes; among which may be mentioned the fact that it was written in a language which has long since ceased to be a vehicle of thought among the nations of the earth. Hence the very great difficulty of translating it with accuracy. In all translations, too, as is well known, much of the spirit of the original necessarily evaporates. It is impossible to bend the idiom of one language in the precise direction of another. From its great antiquity, too, it is not strange that we here meet with allusions to customs and opinions the memory of which has long since perished. These allusions, we may suppose, were once perfectly plain; although now they are enigmatic and obscure. Added to this, the mental process, the trains of thought of those, for whose benefit the book was first written, were very different from our own; to such an extent that it is impossible even for the imagination to lift the veil, the dark veil of thirty centuries, and place ourselves in the midst of these Idumean Arabs, and think, and talk, and feel as they thought, and felt, and spoke. The light in the midst of which we live—a light which has been steadily rising in the moral firmament, and increasing in brightness, serves but to render the twilight of that age the more palpable and obscure.

Then, again, in answer to an objection sometimes urged, I remark it was never the intention of the Almighty to make the entire record of his revealed will so perfectly plain as to require from man no thought—no study. While there are parts of the Bible level to the lowest capacity, and the most ignorant may gather thence instruction enough to sanctify the soul; there is room for the patient investigation of the most profound intellect. As in the book of nature spread open before us, there are incomprehensible mysteries, so may we expect to meet them in the book of revelation proceeding from the same God. It is his direction to us all—the high and the low, the ignorant and the educated—"Search the Scriptures."

I proceed with the history. Since the close of our last essay, which left the

afflicted one triumphantly trusting in God, a week has elapsed; three of his friends, by mutual agreement, have paid him a visit. They are affected to tears at the sight of his sufferings. They lift up their voice and weep. For seven days and nights they sat down by him upon the ground, and no word was uttered, for they saw that his grief was very great. At length Job himself opened his mouth; but very different is his language from what it was a week ago. The man seems to be totally changed. He is now querulous, bitter, harsh. He curses the day of his birth; he is severely sarcastic upon those who came to condole with him; he prides himself upon his integrity, his righteousness, and boasts of it. Let the day perish when I was born: let that day be darkness; neither let the light shine upon it, because it hid not sorrow from mine eyes. Or why, he continues in the same bitter strain, why did I not die in infancy? For now should I have lain still, and been quiet in the grave. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master. He seems to reproach his Maker for continuing his existence. Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul who long for death, but it cometh not. He entreats the Almighty to cut short the thread of his existence: O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for! even that it would please God to destroy me, that he would loose his hand and cut me off. The harsh language of his professed friends he retorts with increasing bitterness. In reply to their exhortations, founded as they were upon the erroneous supposition that Job was now receiving punishment for his sins, he exclaims in the severest irony: No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you; that is, all wisdom is concentrated in you; and when ye die, wisdom shall utterly perish from the earth. Alluding to the wise proverbs they had adduced, bearing upon God's general government of the world, he says: I have heard many such things; miserable comforters are ye all. I also could speak as ye do; if your soul were in my soul's stead, I could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you, that is, if ye were the afflicted, and I had health and prosperity as you have, it

would be easy to quote against *you* these truisms, to torture you with charges of hypocrisy, and to shake mine head; to insinuate, even more than I dare utter in words. But ye are forgers of lies; ye are all physicians of no value; ye pervert the truth to sustain your arguments.

In accounting for this change of conduct on the part of Job, this style of language so different, so totally at variance with the humility and submissive resignation evinced by him in the first week of his trials, it is not enough to advert to the unfeeling course pursued by those who called themselves his friends. That they were wrong is unquestionable, but their wrong does not justify Job in his equally harsh retaliation; much less in the severe reflections in which he seems to question the justice of God, and to have forgotten his own noble sentiment: Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil? The fact is, that not till now did the afflicted one enter into the deep waters of his trials. Hitherto the machinations of the enemy had been directed against his property, his family, and his health. He bore up manfully against all these privations; but now a horror of thick darkness falls upon his soul. Satan appears to have access to his mind, to fill it with doubt, and distrust, and fear. It is the spiritual conflict, the wrestling, not with flesh and blood, but with principalities, and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world. 'Tis a fearful conflict, showing in vivid colors the weakness of the strongest, and attesting to all men in all generations that in the assaults of the grand adversary upon the soul, unaided man at his best estate is altogether vanity. For a time, too, and for wise purposes, as we shall see, the light of God's countenance appears to have been withdrawn from his afflicted servant, and in this extremity he answers the description of the prophet: Who is among you that feareth the Lord; that obeyeth the voice of his servant; that walketh in darkness and hath no light? *He* feared the Lord and obeyed his commandments, and yet was permitted a while to walk in darkness and have no light. And was it not even so with the spotless Son of God? We hear *him* exclaim, This is your hour and the power of darkness; my soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Let us listen to the wailing lamentations of Job, when he was, as the apostle has it, in heaviness through manifold temptations. O, says he, that my grief were thoroughly weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! for now it would be heavier than the sand of the sea; therefore my words are swallowed up. For the arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me. What a tremendous figure—the arrows of the Almighty—poisoned arrows—they drink up my spirit. Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye, my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me. Referring to his former state, and contrasting the darkness in which he was now groping with the light that once beamed upon his path, he exclaims, O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle, when the Almighty was yet with me. Here we have the secret of that surprising fortitude which Job evinced in the time of his calamity, an answer to the question how was he enabled to endure with such submissive patience the loss of property, of children, and of health. God's candle shone upon his head, the secret of the Lord was upon his tabernacle, the Almighty was with him. But now, says he, I cry unto thee, and thou dost not hear me; I stand up, and thou regardest me not. In what vivid colors, too, does he paint his anxious groping after that God who was once with him by his sustaining grace and cheering presence. Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, but I cannot perceive him; that is, in whatever direction I turn, forward or backward, to the right or to the left, I cannot find my God. With all my efforts I bring not back the consolations of his grace. The most melancholy part of Job's lamentation, his darkest hour, seems to have been when, reflecting upon the insufficiency of his own righteousness, he feels the need of an intercessor between himself and a God of infinite purity. If I wash myself with snow water and make my hands never so clean; that is, if by my own efforts I

purify myself, and aim to keep the law, and watch and pray, and fancy that now indeed I have gained my object and am clean—then shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, reveal unto me my innate vileness, and my own clothes shall abhor me. For, he continues, He is not a man as I am, that I should answer him, and that we should come together in judgment; neither is there any days-man betwixt us that might lay his hands upon us both.

No days-man betwixt us! O, then, vain indeed that thou hast been just and honorable and upright in thy dealings, that thou hast clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and caused the heart of the widow and the fatherless to dance with joy. Snow-water cannot cleanse thee; the leprosy lies deep within. But it is not true, Job! There is a days-man, a merciful high priest, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; his blood can make the foulest clean, his blood avails for thee. With one hand he lays hold upon the great I Am, with the other he can grasp thee there in thy wretchedness, and present thee before the throne spotless, thy robe washed in his own blood. How easily, with the light that we have, might the terrors of the afflicted one have been dissipated like dew before the morning sun! How easily, had the friends who came to condole with him but known the glorious truth, how easily might they have applied balm to his wounded spirit. Ah! could he have heard from their lips the declaration of the apostle: There is one God and one Mediator between God and men; or had some spirit from the realms of bliss whispered the question of Isaiah: Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength? and bade Job listen to his answer: It is I, that speak in righteousness, mighty to save: then, indeed, had the light dawned upon his darkness, and the day-star arisen in his heart. But it was not so. His friends were more ignorant than himself. In his own language they were indeed physicians of no value. Job groped on a while longer in his darkness. O, says he, O that one might plead for a man with God as a man pleadeth with his neighbor. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one. And if a man die, shall he live again? Questions, these, and intimations, dark and

distressing in that day; in ours, so irradiated with light that we can scarcely put ourselves in the position of the afflicted one who asks them. We know, but, alas! we too generally make little use of our knowledge, that one may plead with God even as a man pleadeth with his neighbor, that he invites us even thus to plead, to come boldly to his throne of grace. We know *who* can bring a clean thing out of an unclean, and the question, If a man die, shall he live again? has been gloriously answered by Him who hath brought life and immortality to light.

In the midst of these utterances of grief and sadness, bordering at times upon the very blackness of despair, there are occasional glimmerings of a better spirit, showing us a mind shattered, but not wrecked by the fury of the storm. He is in deep water, the billows are threatening to engulf him, but even now I hear from his lips language that has been uttered from the heart of many a tempest-tossed pilgrim—cast down, but not destroyed, perplexed, but not in despair. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him, and all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come. Till his change comes! Where did Job get that word? He spake but now of death as of an endless sleep, he seemed to doubt if man shall live again, and now he speaks the language of Christ's own blessed gospel as uttered by the very chief of the apostles in the meridian light of the Spirit's illumination—the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be *changed*. Till my change come!

A little while after he gives utterance to a sentiment that has thrilled the souls of myriads who lived and died ere the fullness of time had come, that has been a talisman to the afflicted believer in every age, his watchword in the darkest hour. Job introduces it with great solemnity. O, says he, O that my words were now written! O that they were printed in a book, that they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever. And what is the sentiment he would have thus perpetuated? Ye have heard it a thousand times: I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

I am not ignorant of the attempts that have been made to destroy the force and the spirituality of this language, to refer it all to Job's bodily afflictions and to an expectation of worldly prosperity. But this is trifling with the sacred record. In this case, as in many similar ones, the plain meaning of the words, the interpretation that would be put upon them by a simple-hearted, unlearned reader, is doubtless the true one. And Job's request was granted. His words have been written in a book. Aye, they have been graven with an iron pen upon the everlasting rock. Resting upon the simple assurance, I know that my Redeemer liveth, the shouts of victory have risen above the groans of agony called forth by the rack, the gibbet, and the funeral pile.

But how was it, that even after this glorious declaration Job seems still to be in heaviness—to be disposed to murmur and complain. I answer, even yet he has a lesson to learn. That lesson was the necessity of utter and entire dependence, notwithstanding all that he had done or could do, upon the infinite merits of that Redeemer whose existence was now revealed to him. Job had been upright in his dealings; he prided himself upon his integrity. He had been charitable to the poor; he gloried in his benevolence. He had endeavored to obey the commandments of God; he wrapped himself in self-righteousness. Appealing to his Maker, he had ventured to say, Thou knowest that I am not wicked. Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. O! he exclaims, that one would hear me; behold, my desire is that the Almighty would answer me. Even yet he hopes to merit something at the hand of God; to throw into the scale his good works, and though he knew that his Redeemer lives, he seems not yet to know that *he* only appropriates to himself the merits of that Redeemer who casts away at once and forever every other hope, who gives up

"Every plea beside,
Lord, I have sinn'd, but thou hast died."

Then God answered Job out of a whirlwind and said: Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man, and answer thou me. God is then represented, in a speech of surpassing majesty, as convincing Job of his ignorance and weakness. He reminds

him also of his omnipotent power, of his glory as seen in the creation, and asks, Who hath prevented me that I should repay him? whatsoever is under the whole heaven is mine, that is, Who hath laid me, or can lay me, under any obligation? Do I need my creatures? How hast thou profited the infinite and all-sufficient God by aught that thou hast done. Now comes the hour of Job's triumph. He listens, appalled, abashed, overwhelmed. I have heard of thee, he exclaims, by the hearing of the sea, but now mine eye seeth thee, that is, I had some faint conceptions of thy character, of thy majesty and power, but now the eye of my mind clearly perceives thee, and the same light that reveals the purity and all-sufficiency of thy nature discloses to me mine own vileness and utter helplessness. Wherefore, he continues, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. But why should Job repent? and why this loathing and self-abhorrence? In the presence of a God of infinite purity and of unsullied holiness, a God who cannot look on sin, who chargeth his angels with folly, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, the dust is the only fitting place even for him who has aimed to keep God's perfect law and to walk uprightly before him. He that has any other feelings, that depends for a moment upon anything he has done or can do, knows little of himself, and little of his God. The perfect and upright Job exclaims, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. And this, I say, is the hour of Job's triumph. The days of his mourning are ended; the clouds are scattered; his captivity is turned, and the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than the beginning.

Two or three general remarks will close the subject. And first, God's dealings with the children of men are frequently unfathomably mysterious. They were so to Job, still more so to his friends, and to all who, in his own day, were made acquainted with his history. Even to us, who are permitted to look down upon the man of Uz from the eminence on which we dwell, to read his history by the light of successive revelations, there is much that is dark and unfathomable. That the enemy should be allowed so severely to harass and afflict so good a man; that he should be left so long to grope in darkness; these things, and others

that might be mentioned, are full of mystery. Equally clear is the lesson taught by Job's history, that God's ways, though mysterious, are right. Purposes of his infinite wisdom were subserved by the afflictions of his servant. Job himself was taught more of God and more of himself than he could have learned in any other way. The knowledge he obtained, though purchased in the furnace of affliction, was cheaply purchased—was worth more than it cost. So *he* reckoned, when he came forth like gold—when his afflictions were ended, and the remembrance thereof was like a dream when one awaketh. Rejoicing in the clear light of a noon-day sun, what matters it that at early dawn it was enveloped in clouds! Or, the haven gained, the port entered, does not even the remembrance of the raging wind and the roaring sea enhance the happiness of home, and call for louder pæans of exulting gratitude? But not for himself alone did Job live, and suffer, and triumph. To his contemporaries in that early age, and to succeeding generations, as they read or heard his story, were revealed by it great and fundamental truths, of which, as we have seen, the wisest were previously profoundly ignorant. Job's history taught them that prosperity in this life is no certain evidence of the favor of God; that adversity and affliction here are no sign of his disapprobation. It showed them that man in his highest and holiest efforts merits nothing at the hand of God, and that all he is or hopes to be is by His sovereign grace. It afforded a practical demonstration of the evangelical truth that in this world God's children may expect tribulation, and taught them that the tempter's power is bounded by limits assigned by infinite wisdom and infinite love. It threw light, too, compared with what we have, indeed, mere twilight, but a sure precursor of the dawn and the noon-day, upon the grand central truth of all revelation, there is a days-man between worms of earth and the King of glory. And, finally, it taught them—and if it teach us, not in vain did Job suffer, nor in vain have we perused this outline of his history—that man's place is in the dust before God; that after all that we have done our only hope of deliverance and salvation is in utter self-abhorrence, in repentance as in dust and ashes.

LOVERS OF NATURE.

ONE evening last summer, happening to be present at a temperance meeting held in a meadow at some short distance from town, my attention was forcibly arrested by a wild-looking character who stood on the outer circle of the audience, and who was listening with much attention to what was going forward. A more perfect picture of destitution than this individual presented could not be readily imagined. He was a young man, apparently about twenty years of age. Though his sallow face was haggard and hunger-worn, there was an expression of intelligence in his large dark lustrous eyes, which strangely contrasted with his mendicant attire. He wore a very dingy and tattered round canvas frock, through the rents of which appeared his olive-colored skin; a pair of ragged trowsers, which hung in shreds about his legs, and a dilapidated hat, somewhat fancifully garnished with oak-leaves. Shoes and stockings he had none. At his back, attached to a leathern strap, hung a basket amply filled with a variety of herbs; and a long staff on which he rested with both hands, added much to his picturesque and striking aspect.

I had stood near him for some minutes, watching and much pleased by his evident appreciation of the eloquent address which was being delivered, before I became aware that he had a companion no less worthy of observation than himself. This was a large and beautifully spotted snake, which was coiled round his left arm, and which, darting forth its forked and agile tongue, as it moved its head restlessly to and fro, appeared as if soliciting the sympathy of the spectator on behalf of his patron. It was perfectly harmless, having no fangs; and, saving a little boy, who clung to his father's side, while his countenance was puckered up into an expression of unmitigated terror, no one present seemed to be apprehensive of its manifesting any feeling of hostility.

As soon as the meeting had broken up, I spoke to the "snake charmer," as some people called him, and made inquiries as to the habits of the reptile to which he seemed so fondly attached. He told me that he had had it for some months, and that it was quite "domesticated;" that it was of no pecuniary value, being merely a common wood-snake. He fed it on

milk, of which it was very fond; and when I asked him where he got the milk from, he told me that he went round to farm-houses and begged it; for although he might easily get it by dishonest means if he chose, as there were plenty of cows in the meadows through which he passed in his country rambles, from whom he could obtain it without fear of discovery, yet he assured me, with an artless earnestness which forbade my doubting his sincerity, that he had never stolen anything in his life, and that sometimes, in the winter months, not a morsel of food passed his lips for two days together.

With respect to himself, he gave me the following curious particulars; but there was evidently a love of the marvelous in his manner, which prevented me from attaching entire credence to every word he uttered. At the same time, there was nothing in his statements which were inconsistent with his extraordinary habits and mode of life. He observed that he had never known either father or mother. The first thing he could remember was being carried about by an old man in a forest; but where that forest was situate, he had no idea whatever. The old man used to gather mushrooms, which he sold to the salesmen in the different markets. In dry weather he and the old man always slept in the forest; but when it happened to be wet they removed to some brick-fields, where they were allowed by the brick-makers to build themselves a kind of shelter with the straw mats used to cover the bricks when it rained. One night, on waking up, he found the old man was gone, and, looking about, discovered him lying dead on the rows of burning bricks, where he had apparently laid himself down for greater warmth, and fell into a slumber from which he never awoke. After the old man's death, he continued his employment of gathering mushrooms and plants of various kinds for the herbalists, and was getting a "decent" subsistence, when he was taken up for robbery, under somewhat peculiar circumstances.

A poor washerwoman, it appears, who was taking home a basket of clothes in a hand-barrow, was attacked by a party of ruffians, who ran off with the basket, having first seated and bound the poor woman in the barrow from which her property had been abstracted. One of the articles so stolen was dropped on the road, and he

(the snake-charmer) happening to pick it up, was suddenly seized by a constable, and the evidence of his guilt being considered conclusive, he was tried and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor. This, the poor fellow said, with tears in his eyes, was the severest trial he ever had in his life. He had no friends to speak to his character; he was known to be an outcast, and was pronounced, almost as a matter of course, a thief. One advantage, however, which he derived from his confinement was, that he learned to read—a practice in which he took much pleasure, as a well-thumbed Testament and some tracts which he carried about with him, and which had been given him on his discharge from prison, satisfactorily testified.

No small portion of the poor outcast's knowledge, however, had been obtained by his attending camp-meetings, and listening to the itinerant lecturers whom he had met with in traveling from one place to another. This singular being had notions as strange as himself of natural phenomena; but there was a poetic coloring about his views, which distinguished them from the chimeras of a weak or vulgar intellect. He believed, he said, that the stars were inhabited, and he had sometimes laid awake all night in the forest watching them; and when he saw one fall from the sky, he fancied he could hear a sound like the distant wail of despair upon the wind, as if it were the empire of some lost spirit which had been conquered by a mightier power, and cast into darkness for evermore.

Though his pronunciation was bad, his diction was much superior to what might have been expected from one who had enjoyed such limited opportunities for book study. There was also an innocent pleasantry about him, which deepened the sympathy which his squalid habiliments alone were calculated to inspire. A person standing by asked him if he had ever caught a weasel, at which he smiled, and answered in the negative, assigning as a reason that they could only be caught *asleep*, and adding quaintly, that they always rose earlier than he did. His acquaintance with the habits of insects generally was very minute and instructive. He told me that he had been stung repeatedly by wasps, but that the wasp, when it had left its sting in the wound,

invariably died within a short time afterward.

When I remonstrated with the snake-charmer on his wandering mode of life, and advised him to quit it for some more settled calling, he shook his head, and remarked that he had been in prison once, and that he never wished to lose his liberty again. I saw it was futile to argue longer with a mind so singularly constituted, and so I left him, having first given him a few tracts, for which he thanked me in terms of becoming civility.

Somewhat similar in point of genius, though widely different in all other respects, is the worthy man, who for a long period has been the chosen hair-dresser of myself and family. He has one of the finest aviaries of any person in his line of business that I am acquainted with. His shop is fitted up with cages containing a choice collection of canaries, linnets, bullfinches, starlings, and other vocal performers of that kind. These are the joy of his life. They wake him in the morning with their cheerful harmony; they solace him as he weaves intricate fronts or curls, and rebellious wigs; and they afford him inexhaustible matter for conversation with his inquisitive customers.

Last summer I met him down at Newport, whither he had gone for the strengthening of his nerves, which have always been somewhat infirm, for he is a most amiable and soft-hearted creature, and would not, I really believe, inadvertently brush down a cobweb without an apology and a pang of remorse. On asking him how he liked that fashionable watering-place, he shook his head and smiled faintly. He had been there only two days, and said that he missed the society of his birds; he could not sleep at night for fear of anything happening to them, or his apprentice forgetting to feed them during his absence. And then, when he awoke of a morning, instead of the house ringing with the carols of his little pets, there was nothing to be heard but the sullen surging of the sea; and if he looked out of his window, he only saw an expanse of ocean with a solitary sea-gull floating on it, or vast pieces of pasture land without a shrub large enough for the support of a titlark.

"Yet birds, sir," said he in reply to my comments on his favorite pursuit; "birds delight me because they seem so happy;

so comparatively exempt from sorrow and pain. All animals which tread upon the earth partake more or less of the misery which is inseparable from it; but the lark, which rises above us, seems also to rise above the infirmities which are the inheritance of our fallen nature."

"Yet birds mope," I replied; "a captive even in a golden cage pines for the freedom of its native woods."

"That is true," said the hair-dresser; "but then you see, sir, he suffers from the unkindness of those who deprive him of his freedom. In his natural state, I fancy the life of a song-bird is one of joy—pure joy."

"If those are your sentiments, my friend, I am surprised that you don't emancipate all your slaves at once."

"Well, sir," returned he, with a contracted brow and a sigh, "I have often thought it was cruel in me to keep them confined, but I couldn't part with them now; and, another thing, if they were to be turned loose in the world, every one of them, poor creatures! would be killed by their brethren, who don't know what civilization is."

"That is hardly consistent with the 'pure joy' which you fancy belongs to the feathered tribe in their wild state—eh?"

My worthy barber looked rather puzzled for a moment; but presently a smile lighted up his pallid countenance, and announced that the solution of the mystery was near at hand.

"It does at first sight," he observed, "appear rather at variance with their gentle natures, and yet, I have no doubt it is a merciful provision, if we only knew all: a bird that has been once thoroughly domesticated would never again be able to bear the hardships which those endure with ease who have always lived in forests; it would perish, as you or I would do, sir, if we were turned out of our comfortable dwellings, and were clothed and fed as scantily as the earliest inhabitants of this country were; so it may be a humane feeling which prompts wild birds to kill those who have been caged, and who would inevitably die a lingering and painful death if left to provide shelter and food for themselves."

My worthy friend has in his collection one or two birds of remarkable talent. There is a goldfinch who will at the word

of command stand on the right leg, then on the left, then tuck his head under his wing as if playing at bo-peep, and then lay on the table as if completely exhausted or even dead. Another, a linnet, draws water from a well in a thimble, in a most workmanlike manner. Then there is a magpie, who, when at home, resides in a wicker cage, but who is much more frequently found hopping about the door-way and chattering for the amusement of little boys, without either rhyme or reason.

My friend, in addition to cutting hair and making bird-cages, is a kind of Hullah among his feathered songsters; he teaches them their notes, and gives to a canary the vocal accomplishments of a nightingale, by which its value is greatly enhanced. He has also written a little work on song-birds, and is often consulted by his lady customers, when their favorites are laboring under any temporary indisposition. He told me that he was called up one cold night in December to go and see the pet parrot of an old lady, supposed to be suffering from some mortal ailment, which had caused its kind owner much anxiety and alarm; and although he could do nothing but assure her that there was no ground for any serious apprehension, the old lady made him accept a fee for his professional attendance and opinion.

What he most dreads is a thunderstorm. I was in his shop one day, and was much surprised at the concern which he exhibited lest any of his birds should suffer from fear of the lightning. The operation of hair-cutting was entirely suspended; pocket-handkerchiefs were carefully put over the cages; and I really believe, if the storm had lasted much longer, that he would have put up his shutters and discontinued business for the day.

It is said, "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." In like manner, all lovers of nature, however high in social position, will recognize in the characters which I have described, that congeniality of taste and feeling, by virtue of which, however humble they may be, they are made worthy to associate with the most distinguished naturalists of their class. Such powers of appreciating the works of the great and good Creator as are thus often detected in persons occupying the humblest stations in society, should teach us never to despise those who seem to be beneath us.

CULLED FLOWERS.

I HAVE here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them.—
MONTAIGNE.

RAMBLING through the ever-accumulating beauties and sweets of literature we pluck flowers, and with them, now and then, fruit. They come, like the denizens of the conservatory, from various and widely-separated habitats; but most of them are hardy, and all may be acclimated in the reader's mind. We begin, as apropos to the thoughts suggested, and to the sources of our bouquet, with DE POREE's description of

A LIBRARY ARMY.

All minds in the world's past history find their focal-point in a library. This is that pinnacle from which we might see all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. I keep Egypt and the Holy Land in the closet next the window. On this side of them is Athens and the empire of Rome. Never was such an army mustered as a library army. No general ever had such soldiers as I have. Let the military world call its roll, and I will call mine. The privates in my army would have made even the staff-officers of Alexander's army seem insignificant. Only think of a platoon of such good literary and philosophical yeomen as will answer my roll-call. "Plato!" "Here." A sturdy and noble soldier. "Aristotle!" "Here." A host in himself. Then I can call Demosthenes, Cicero, Horace, Caesar, Tacitus, Pliny, and of the famous Alexandrian school, Porphyry, Iamblicus, Plotinus, and others, all worthy fellows every one of them, fully armed and equipped, and looking as fresh as if they had received the gift of youth and immortality. Modest men all; they never speak unless spoken to. Bountiful men all; they never refuse the asker. I have my doubts whether, if they were alive, I could keep the peace of my domains. But now they dwell together in unity, and all of the train in one company, and work for the world's good, each in his special way, but all contribute. I have also in a corner the numerous band of Christian Fathers—Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Origen, Augustine, St. Ambrose, and others, with their opponents, Fronto, the rhetorician, Crescens, the cynic philosopher, Celsus, Marcus Aurelius, and Julian the Apostate. They now lie peacefully together, without the shade of repugnance or anger. It is surprising how these men have changed. Not only are they here without quarreling or disputing, without ambition or selfishness, but how calmly do they sit, though you pluck their opinions by the beard! Ages have wrought, generations grown, and all the blossoms are cast down here. It is the garden of immortal fruits, without dog or dragon. No such garden was Eden, in the past. It is the Eden to which the race is coming, that is to see the true Adam and the true Eve.

FLOWERS UPON THE TOMB.

THEY have a custom in Continental Europe of visiting, annually, the graves of departed loved ones, and laying upon them wreaths of flowers. The brave general, Pellisier, followed the remains of his coadjutor, Lord Raglan, to the grave, and many an English

eye was dimmed as the gallant Frenchman placed, reverently, upon the bier a wreath of *immortelles*. In referring to this simple fact, and to the sneering remark that it is a popish custom, a traveler asks, pertinently:

Would it be very popish to see your little daughter rise on a shining summer's morning, and hear her say she will go to granma's grave that day, and lay a bright yellow *immortelle* upon it? It is only a few dried flowers bound together in a wreath, and bearing mottoes of "Hope," and "Love," and "Regret." O, you would be glad to see your child (ay, you *would*) follow the popish custom, and lay that child's wreath over the honored clay; and you would be yourself refined in seeing her.

SIMPLICITY AND SUBLIMITY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

ALBERT BARNES, in a discourse "on the Influence of the Gospel on Imagination," describing the style of the sacred writers, gives utterance to thoughts which have occurred, perhaps, to almost every earnest searcher of the Scriptures:

While Christianity is based on facts, and while those facts are stated with the most accurate precision, and will bear the application of the severest laws of criticism, yet the *form* in which they are presented is just as if they were intended to make the most that is possible to be made of the imagination. Truth and holiness are the broad basis on which all is to rest; but there is obscurity, there is grandeur, there is vastness, there is infinitude on which the mind may range forever. Take the sufferings of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane and on the cross. The narrative is simple and unaffected, as if written by a child. There is no mere rhetoric. There is not a word of astonishment; there is not an attempt to excite the passions or to picture the scene. The circumstances of the narrative are so accurate and so minute that it seems almost as if there were an effort to give a mere dry detail, and as if the writers meant to anticipate every objection, and to prevent the possibility of a suspicion that the account was forged, and yet the whole account seems just as if it were *designed* to have as much for the imagination to supply as possible. Fewer words could not have been used in the description. And how the Saviour looked; what was the aspect of the heavens; what was the effect on the minds of those who witnessed the scenes; who is there that has not been disposed to ask of some one who knew? The resurrection of Jesus—the most solemn and grand event that has occurred in the world—entering into all the hopes of man and shedding new light around the grave—how simple and short the account, and what a degree of obscurity rests upon it where the imagination may roam! The final resurrection of the just and the unjust; the bursting of the graves, and the sea giving up its dead; a world on fire, and all the dead mounting up to meet their final judge; how simple the details in the Scriptures; how almost tantalizing the statements; and yet what a field of glory! How sublime! How obscure!

WHAT IS FAITH?

AN exceedingly simple question, but one to which answers almost innumerable have been given. DR. JELF, in a recent sermon

before the University of Oxford, thus gives a practical summary of its results and effects. He asks:

What is faith? It may be somewhat understood by its results. It is no partial or transient feverish emotion with which the soul throbs now and then, but it is the regular pulse of our spiritual life. It is not an occasional recognition of the facts of our redemption, but a steady, lively remembrance of all that Christ has done for us. It is not merely the casting an occasional glance to Him, not an occasional dedication of ourselves to Him as His liege subjects, but it is a fixed and concentrated gaze, the total surrender of ourselves, our reason, and our wills. It is not an occasional *Lord, Lord*, but it is as if a man should say, "Lord, thou art mine, and I am thine; I am sick, do thou heal me; I am lame, do thou support me; I am blind, do thou lead me; I am lost, do thou save me;" combined with a ready mind, a firm step, a quick eye; a ready mind to do what He bids, to follow where He leads; a quick eye to see His bidding, catch His glance and meaning; a firm step to tread in His path.

THE EMPTY CUP.

BOGATZKY has some pertinent and sensible remarks on worldly happiness, and the vanity of all attempts to educe soul-satisfying enjoyments from mere earthly gratifications:

If you were to see a man endeavoring all his life to satisfy his thirst by holding an empty cup to his mouth, you would certainly despise his ignorance; but if you should see others, of finer understandings, ridiculing the dull satisfaction of one cup, and thinking to satisfy their thirst by a variety of gilt and golden empty cups, would you think that these were even the wiser, or happier, or better employed, than the object of their contempt? Now this is all the difference that you can see in the various forms of happiness caught at by the men of the world. Let the wit, the great scholar, the fine genius, the great statesman, the polite gentleman, unite all their schemes, and they can only show you more and various empty appearances of happiness; give them all the world into their hands, let them cut and carve as they please, they can only make a greater variety of empty cups; for, search as deep and look as far as you will, there is nothing here to be found that is nobler or greater than high eating and drinking, than rich dress and human applause, unless you look for it in the wisdom and laws of religion. Reader, reflect upon the vanity of all who live without godliness, that you may be earnest at a throne of grace, to be turned from the creature and seek for happiness in the Creator. The poorest Christian, who lives upon Christ, and walks in daily fellowship with God, is happier than the richest worldling. Indeed, such only are happy.

A MOTHER'S LOVE FOR HER FIRST-BORN.

SIMPLY expressed, and truthful, as many witnesses, were it needful, might be called upon to prove, is this statement of a father relative to the death of his first-born:

We were to leave our lodgings on Monday morning; but on Saturday evening the child was seized with convulsions, and all Sunday the mother watched and prayed for it; but it pleased God to take the innocent

infant from us, and on Sunday, at midnight, it lay a corpse in its mother's bosom. Amen. We have other children, happy and well, now round about us; and from the father's heart the memory of this little thing has almost faded; but I do believe that every day of her life the mother thinks of the first-born that was with her for so short a while; and many and many a time has she taken her daughters to the grave, where he lies buried, and she wears still at her neck a little, little lock of gold hair, which she took from the head of the infant as he lay smiling in his coffin. It has happened to me to forget the child's birthday, but to her never; and often, in the midst of common talk, comes something that shows she is thinking of the child still, some simple allusion that is to me inexpressibly affecting. I shall not try to describe her grief, for such things are sacred and secret; and a man has no business to place them on paper for all the world to read.

THE LAST WORDS OF GOETHE.

It is related of a little girl, who had given her young heart to the Saviour, that when, on her death bed, she was asked as to her feelings now that she was entering the dark valley, she faintly echoed back the question, "Dark? dark? It is not dark!" How different the last words of the learned philosopher and poet when his hour had come:

By a closed window in the city of Germany sat an old man, grave, and dignified, and serene. Books were scattered around him, and his pen was still in his fingers—that pen which for more than fifty years he had wielded with an almost superhuman power; but now the hand that held it moves nervously in the air, and seems to be writing vague and indistinct shadows, where no substance was. The eye that had flashed like a meteor or a sun is now darkened and obscured.

He had trod the steeps of learning, gathering many a laurel; and, treading the flowery paths of poetry, he plucked sweet flowers on heights where mortals seldom tread. His mind, gigantic in its grasp, and far-seeing in its penetrations, had piled up speculations high and majestic, and separated the atoms of thought, which to others were elements. He had captivated, enchained, charmed, dazzled, bewildered; but now he was treading the dark valley, and its gloomy shades began to thicken around him; no light streamed in from the eternal throne; and his mind, wandering amid the mazes of poetry and philosophy, could only cry out in anguish, "Open the shutters and let in more light!" And soon the "silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken, and the keepers could no longer look out at the windows," and thus crying out for more light his soul departed.

What a picture of a gifted man, endowed with a genius far beyond the common order of even intellectual men; successful in every department of knowledge, even those so wide apart as poetry and optics; loaded with honors; living to see his own fame acknowledged in all lands; and dying only when the ordinary term of human life had long been passed; yet when death did come, unable to articulate any confident hope or a single consolatory word, amid the overshadowing gloom! Yet how could it be otherwise? The great man lived in sordid egotism. He was a god to himself. This feeling ran through all his course. When, therefore, he died, what was left

to him but to utter that mournful cry. *Open the shutters and let in more light!* The strong man wanted a helper when he began to go down into the dark valley.

THE RELIGION OF EPITAPHS.

THE Greyson Correspondence, noticed at some length in our pages last month, is pervaded by a keen and caustic vein of sarcasm. As a specimen, take the following, equally applicable to some graveyards in our own country as to those in England:

I spent some time in the church-yard, spelling out the names of some of the old inhabitants of our early days, and beholding, with pleased surprise, from the (as usual) truthful epitaphs, that many of them were garnished and decorated with virtues of which, while they lived, I had not had the smallest suspicion; so artfully had Christian humility concealed their excellences!

Superstition no longer defies the dead, but affection angelizes them. For my part, I think if I were bedaubed and bedizened with one of the tawdry epitaphs I have sometimes seen in a country church-yard, it would be enough to make me get up in the night and scratch it out. There was our old acquaintance, Farmer Veese's fat wife, who resembled (as some one said of her like) "a fillet of veal upon castors," decked out in a suit of virtues which might not have misbecome a seraph. Several others of our old acquaintances I found were such wives, mothers, neighbors, friends; so charitable, gentle, forgiving! Surely the parson in our time must have had an easy time of it, an absolute sinecure, with such a flock.

It is really odd to see so much wickedness above ground, and so much goodness under it. Ah! if they could but change places, what a pleasant world it would be! Or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, "Who can wonder that so much iniquity is left among the living, when such cart-loads of all the cardinal and other virtues are thus yearly shoveled into the earth by the undertaker?" Any way, however, it is a pleasant thing to find our old friends improved by keeping, and looking better in their winding-sheets than ever they did in silks or satins.

BORES.

WEBSTER gives, as one of his definitions of the word Bore—A person or thing that wearies by iteration. In that sense the word does not appear to have been known by Walker. The *thing*, however, has existed in all ages, and ROGER OF LILLE, a theologian of the thirteenth century, thus describes it:

This class of men never die; they never have the common decency to die. They spin out existence to the latest moment, and usually enjoy good health and the unimpaired use of their tongue till the latest moment. In fact, they are never dumb till they are confined. They travel extensively, and know all countries and persons, and everything in and about them. They stick closely to you, nor can any coldness of manner shake them off. If you get into a passion, they only smile at your simplicity. Bolt them out of the door, they will come in by the window to tell you something they had forgotten to mention. They read

incessantly, and deal out again all they receive; and when they begin their labors, they always promise to be very brief. They never forget names or places; these are their guides and finger-posts to long harangues. They have a great talent of minute description, and treasure up every cast-off rag of other men's conversation. They are the great torments of a university man's life.

THE GEOLOGISTS.

CHARLES READE is down upon the stone-worshippers, and amuses himself with pleasant raps, not upon the rocks, but on the rock-chippers:

Politics, love, theology, art, are full of thorns; but when you see a man perched like a crow on a rock chipping it, you see a happy dog. You who are on the look-out for beauty, find irregular features or lack-luster dolls; you who love wit are brained with puns or ill-nature, the two forms of wit that exist out of books. But the hammerist can jump out of his gig at any turn of the road, and find that which his soul desires; the meanest stone a boy throws at a robin is millions of years older than the Farnese Hercules, and has a history as well as a sermon.

Stones are curious things. If a man is paid for breaking them he is wretched; but if he can bring his mind to do it gratis, he is at the summit of content! With these men life is a felicitous dream; they are not subject to low spirits like other men; they smile away their human day; and when they are to die they don't seem to mind it so very much. Can they take anything easy by giving it one of their hard names—is the grave to them a cretaceous, or argillaceous, or ferruginous bed, I beg their pardon—stratum?

NOTHING NEW.

THE wise man found nothing new under the sun. He alluded more especially to the discoveries of science and the revelations of philosophy. HUGH MILLER goes a step further, and finds nothing new even in the regions of the absurd and the ridiculous:

"No one need expect to be original simply by being absurd. There is a cycle in nonsense, which ever and anon brings back the delusions and errors of an earlier time. The follies of the present day are transcripts, unwittingly produced, and with, of course, a few variations, of follies which existed a century ago.

THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

HERE are a few stanzas (the author is not known to us) with which we may appropriately end our chapter for the present month:

Scatter the germs of the beautiful,

By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful

In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there
In their loveliest luster come;

Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its hearth the gems
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temples of our God—
The God who star'd the uplifted sky,
And flower'd the trampled sod;
When he built a temple for himself,
And a home for his priestly race,
He rear'd each arch in symmetry,
And curv'd each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depths of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair and the pure about thy path
In Paradise shall bloom!

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EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE REVOLT IN INDIA.—Perhaps never since the world began have been enacted scenes of greater horror than India has exhibited during the last few months of the year just ended. The barbarous cruelties of the natives, inflicted upon defenseless men, women, and children, arson, robbery, rape, murder, with the terrible retaliation of the British soldiery, have been spread before the public by pen and pencil until the soul sickens at the picture. And the end is not yet. True, Delhi has fallen, and the English papers predict the speedy annihilation of the rebellion, and the restoration of order and tranquillity. Either intentionally or from ignorance, the extent of the disaffection was vastly underrated. We have been told that it is confined almost exclusively to the Sepoys or native soldiers, and that, even of them, it embraces but a portion. Certainly nothing is to be gained by a suppression of the truth, or by giving it a false coloring. No man in India has had a better opportunity for ascertaining the facts in the case than the well-known missionary, the Rev. Alexander Duff, whose life has been devoted to the cause of Christ in India. He has given his views upon the subject in a letter written to a friend in Scotland. Although they are expressed in his own strong language and nervous style, his facts may be relied upon, and his opinions are entitled to consideration. As to the feelings of the great masses of the natives toward the British government Dr. Duff says:

"That there ever was anything like affection or loyal attachment, in any true sense of these terms, on the part of any considerable portion of the native population toward the British power, is what no one who really knows them can honestly aver. Individual natives have become attached to individual Britons. Of the truth of this statement even the recent sanguinary mutinies have furnished some conspicuous examples. But such isolated facts can prove nothing as to the feelings generally prevalent with respect to the British and their power. On the first subjugation

or annexation of a province, the laboring classes, under a fresh sense of the manifold tyrannies, exactions, and disorders from which they are delivered, usually express satisfaction and delight. But as the first generation dies out, and another rises up knowing nothing but the even, steady, continuous demands of the British authorities, demands which they cannot evade, as they often might amid the weakness and turbulence of native rule, they are apt to settle down into a state of necessitated acquiescence, or sullen indifference, or latent disaffection and discontent, often secretly sighing for a change of rulers, that might give them some chance of helping or bettering themselves. Such I believe to be the general condition of the people of India as regards their feelings toward the British and their government. And such being their condition, any one might anticipate the evolution of conduct which they might be expected to exhibit in the midst of a rebellion, with what must appear to their minds its doubtful issues. The quieter and more thoughtful spirits, under dread of ultimate retribution, would hold back, or perhaps show favor or kindness to such Britons as came in their way. The bolder, more resolute, and more impetuous spirits, on the other hand, would at once be ready to sound a jubilee of triumph over the downfall of the British power, and equally ready to display the insolence of triumph over helpless and fugitive Britons. And this I believe to be a tolerably exact picture of the state of feeling and conduct among the native population in the Northwest and Central Indian territories toward the British and their rule.

"After escaping from the murderous hands of mutineers, British gentlemen and ladies have, in particular instances, experienced kindness at the hands of the common villagers; but in far the greater number of instances they have experienced quite the reverse. On this account they have been constantly compelled to shun the villages altogether, and betake themselves to jungles and beasts of prey, and to manifold privations, the narration of which makes one almost shudder. And among the murders ever and anon reported in our public journals, how often do we find this entry opposite a name, 'Killed by the villagers?' One of a volunteer expedition, which lately went out into the district of Meerut, writes that it was 'evident as they went along that the whole country was up,' adding, that on reaching Kerote, which city was considered friendly to us, they were at once received by a 'friendly salute of thirty matchlocks in their faces.' Authentic notifications of a somewhat similar kind have also reached us from other places. A medical gentleman who has recently published an elaborate account of the escape of himself, with other gentlemen, ladies, and children, amounting in all to twenty-seven in number, from Angur, in Central India, testifies that 'every villager was uncivil, and that the smile of respectful submission with which the European officer was wont to be greeted, was displaced by an angry and haughty air toward the despicable Feringhees, whose raj (or reign) was at an end.' Throughout their twelve days' wanderings they continued to encounter the most terrible hardships and dangers from the hatred, incivility, and contempt of the villagers. This very day, in one of our public journals, a gentleman, long resident in the interior, thus writes: 'I have lost all my property, but my principal object is to impress upon my countrymen (to convince the government of this truth seems hopeless) the utter and most virulent hatred the natives have evinced throughout this outbreak, both to our government and Europeans generally. In every instance where troops have mutinied they have been joined by the inhabitants, not only of the bazars, but of the towns and villages adjacent, who not only assisted the Sepoys in burning, looting, plundering, and destroying government property, and that of European settlers, and all Christians, and in killing any of them they could; but after the departure of the mutineers, continued the devastation, and completed it. I am a very long resident in this country, and having been in a position to hear the true sentiments of the natives (who neither feared me nor required anything from me) toward our government, and ourselves, I have been long aware of their hatred toward both, and that opportunity alone was wanted to display it as they now have done; and where it has not been shown, rest assured it is only from fear or interest, and when they did not recognize opportunity."

"Now, in the face of these, and scores of other substantially similar statements from all parts of the Northwest and Central India, what becomes of the lullaby declarations of those who would fain persuade

the British public that nowhere among the general civic or rural population of India does there exist any feeling of ill will, or discontent, or disaffection, toward the British or their government? All such unqualified declarations I do most solemnly regard as a gigantic (I do not say wilful) imposition on the British people; an imposition which, if not timously exposed, is sure to prove as fatal to the reestablishment and perpetuity of British supremacy, as it is in itself gigantic. If the seeds of a deadly disease are lurking, though it may be but partially developed, in the very vitals of the constitution, and if the existence of these, in spite of obvious symptoms and warnings, be deliberately ignored, what can we expect, except that, one day or other, they will break forth into a raging virulence which all the art of the most skillful physician can neither mitigate nor arrest?

"It is but right, therefore, that the British people should be jealously on their guard against the fair-weather representations of men high in office, men who from personal intercourse know nothing of native sentiment beyond the glowing lies of a few fawning sycophants, men who, from motives of political partisanship and personal self-interest, are sorely tempted to mistake the apparent calm on the upper surface for peace, contentment, and loyalty. It is but right that the British people, to whom the God of providence has so mysteriously intrusted the sovereignty of this vast Indian empire, should know the real state of native feeling toward us and our power, that they may insist on a searching scrutiny into the causes which may have superinduced it, and, detecting the causes, may demand, as with a voice of thunder, some commensurate remedy. Their own character, their reputation for philanthropy and justice among the nations, and, above all, their own sense of stewardship and accountability to the great God for the amazing trust committed to them, all challenge them to a speedy and authoritative interposition in this terrific crisis of their paramount power in Asia. If they refrain, the certainty is, that though our gallant soldiers may, at the cost of torrents of human blood, effect and enforce an apparent pacification, there will not be introduced the elements of a permanent peace. Measures will be devised which, by their inadequacy and unadaptedness,

"Can only skin and flim the ulcerous part,
While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen."

The great question remains, What is to be done? How is peace to be restored, and the blessings of civilization and of Christianity to be diffused among the swarming myriads of India? Dr. Duff answers the question. But his answer, we fear, will not be received by those who have the control of matters; who, professing, indeed, the Christian name, have, by their servile truckling to the abominations of idolatry, and their inordinate covetousness of wealth and power, exhibited anything else rather than the spirit of Christianity. But the time will come when such admonitions must be heeded, and every friend of Christ and of humanity will echo the missionary's prayer that Great Britain may speedily avail herself of the means within her reach to perpetuate her own ascendancy, and to bless that large portion of the pagan world which Divine providence has thrown into her hands.

"Railways, and telegraphs, and irrigating canals, and other material improvements *alone* will not do. Mere secular education, sharpening the intellect, and leaving the heart a prey to the foulest passions and most wayward impulses, will not do. Mere legislation, which, in humanely prohibiting cruel rites and barbarous usages, goes greatly ahead of the darkened intelligence of the people, will not do. New settlements of the revenue, and landed tenures, however equitable in themselves, will not do. Ameliorations in the present monstrous system of police and corrupting machinery of law courts, however advantageous, alone will not suffice. A radical organic change in the structure of government, such as would transfer it exclusively to the crown, would not, could not, of itself furnish an adequate cure for our deep-seated maladies.

"No, no! Perhaps the present earthquake-shock

which has passed over Indian society, upheaving and tearing to shreds some of the noblest monuments of material civilization, as well as the most improved expedients of legislative and administrative wisdom, has been permitted to prove that all merely human plans and systems whatsoever that exclude the life-awakening, elevating, purifying doctrines of gospel grace and salvation, have impotence and failure stamped on their wrinkled brows. Let, then, the Christian people of the highly-favored British Isles, in their heaven-conferred prerogatives, rise up, and, resistless as the ocean in its mighty swell, let them decree, in the name of Him that liveth forever and ever, that henceforward those commissioned by them to rule over and administer justice to the millions of this land shall not dare, in their public acts and proclamations, practically to ignore or scornfully repudiate the very name and faith of Jesus, while they foster and honor the degrading superstitions of Brahma and Mohammed. Let the British Churches, at the same time, arise and resolve, at whatever cost of self-denial, to grapple in right earnest, as they have never yet done, with the stupendous work of supplanting the three thousand years consolidated empire of Satan in these vast realms, by the establishment of Messiah's reign. Then, instead of the fiendish howl, with its attendant rapine, and conflagration, and massacre, we shall have millennial songs of gratitude and praise from the hearts and lips of ransomed myriads. Who can tell but that He who 'rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm,' may graciously overrule our present terrible calamities for the hastening on of this glorious consummation! 'Amen,' let us respond, 'Yea, and amen.'"

STATE OF SOCIETY IN TEXAS.—In a brief notice of "Olmsted's Journey through Texas," in THE NATIONAL for November, we gave an extract which has offended one of our subscribers in that region. He sends us a letter which he "sincerely hopes we will do Texas the justice to publish." It is written in an unexceptionable style, and we print the material portion. He says:

"I am a native of New England, but for fifteen years past have labored as a Methodist itinerant in Texas. I have preached in cities and on plantations, from the sea-board to the extreme frontier, have traveled as presiding elder, and agent of the American Bible Society, and have never witnessed anything to compare with the domestic scene which you have deemed worthy of a place in THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

"The great mass of the people of Texas are intelligent and refined, and carefully observant of all the courtesies of life."

Thus much for the point in dispute between Mr. Olmsted and our correspondent. It proves that some men see what others do not, and that the standard of "refinement" varies, and that there is a difference of opinion as to what constitute "the courtesies of life." On the slave question our correspondent adduces the old argument, which we venture to say had far less weight with him "fifteen years" ago than it now has. Does he really think that the state of society here at the North would be improved if two thirds of our population should become the "property" of the other third? That, evidently, is the legitimate tendency of his logic. But hear our correspondent:

"You will perhaps hardly credit what I say about our colored population. There may occasionally be found a master who treats his servants unkindly, as there are cruel husbands and fathers, but as a class, I verily believe our slaves are the best fed, best clothed, best cared for, and happiest laborers in the world. While tens of thousands of your operatives are now thrown out of employment, to pine with hunger, and freeze this winter, ours know nothing of hard times. And if the cotton and sugar crops were to fail for years, the negro would still receive his full supply of food and clothing. He is his master's property, and interest, as well as humanity, demands that his physical wants should be well supplied.

"Nor are the religious interests of this class of population neglected. About six thousand slaves in Texas are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a much larger number receive catechetical and pulpit instruction. Our interest in the slave does not expend itself in a mawkish sensibility, shedding crocodile tears over imaginary wrongs, but it seeks them out, and announces to them the precious truths of the ever blessed Gospel. H. S. T."

MAKING UP A SALARY.—A correspondent of the *New York Examiner* gives the following instance of sharp practice in "obtaining goods under false pretenses," a resort to an expedient which can hardly be too severely condemned. A pastor of a neighboring church who occupied the pulpit on a Sabbath evening with a Baptist brother who there preached his farewell sermon, was requested by one of the deacons to announce, at the conclusion of the services, that the congregation wished to tender a collection, as a mark of their esteem for the man who had just pronounced his farewell. The congregation generously responded, and the boxes were passed, but when the retiring pastor spoke to one of the deacons of the matter at the close of the service, he was coolly informed that the collection was for the purpose of making up a deficiency in his salary!

THE DECLINE OF ROMANISM.—Many good people have great fears of the spread of Popery in these United States. Their fears, we think, are utterly groundless. The Romish Church, notwithstanding its boasted achievements in the way of consecrating priests and erecting cathedrals, is only able to keep a respectable standing as to numbers by enrolling emigrants from the old world. Its converts from our native population are few and far between. One of their own papers, *The Tablet*, admits the fact, and says:

"Few insurance companies, we venture to assert, would take a risk on the national life of a creed which puts five hundred daily into the grave for one it wins over to its communion. And yet this is what Catholicity is doing in these States while we write."

THE SOUTH NOT SO EASILY SUITED.—We find, in the *Texas Christian Advocate*, a spirited reproof of the time-serving policy of the American Tract Society, in first resolving to publish well-written essays on the Christian aspects of slaveholding, and then timorously declining to do so, and begging pardon for having made the proposal. Such unmanly double-dealing does not suit the high-minded Southerner. Speaking of the society's course, our Texas brother says:

"Finding that they were about to lose the whole South, they have sent out a circular entitled 'Recent Action of the American Tract Society,' in which they declare openly that they will not proceed according to the action of the last anniversary; that is, that they will not publish anything on the subject of slavery. We have received one at this office. It is exceedingly apologetic and deprecatory, and pleads mightily for pacification. We shall not publish it. We do not care a cent whether they publish on the subject or not. The action they have taken on the subject is the cause of offense, and until that is squarely and unequivocally taken back, we are against the Society totally, and will labor for its destruction with what might God has given us. And we ask the question: Are those Southern Churches which have heretofore affiliated with the American Tract Society, going to receive this pitiable apology for an unremoved cause of offense? We shall wait to see. Any Church that does act so unworthily, is not better than the Society itself, and should be denounced as in the same category."

How very different the position of the Methodist Tract Society upon this subject. The General Conference ordered Wesley's Thoughts on Slavery, and similar tracts to be published. They have been issued accordingly in large numbers, and many thousand pages have found their way among the people of the South.

SMOKING AND TIPIPLING.—A letter-writer, in the *Christian Observer*, speaking of these two bad habits among ministers, says:

"At the last Wesleyan Conference, which was held in Liverpool, the tobacco question came up, in the case of the young preachers. Several candidates for holy orders were constrained to plead guilty to the charge of smoking, and they were required by John Wesley's law to abandon the habit. President West also said, in the course of the discussion, that great difficulty had been found in securing accommodation for smoking preachers, from the aversion of respectable householders to the practice, and dread lest their sons should be contaminated by bad example. 'No preacher,' says the Discipline, 'is to use tobacco for smoking, chewing, or snuff, unless it be prescribed by a physician; and all our people are desired not to provide pipes or tobacco for any of our preachers.'"

"Some of our Temperance champions, whose vigilance lets no chance slip, have seized the occasion to remind the Wesleyan Conference that it is as much bound by rule to put down spirit-drinking as smoking. Yet it is notorious that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the itinerants regularly take the alcoholic stimulant, in the form of grog, wine, porter, or beer, without compunction and without shame; and total abstinence by them is regarded as a weakness, if not a shame. How sad, when drunkenness is so rampant in the land, and so many members of the Church are lost annually through the insidious ravages of 'strong drink,' that self-denial should be proscribed and ridiculed even by the very authorities of the leading Churches in Great Britain."

THE AMUSEMENTS of a great city are less affected by the pecuniary pressure than almost any other branch of business. To "drive away dull care," many people resort to theaters, the opera, and concert-room, and thus the "harder" the times the greater the demand for something, by such people, to restore cheerfulness. It is not unlike the resort to liquor when a man finds himself overwhelmed with trouble. Some city paper gives the details of the receipts of places of amusements nightly in New York. It is estimated that ten thousand dollars are expended every night at the fifteen principal places of amusement. The same paper says that probably two thirds of this money comes from strangers, at least twenty or thirty thousand of whom are always in this city. The sum put down as received nightly by the Academy of Music, is two thousand dollars.

WHAT DOES IT COST TO VISIT EUROPE?—This interesting question is thus satisfactorily answered by a correspondent of the *Boston Post*:

"This is a question that I am asked not infrequently, and something may be said in answer that will be of advantage to the inexperienced traveler. Were I to state that I spent ten or forty thousand dollars during my first visit to Europe—and it was nearer the latter than the former—it would really be saying nothing definite, so I will tell what may be done. Stay-at-home people often have very singular ideas of the expenses of foreign travel. I am not writing for the information of beggars, robbers, or gamblers, but for those who take money enough to pay all their expenses, personal and otherwise. During my last visit to Europe I visited England, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, Northern Italy, and Sardinia, and was gone from home about one hundred days. When I have been asked what it cost me, I

have asked my questioner to 'guess' the amount. The sum named has been usually two thousand or two thousand five hundred dollars. It was about one fifth the latter sum—to wit: five hundred—and the very same scenes can be visited now for one half that sum, and travel respectably. Money being usually an important consideration, we wish, in travel, as in other investments, to get as much value as possible for our dollar. I believe travelers usually do not get more than one half what they might. If a man wishes to become well acquainted with the English people in their domestic and social relations, and their political condition, he must stay a while, making his home with them."

TWO MILLIONS OF TONS OF SILVER.—The ocean holds dissolved two millions of tons of silver. To three French chemists the discovery is due. They took gallons of water from the coast of St. Malo, a few leagues from land, and analyzed it in two ways. A portion of the water they acted upon by the usual tests for silver, and the presence of the precious metal was clearly ascertained. The remainder of the water they evaporated, and the salt they obtained they boiled with lead. This gave them a button of impure lead, which they subjected to what is termed cupellation. This rather grand word denotes a very simple process. The button is placed upon a little tiny saucer made of lime, and is submitted to a heat sufficient to melt lead, but not high enough to affect the silver, should any be present. The lead soon begins to melt, and as it melts it is sucked up by the porous little saucer, or cupel; it grows smaller and smaller until no lead remains, and in its place is a little brilliant speck, far brighter than the boiling lead. The cupel is then removed from the fire, and as it cools the red-hot spark cools too, and you have a homœopathic globule of silver, very much like one of those small pills that druggists delude smokers into buying to take away the smell of the fragrant weed. The operation is very simple, and is the ordinary mode of procuring silver from the ore. Analyses are being made in this way every day at the mint. When the presence of silver is doubtful, the work is most exciting. An English ore was so tested the other day, and, sure enough, after a few minutes of anxious watching, shone forth a bright spark about the size of a pin's head. The ore proved a very rich one, and we shall most likely soon hear more about it.

SHAMS IN CHURCHES.—A writer in one of the Boston papers complains of the "elaborate disfigurement" produced by the alterations in a church at Roxbury. It has been "poorly painted in fresco, and a pulpit of most singular proportions substituted for the old one, which everybody thought was sufficiently ugly." Behind the pulpit is a falsehood, in a church, where everything should be as it pretends to be, an attempt at perspective; and the door strangely opens through this perspective of rows of columns; so that "when the preacher enters, the astonished spectator sees the base and part of the shaft of sundry majestic columns turn upon hinges, leaving the elegant capitals and the remainder of the shafts suspended until the door is closed and the pleasing illusion restored." It looked to the critic like a scene at the theater in the daytime; though there the doors are usually in correct position, and the theater more natural than the church. There

is a growing tendency to sham decorations of a similar kind in churches recently built, or in the process of improvement. The thing is well enough in a theater, where people go expecting to be humbugged, but in the Church of the living God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth, everything like an attempt at deception ought to be avoided.

AN ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—Will you please propound, Mr. Editor, this question, which, simple as it may seem, puzzles me and my teacher. We cannot agree as to the answer. Perhaps some of your readers can set us right. A shoemaker had a pair of boots which cost him, all expenses included, just four dollars. He sold them for five dollars and a half, but the purchaser paid him a fifty dollar bill, which, being unable to change, he carried to a grocer on the corner who changed it, and the purchaser departed with the boots and forty-four dollars and a half. In an hour or two the grocer brings back the bill, which proved to be a counterfeit, and the shoemaker gave him, in return for it, fifty dollars in good money. The question is, how much did he lose by the transaction?

TRO.

SMALL CHANGE.

The pressure in the money market has been severe, but it has called out a great deal of small change. Poets and punsters have been busy, and old stories have been revamped, to throw, if possible, a gleam of cheerful sunshine upon the darkness of the present, and the gloom that hangs over the business prospects of the future. The mothers of this generation are furnished with new versions of nursery rhymes wherewith to comfort their little responsibilities; e. g.:

Sing a song of specie,
Gotham all awry,
Seven and fifty Bank birds
Knock'd into pi;
When the Banks were open'd
The Cashiers tried to sling;
Wasn't that a pretty dish
To send to Gov'nor King?

The King was up at Albany
Fighting off the brokers,
The Cashiers were in Wall-street,
Working hard as stokers;
Presidents were shining
Up and down the street,
Out rush'd a Brown bear
And knock'd them off their feet.

Hark! hark! the Bank's do bark.
The brokers have come to town,
Some with "bags" and some with "rags,"
To hunt the specie down.

There was a man in our town,
Who was so wondrous wise,
He jump'd into the Savings' Bank,
And drew out his supplies.
And when he got his specie out,
With all his might and main,
He rush'd into another bank,
And concluded that, all things consider'd,
he might as well deposit it again.

Note shaver! Note shaver!
Fly away home;
Your notes are protested,
Your fingers will burn.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE ILLUSTRATED.—A little Frenchman loaned a merchant five thousand dollars when times were good. He called at the counting-house some time since, in a state of agitation not easily described.

"How do you do?" inquired the merchant.

"Sick—very sick," replied monsieur.

"What is the matter?"

"De times is de matter."

"*Deltimes*—what disease is that?"

"De malaide what break all de merchants, ver much."

"Ah! the times, eh? well, they are bad, very bad, sure enough; but how do they affect you?"

"Vy, monsieur, I lose de confidence."

"In whom?"

"In everybody."

"Not in me, I hope."

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur; but I do not know who to trust at present, when all de merchants break several times, all to pieces."

"Then I presume you want your money?"

"Oui, monsieur. I starve for want of *l'argent*."

"Can't you do without it?"

"No, monsieur, I must have him."

"You must."

"Oui, monsieur," said little dimity breeches, turning pale with apprehension for the safety of his money.

"And you can't do without it?"

"No, monsieur; not von other leetle moment longare."

The merchant reached his bank book, drew a check on the good old Commercial for the amount, and handed it to his visitor.

"Vat is dis, monsieur?"

"A check for five thousand dollars with the interest."

"Is it *bon*?" said the Frenchman with amazement.

"Certainly."

"Have you de *l'argent* in de bank?"

"Yes."

"And is it *parfaitement* convenient to pay the sum?"

"Undoubtedly. What astonishes you?"

"Vy, dat you have got him in dees times."

"O, yes, and I have plenty more. I owe nothing that I cannot pay at a moment's notice."

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Monsieur, you shall do me one leetle favor, eh?"

"With all my heart."

"Vell, monsieur, you shall keep de *l'argent* for me some little years longer."

"Why, I thought you wanted it."

"*Tout au contraire*. I no vant de *l'argent*; I vant de grand confidence. Suppose you no got de money, den I vant him ver much; suppose you got him, den I no vant him at all. *Vous comprenez*, eh?"

CONFIDENCE.—The following incident is related of the run upon the Savings' Banks of New York City:

"At a Sixpenny Savings' Bank, a little newsboy, without a jacket, and only one suspender, (and that a string,) confronted the teller on Monday, and demanded to know whether '*she was all right*?'—meaning the institution—because, if she was, he didn't mean to be scared if everybody else was. He had got

forty-two cents salted down there, and all he wanted was his (the teller's) word of honor that it wouldn't spile. The teller assured him that his money was ready for him at any moment.

"Nuff said 'tween gen'l'men, but I don't want it," rejoined the youth, and with a self-complacent, well-satisfied air, walked out of the bank.

"Is she good?" cried two or three more newsboys, who were awaiting the result, at the doorsteps.

"Yes, sirree!" he replied, "as good as wheat—ketch our bank to stop! Yous ought to seed the gold I seed in der safe."

"How much was they?" inquired a companion.

"More'n a houseful!" was his prompt response. "An' yous don't ketch dis 'ere chille a-makin' an old woman of his-self, and drawin' out his money; I ain't so green—I ain't!"

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.—The following scene is said to have occurred in a New York boarding-house, between Mr. Delacy and Mrs. Mooney, his Irish washerwoman:

Mr. Delacy: "About that washing bill of yours, Mrs. Mooney; I hardly know what to say. You know the banks are—" Mrs. Mooney: "Shure I don't know and don't care who they are. I'm wanting me money." Mr. Delacy: "But how can you expect me to have money when all the banks—" Mrs. Mooney: "What's the banks to me? it wur'n't for the banks I did the washing, and I'm wanting me money." Mr. Delacy: "O, confound the Irish! one can never make them understand a financial crisis."

Some graceless wag has suggested a new reading of Shakspeare, to suit the times: "Help me, *Cash* us, or I sink!"

AN EPIGRAM.

"There are balms," they tell us, "for all our pain,"
And too true in our recent disasters,
For trade has got on its legs again
Without the aid of shin-plasters!"

SAFE.—As soon as I heard that the Mechanics' Banking Association had burst up, said Snooks, I shinned it home as fast as I could to see if I had any of their bills. "Well, had you any?" asked his eager friend. "Who, no. Having examined carefully, I found I had no bills on that bank, nor on any other!"

SHAKESPEARE IN THE PULPIT.—The eccentric Dr. Cox, says a contributor, in one of his lectures, tells of a parishioner of his who had a pious horror of Shakspeare, and other "profane" writers. One Sabbath the doctor had occasion to be absent from his pulpit, which was filled by a young man fresh from the university, who made great rhetorical flourishes, and quoted from Shakspeare, or at least so thought our worthy but ignorant friend, whose mind was exceedingly pained thereby. "O!" said he, on his return home, "if Mr. — would only remember '*that bourn* from whence no traveler returns,' he would never quote Shakspeare again in the pulpit."

CRAWLING OUT.—We overheard two loafers the other day trying to trade mashed hats. The bargain was struck, when loafer number one displayed with triumph a ventilator in the top of his felt, large enough to put his flat through, whereupon loafer number two announced that in consequence of this brilliant stroke of diplomacy on the part of loafer number one, the bargain was made null and void. Loafer number one remonstrated with his fel-

low for "flunking," who made answer that "he couldn't be blamed for backing out, when he had such a large hole to crawl through!"

WHAT'S TO HINDER IT?—A company of persons who were going into ecstasies at Niagara Falls, observed an Irishman standing by, apparently unmoved. "My friend," said one of them, "it's a wonderful sight to see this vast body of water rushing over the giddy height." "An' what's to hinder?" broke in Pat. To be sure, it *was* nothing but the attraction of gravitation, the same principle being seen on a smaller scale, in emptying dirty water from a dish-pan, but the nature-worshiper didn't think of that, and was, therefore, somewhat startled by Pat's question, who evidently took a practical view of the cataract, as did the Yankee who thought it "a capital place for washing sheep."

SABBATH BREAKING.—A little girl of our neighbor's, who knows the fourth command in the decalogue, was lying in her bed one bright Sabbath morning, when her eye happened to catch a mammoth "grandfather gray-beard," showing forth some fine gymnastic feats of lofty tumbling, tall running, etc., on the carpet, upon which she broke forth in great distress: "O! Sister C., do look at that little sinner down there, *playin' on Sunday.*"

A GOOD RETORT.—"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?" "Why, they feed him more, and kick him less," said the urchin.

An English paper publishes the notice of the marriage of a couple, respectively eighty-three and eighty-two years old, and says: "We have often met with the expression, 'a green old age,' but have never seen so striking an example of such a state as this must have been."

THE TEXT.—Not only the members of the Church out West, but even ministers of the Gospel have, in some instances, become infected with the rage for speculation, so characteristic of the times. A worthy pastor had become so much interested in wild land speculation in which he had invested, that on one occasion, at the opening of divine service, he announced that his text would be found in "Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, section four, range three west."

Dutchman: Coot moryer, Patrick, how you tuz?

Irishman: Good mornin' till ye, Mike; think ye, will we get any rain?

Dutchman: I guess not; ye never has much rain in a ferry try time.

Irishman: An' ye're right there; and thin, whenever it gets in the way of raining, not a bit o' dhry wither will we get as long as the wet spell howlds.

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Merely one of time: one has feeling, and the other has felt.

SLAYING.—John Phenix says of sleighing, that this mode of progression is considered a great amusement in the North. Being particularly dangerous to life and limb, and usually terminating in pulmonary consumption, the pastime is very properly called *sleighing*.

A toper was invited by a friend to his house to partake of a julep, of which he was very fond. It was handed to him in a silver goblet lined with gold. After sipping a portion he turned to his host, and remarked that it was astonishing what an addition a strawberry gave to the flavor of a julep. His friend replied that he was very sorry that he did not have a strawberry to put in it.

"But," said the toper, "there is certainly one in this."

Upon his host's asserting the contrary, he insisted that he saw it distinctly, and drained the goblet to get the berry, when he found that it was only the reflection of *his own nose!*

FISH is served up on Fridays at Sing Sing Prison. The reason for this observance is the *religious scruples* of the inmates!

A SILVERY ODOR.—Jones is getting luxurious. The other day he purchased a bottle of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." We met him shortly after, and asked him how he liked it, remarking at the same time that it ought to smell sweet. "O very sweet," said Jones with a wry face. "What does it smell strongest of?" we asked. "Well," replied the little joker, "it smells strongest, I should say, of fifty (s) cents!"

AN ORTHODOX NOSE.—A clergyman in England, whose nasal protuberance indicated bibulous rather than biblical propensities, arrived one Saturday night at a country town, the rector of which was an indolent man of the old school, and was always too happy to get any one to relieve him of his duty. The sexton was not long in reporting the presence of a strange clergyman at the inn, and the rector immediately told him to beg the favor of his taking the service to-morrow and dining with him afterward. But recollecting at the moment the rumors of the irregular proceedings and unusual tenets that had been current ever since the time of Wesley, the rector was about to recall his invitation, remarking that "one ought to know something about a stranger in these days, as there were so many of these Methodist fellows about the country." "O, he is all right, sir," was the clerk's reply; "if you only saw his nose."

DISSATISFIED DOMESTICS.—We have all heard of the housemaid who, about to leave a family rather unexpectedly, and urged to give a reason for it, simply said: "I can't stay; the young ladies speak such bad grammar."

A friend of ours had a female cook, who was equally sensitive in another direction. One evening she came to her mistress and gave warning. The lady was thrown into consternation, for she had a great reverence for her talents.

"What is the meaning of this?" said she; "is there anything amiss? Surely we treat

you kindly and respectfully. Are you dissatisfied with your wages?"

"No, mum."

"Then why do you wish to go?"

"Because I don't give satisfaction, mum."

"You surprise me!"

"It is true, mum," whimpered the cook, raising her apron to her eyes; "master put salt in his soup both yesterday and to-day!"

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.—A gentleman, advertising for a wife, very prudently adds:

"It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competence sufficient to secure her against excessive grief, in case of an accident occurring to her companion."

A lady, advertising for a husband in the *Tribune*, is very particular to have it understood that "none need apply who are under six feet," upon which an exchange remarks, "That female is strongly in favor of hy-men!"

A Yankee who had just come from Florence, being asked what he had seen and admired, and whether he was not in rapture with the *Venus de Medici*, replied, "Well, to tell the truth, I don't care about those stone gals."

FEEDING ON THE POST.—One of the proprietors of *The Post* has a handsome country residence not far from the city. One of his neighbors is a gentleman who, although living in handsome style, is rather inclined to econo-

mize in his stable expenditure. His horses get but little to eat besides grass, and they are consequently much higher in bone than in flesh. It happened one day that this gentleman's servant, when riding along the road on a miserable Rosinante, was overtaken by the newspaper proprietor, driving a remarkably fine horse under a well-appointed gig.

"Good morning, my man," said he, addressing the sharp-looking gossoon as if he had been 'our own correspondent'; "that's a fine fat horse you're riding."

"Why, thin, I don't know; I think 'tis the way he might be fatter," responded the groom, looking dubiously at the great man.

"O, not at all—couldn't possibly be fatter. Now, tell me, my friend, what does your master feed him on, to have him in such uncommonly high condition?"

"Why, thin, I'll tell your honor. We feeds him on the old *Post* newspapers, an' they don't agree with him at all!"

METEMPSYCHOSIS AND REVENGE.—Jem: "Now spos'n you was to be turned into an animal, what would you like to be, Bill?"

Bill: "O, I'd like to be a lion, because he's so—"

Little Tom (who has had some recent painful experience at school, interrupting eagerly): "O, no, don't be a lion, Bill; be a wasp, and then you can sting the schoolmaster."

Recent Publications.

Notes, Critical and Practical, on the Book of Numbers. By GEORGE BUSH. Very few who have undertaken to write commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures are so well qualified for the task as the author of these Notes. He is an excellent Hebrew scholar, and master of an admirable English style. His Notes on the preceding books of the Pentateuch have been for several years before the public; and have acquired for him a high reputation. He is always clear in his statements, and embodies in them not only the results of much study, but a vast amount of practical instruction. The series thus far has our highest commendation, and we trust the learned author will continue his labors.

Biblical Commentary on the New Testament. By DR. HERMANN OLSHAUSEN. This great work has been for some years before the public in England and the United States as a part of Clark's Foreign Theological Library. That translation was made by several scholars of very diversified ability. Hence, while some portions were executed with accuracy, others were done in a slovenly style, and, in many instances, the author was made to say, in English, what he had not said in the original German. Even with all its defects the English work acquired an extensive circulation on both sides of the Atlantic; but those spirited publishers, *Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.*, of this city, determined to

give the public a new edition, in which the blunders which appeared in the former translation should be corrected, and the commentary presented in a style worthy of themselves and of the author. The whole was placed under the supervision of Dr. KENDRICK, the able professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. Four volumes, bringing the work down to the end of the Epistle to the Galatians, have been published; and we do but echo the general verdict, already pronounced by all who are capable of forming a judgment, when we say that the whole is well done; that the translation is immeasurably superior to Clark's, and the typography admirable. Every Biblical student should have a copy of Olshausen, and to ministers of the gospel of every shade of religious creed it is almost indispensable.

Hymns for the Use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with Tunes for Congregational Worship. The Discipline of the Church for whose special benefit this volume is published, enjoins it as a duty upon the ministry "to exhort every person in the congregation to sing, not one in ten only." The exhortation is seldom given, and more seldom heeded. The ladies and gentlemen who usually sit in the front gallery to a great extent monopolize this part of public worship; not, in all cases, because they wish to have it so, for great multitudes who can and

therefore ought to sing, sit silent in the house of God, quite willing that this work should be done for them by others. It is a fact, too, beyond question, however strenuously it has been denied, that many persons, from a defective ear, or voice, or both, are unable to join in this part of worship, and can do no more than make melody in their hearts. Still there is a very large portion of those who make up ordinary Sunday congregations to whom this collection will be very acceptable, and there are many from whom it will take every possible excuse for silence during this portion of Divine service. The hymns for which the tunes are here given are precisely the same as those found in the ordinary church hymn book, and the tunes have been selected from a variety of sources by a judicious committee, to whom great praise is due for the pains-taking manner in which their work has been executed. The indexes are very complete, and the accuracy of the typography is creditable to all concerned. (Carlton & Porter.)

Lights and Shades of Missionary Life is the title of a duodecimo volume of travels, sketches, and incidents, during nine years spent in the domain of Lake Superior, by WA-ZAH-WAH-WA-DOOMA, which is, by interpretation, *The Yellow Beard*, and, in our own vernacular, JOHN H. PITEZEL. It is printed for the author, at the Western Book Concern, and has several wood engravings. The reader will find in it much to excite an interest for the spiritual welfare of the red men of the forest, and nothing to mitigate his indignation at the general treatment they have received at the hands of the United States government. It is for sale by Carlton & Porter.

Life in the Itinerary. A new edition of a volume originally published by Miller, Orton, & Mulligan, has just been issued by Carlton & Porter, of this city, who have become its publishers. It is

"Truth severe in fiction dress'd,"

and although it has reference to one denomination of Christians only, it may be read profitably by all. Some of the scenes are exceedingly life-like, and the whole story is creditable to the tact and chastened imagination of the author, the Rev. L. D. DAVIS.

Jane Hardy. By T. S. ARTHUR. Mr. Arthur is an unwearied story-teller; and his tales, though evincing no great scope of imagination, nor any remarkable power of invention, are always readable, and generally enlisted on the side of sound morality. "Jane Hardy" is made up of every-day materials—things that may have happened just as the writer relates them, and yet it is a fiction that sustains the interest of the reader to the end. The heroine was married to a man who was self-opinionated and overbearing, and in the course of the story she becomes a maniac. Treated with unwearied care and tenderness by her daughter, her reason is restored. Mr. Hardy becomes convinced of his ill conduct, and begins, as his wife is about to die, to realize that he loves her. We are not sure of the truth of "Jane's" theory as she

unfolds it to Mr. Hardy upon her death-bed, but copy it, as poetical, at least, if not true. We know there will be a separation between the righteous and the wicked, but are not aware that there is any warrant, other than that derived from mediums and spirit-rappers, for the classification of characters and the formation of distinct communities in the abodes of the blessed.

"We shall speedily meet again," said the husband, as he sat alone with her, holding her small shadowy hand in his, just as the twilight began to dawn its dusky curtains around them. His voice trembled; for he had spoken in answer to her remark that in a very little while she must pass away.

"I know not how that may be," she said, very quietly, and fixing her large, glittering eyes upon his face. "In the world to which I am going the laws of association are not as the laws of this world, John."

"O, Jane! what am I to understand by this?" There was grief in the tones of his voice.

"Only," she replied, "that in the life to come, spiritual qualities enjoin. They will be near each other who are alike, and those distant from each other who are unlike, in their life and their affections. The attraction or repulsion will be mutual. But God only knows our internal states, by which the future is determined. If it is well with us as to these, we need have no concern."

"Mr. Hardy felt the words of his wife like sharp thrusts of glittering steel. How calmly she spoke! What a placid, almost angelic expression was in her countenance as she talked of the laws of conjunction and dissociation in the future life—laws which, if they really prevailed, would hold them apart forever! 'I know not how that may be. In the world to which I am going, the laws of association are not as the laws of this world.' Such was her calm, even-toned answer to his almost tearfully uttered assurance of a meeting after death. It was thus she removed from under his feet the frail support on which they rested as the waters of sorrow began to roar around him. He covered his face with his hands, and sat silent for many minutes.

"Can you not forgive me the past? O, Jane! If, through blind error, I wronged you once, have I not sought in all possible ways to make atonement?" Mr. Hardy looked up and spoke with a sudden energy.

"A shadow dimmed the face of his wife, and tears sprang to her eyes.

"We have both need of forgiveness, John," she replied; "I, perhaps, most of all. We cannot conceal from ourselves if we would, that the current of our lives did not run smoothly at the beginning, nor for a long time afterward. The cords that bound us together were not silken and light as gossamer to bear, but heavy and galling as links of iron. I blame myself in many things. I was not a true, self-forgetting, loving wife to you, John. I did not make your home a happy one. I struggled, and fretted, and made myself wretched, when I should have thought of your comfort, and striven, in fulfillment of our marriage vows, to make you happy."

"Dear Jane! say no more. Your words pierce me like arrows!" Mr. Hardy laid a finger upon her lips. "O, if the scales had sooner fallen from mine eyes!"

"If I had helped you to remove them," said Mrs. Hardy, almost mournfully, "both would have suffered less. But I was young and weak from years of indulgence by the tenderest of fathers. I did not comprehend your wants and wishes, and you did not understand me. I never meant to act in opposition, and never did, willfully and perversely. I never intended to give you pain. But I could not hide all signs of anguish, when your words were accusations. Nor could I always look smiling and cheerful when my heart was aching. I say this now only that you may do me justice in your thoughts; for I would not have you think of me, after I am gone, as one who designedly, and for the purpose of gratifying an evil purpose, made the home cheerless which she had promised to fill with sunlight. God gave me power afterward to rise above the weakness of my nature; and I was able to be to you, my husband, all that I desired to be from the beginning. . . . But the past is past, and I would turn to it only for justice, not in order to wound. Forgive me for what I have now said, if it has given you any pain. I cannot, in parting with you, perhaps

forever, leave on your mind the impression that I ever meant anything but to be a true wife."

"Forever, Jane! forever! O, do not say that word! Let me hear your lips recall it!" And Mr. Hardy bent over her with a countenance full of anguish.

"In this world, where hearts are hidden things, and woman must believe where she cannot see—must take loving words and acts in full confidence that they are true words and acts—it too often happens, that her lot is one of wretchedness. The fair exterior of manhood, so attractive in her eyes, often proves to be a false exterior. She finds nothing in his affection or his principles with which she can truly harmonize; and, though she may live with him dutifully, and even in some appearance of love, yet is there no true union of the heart—no marriage in the higher sense.

"With such death is an eternal disjunction. How could it be otherwise in a world where similitude conjoins, and dissimilitude separates? And this law of attraction and repulsion, my husband, continued Mrs. Hardy, speaking very earnestly, 'is a merciful law. If there is an error here it will not be perpetuated when we pass up higher. Of one thing we may be certain; the quality of our spiritual life in this world will determine our associations in the life beyond; and in heaven we shall desire none other.'

"Mr. Hardy had bowed his head while she was speaking. It was some moments before he looked up. When he did so his face was paler, his eyes were heavy, and his countenance wore a drooping aspect. What sharp arrows of conviction were in the words which had been spoken by his wife! Steadily he gazed into her face, wonderingly and sorrowfully, while every moment the conviction grew stronger that their separation was likely to be an eternal one; that her pure spirit would ascend higher than he ever could, and claim companionship with spirits of more godlike nature."

We have been highly gratified by a perusal of the *Fourth Annual Report of the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco, Cal.* It is a good omen for the future of that rising star of the Pacific, that in the principal city of the state such an association has been formed, and is prosecuting its great work with zeal and success. The society has a total membership of three hundred and seventy, the increase during the past year being one hundred and ten. In connection with a good library, they have a well-supplied reading room, open to all who choose to avail themselves of its advantages. Essays and lectures on various subjects have been read at the monthly meetings of the association, and the report contains an admirable address on "Christianity the basis of universal brotherhood," by the REV. DR. ANDERSON.

Previous pages of the NATIONAL bear merited testimony to the philanthropic labors of GALLAUDET, the devoted and successful teacher of the deaf and dumb. An admirable portrait is given in our number for November, 1856. It is, indeed, the best likeness we have seen. It is followed by a brief sketch of the good man's life and labors, bringing them down to his death, which occurred in September, 1851. Recently, the *Messrs. Carter* have published a volume, (18mo., pp. 440,) entitled *The Life and Labors of the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, LL. D.*, by REV. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D., of which it is sufficient to say that it has been, in its preparation, evidently a labor of love, and that it contains sermons, addresses, and letters from the pen of Gallaudet, with all the more interesting incidents connected with his useful life.

A Discourse on occasion of the death of *Walter F. Noyes*, a student of the Wesleyan University, by the REV. DR. TRUE, is above the

average of similar tributes to departed worth, both as respects the character of the deceased and the style of the sermon. Mr. Noyes was twenty-three years of age, amiable in all the relations of life, a good scholar, and a Christian. He died the death of the righteous, and his memory is precious. The passage selected for the text of the sermon is that difficult one in the Epistle to the Romans, viii, 19 to 23. The preacher adopts, in the main, the interpretation of Wesley, and argues that the apostle is here speaking of the entire animal world, rational and irrational, and that the brute creation are destined to a resurrection from the dead and to a happy existence in a future state. There are other topics incidentally touched upon, to which exceptions may be taken by critical readers, while even the most captious will admire the clearness of the author's style and his felicity of illustrations.

We are indebted to our friend, DR. D. MERRITH REESE, of this city, for a copy of his admirable report on *Infant Mortality in Large Cities*. We could wish that a copy of this pamphlet might find its way into every family in the land. The facts here brought to light are absolutely appalling, and the remedies suggested for this state of things ought to be universally disseminated. The author tells us, and his statement is confirmed by official statistics, that the mortality of infants under one year old, greatly exceeds that occurring between one and five years of age; while the mortality under two years is nearly four times that between two and five years. Moreover, the number of children who die under five years of age, is greater than the whole mortality between five and sixty years of age! Hence the perils of life during the *five* years of infancy are greater than during the *fifty-five* years subsequent to that age.

And the doctor pertinently asks:

"Why should infant mortality in American cities be greater than even in Paris! eight per cent. above Glasgow, ten per cent. above Liverpool, and nearly thirteen per cent. greater than in London? Why should it be increasing here and diminishing there? And this, too, when statistics abundantly show the mean duration of human life to be greater by three and a half per cent. in our American cities, taken collectively, than in the cities of Europe?"

Several reasons are given; among others,

"Mismanagement of infancy, by parents, nurses, or doctors, in feeding and physicking the newly born; depriving them of the nutriment simultaneously flowing into the mother's breast, as nature's only and all-sufficient supply for nutrition and development, and substituting therefor the thousand slops, teas, and drugs which officious grannies, of both genders, are wont to prepare and administer. It may safely be computed that a moiety of the mortality among infants of days, is the direct result of spooning into the stomachs of new-born children some of the worst simples and compounds which they will ever taste through life, in case they survive the infliction. Not merely molasses, or sugar and water, catnip tea, olive or castor oil, goose-grease, spoon victuals, and the like, but salt and water, soot tea, gin sluz, and even *urine*, are incessantly forced into the infant's throat before it has known an hour of life. Thousands thus perish in early infancy, their deaths being ascribed variously to colic, cholera, diarrhoea, dysentery, or convulsions, though oftener produced by drugging for the relief of symptoms which the mother's earliest milk would have prevented or cured; life being sacrificed by soothing syrup, Godfrey's cordial, Jayne's carminative, or some other vile mixture of molasses and water, with opium and brandy."

We make room for another short extract on the general subject, and with it conclude by again commending the report to the notice of our readers. (*Collins, Philadelphia.*)

"We shall find it difficult to believe that the inestimable jewel of life is given by the Creator to such myriads of our race, with the design that a large majority of those who receive this boon are destined, in the Divine plan, to perish during their fetal or infantile existence, and that he has left us without any remedy to avert so terrific a catastrophe. Indeed, from what we know of the wonderful viability and mysterious tenacity of life which characterize infantile existence, both intra and extra-uterine being, we should infer the contrary; and believe that the benevolent Father of all has other, and wiser, and better designs toward our race, purposes which are perverted or defeated by a violation of the laws of our being, whereby the children whom God has given us as a blessing, become a curse by our early bereavement, and they perish prematurely, the victims of our ignorance, our misfortunes, our follies, or our crimes."

The Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church have grown into a pamphlet of formidable size. Those for 1857, just issued by Carlton & Porter, cover three hundred and forty-four octavo pages, and embrace not only the statistics, as heretofore given, but much other valuable information, such as the number of churches and parsonages in each conference, with their probable value; the number of baptisms of adults and children; and the number of deaths in the membership during the year. The total number of effective traveling preachers is six thousand one hundred and thirty-four. There are eight thousand three hundred and thirty-five churches, the probable value of which is estimated at fifteen millions seven hundred and eighty-one thousand three hundred and nineteen dollars. The Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Jersey Conferences hold the first place in the value of their church edifices, amounting each to more than one million of dollars. Close upon them follow the New York East, nine hundred and eighty thousand two hundred and seventy-five dollars, and the New York, nine hundred and seventy-one thousand six hundred and thirty dollars. In fifteen of the Conferences there has been a decrease of members during the year, but on the whole the aggregate increase is set down at twenty thousand one hundred and ninety-two.

The Fort Edward Institute Monthly differs from the mass of cotemporary periodicals in that it is made up of original contributions from the faculty and students of that literary institution. It is highly creditable to all concerned, and the world will one day hear from some of the young writers whose first efforts are here put forth. From the last number we take pleasure in transferring to our pages a brief sketch of an artist whose merits are not exaggerated by the partiality of the writer:

JAMES HOPE, A. M.

"As a landscape artist the subject of this brief sketch is the 'Hope of Vermont,' if not of the nation. He was born in Scotland, in the year 1813, on the Tweed, and in the neighborhood of Melrose. He is, therefore, a 'border-man,' a descendant of those of whom Scott says:

"They sought the beeches which made their broth
From Scotland and from England both."

The locality is highly picturesque, and is celebrated in Scottish song and legendary romance. In the early years of his boyhood the beautiful scenery and wild legends of the border made a strong impression upon his mind; and, to the present day, they haunt his imagination like memories of a pleasant dream. Those scenes, daguerreotypied upon his soul with the light of childhood, are tinted by the classic hand of Walter Scott, whom he recollects to have seen, and whose poems are as familiar with him as household words.

"His talent as a poet is of no inferior character. There are some of his productions written in the broad Scotch dialect that would do no discredit to Burns himself. You have only to speak of his native land, and his cheek glows, and his eye kindles with the true Caledonian fire. The following stanzas are from his 'Farewell to Scotland':

"Farewell, ye green hills, and ye heather-clad mountains,

Ye wild woody glens and bright valleys below;
Farewell to the land of the lakes and the fountains,

The dearest on earth that my bosom can know.

I ne'er shall forget thee, my country! no, never!
Though I leave thee for years, and it may be—forever.

"Farewell, ye gray halls that my infancy shelter'd,
The home of my sires I can never forget;

Thine ivy-clad walls time and tempests may alter,

But thy old mossy stones shall be dear to me yet:

The strong ties that bind me to thee I now sever,
It may be for years, and it may be—forever.

"And when in some lone foreign land I'm a stranger,
If the blue hills of Scotland I never may see,

Ere they lay me to rest in the grave of a stranger,

My last breath shall rise for a blessing on thee.

Farewell, Caledonia! from thee I now sever,
It may be for years, and it may be—forever."

"He was the only child of his mother, who died before he was a year old, and left him to the care of his father, who emigrated with him to America when he was but nine years of age. Till his sixteenth year his home was in a wild section of Canada East, where they had few neighbors except wild beasts and the red men of the forest. Here he contracted a love for forest scenery, which has a strong influence upon his pencil to the present day. The sudden death of his father left him an orphan indeed; and after remaining with his grandfather about a year, he determined to try his fortune in the States. He bade adieu to his friends in the winter of 1834, and traveled on foot to Fairhaven, Vermont, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, where he engaged as an apprentice to a wagon-maker for five years. At the end of this time he entered Castleton Seminary as a student, and remained two years.

"Up to this time he was quite undecided as to his life plan. His genius as a designer began to develop itself in childhood, when he amused himself by caricaturing his school-mates, sketching battle scenes, and modeling figures in blue clay. His canvass was usually a shingle, and his pencil a burnt stick. Not esteeming his skill in drawing of any practical value, the ambition of his youth was to be a soldier. This is not surprising when we reflect that he was a native of the 'border,' the battle-ground of the ancient Scots.

"But Cupid entered the lists, and Mars was driven from the field. At the age of twenty-three our hero married, and for a while engaged in teaching and such other employment as rendered him temporary support. In the meantime he made several unsuccessful attempts to obtain instruction in painting. He finally gave up all hope of becoming an artist, and was on the eve of engaging in an enterprise which would, in all probability, have given a different direction to his whole life. But he was again doomed to disappointment. He was disabled by a terrible ax-wound in his ankle joint, which for a time overwhelmed him with despondency. However, the star of 'Hope' was obscured for a moment, only to shine upon him with brighter luster. His active spirit would no longer brook control, and obtaining some common paints and a board, he made his first essay as a limner, in a portrait of himself. Such was his success, that sitters began to throng his primitive studio, and before he had fairly regained his power of locomotion he was a confirmed portrait painter, and had earned over a hundred dollars. He fully recovered from the accident which had threatened to disable him for life, and by it scaled the barrier which obstructed his course as an artist; thus finding special significance in the sentiment:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

"This occurred in the early part of his twenty-fifth year. He now obtained suitable books and materials, and by untiring study and toil became quite a proficient in his art; so that he ventured to open a studio in Montreal. Here he met with more than the ordinary success of young artists; but after two years the health of his family demanding a change of air, he returned to Rutland County, Vermont. Here he fell in company with a landscape painter, who noticed his passionate love of nature, and the readiness with which he sketched, and encouraged him to give himself to landscapes. An opportunity presenting itself to teach painting and drawing in Castleton Seminary, he resorted to this method of maintaining his family till his pencil could more directly win him fame and bread.

"One of his first pictures, a view of Castleton Lake, he sold to the 'American Art Union.' On visiting the galleries of art in the metropolis, he was sadly disappointed to find that nature was not the standard among artists, because, as they explained, she was too tame. They advised him to improve his style by studying the works of other artists more. But he had made love to nature by the 'bonnie braes' of Scotland, and she had proved true in the land of his adoption, and his constant heart revolted at the thought of discarding her for the blandishments of an artful stranger. So he returned to the green hills of Vermont, sad but undaunted, loving art not the less, but nature more. His brother artists regarded him with jealous eye, and his sensitive nature shrank from anything that indicated inordinate pride of opinion; yet he preferred to risk his reputation for modesty, rather than sacrifice a principle so dear to him. He therefore toiled on, with that indomitable perseverance and untiring industry which so strikingly characterize him, never doubting of success, even in the darkest hour of discouragement.

"That artists should look askance at him is not surprising, if they had any apprehensions that his style was likely to become a popular one. For it implies an amount of labor that few have the patience or the perseverance to perform. This will be appreciated when it is known that he is not infrequently engaged for weeks upon a scene from nature, painted, in all its details, on the spot, in the open air; and this, too, at a distance requiring from three to six miles' walk, which he accomplishes in time to greet the rising sun, and retires only with the light.

"Such effort deserves success. And when directed by such genius it cannot fail. For some time he struggled on, regarding himself as rather a 'forlorn hope,' till he was cheered by the information that there existed in England an association of artists styling themselves 'Pre-Raphaelites.' They went beyond the 'Old Masters,' accepting of no model but nature herself. About the same time he obtained a copy of Ruskin's celebrated work, 'Modern Painters.' This completely sustained and ably defended his theory. He now felt himself, at least, in honorable company, and, though his pictures had found a ready sale, he was ambitious to establish himself in New York. Taking with him some of his best studies, he again visited the metropolis. His 'Cedar Swamp,' exhibited in the 'National Academy of Design,' called forth a long criticism in the *Tribune*, in which he was classed with the 'Pre-Raphaelites.' The system was condemned, while he was given credit for a very natural

picture. His picture sold at a good price, and he found sufficient encouragement to induce him to open a studio in the city. Since that time he has spent his winters in New York, and his summers at his home in Castleton.

"To the superficial observer his studies may appear tame when compared with some of the gorgeous works of other artists; but you examine them for the hundredth time with still increasing pleasure. They hold the same relation to these fanciful designs that genuine history does to works of fiction. The one excites a momentary pleasure, while the other furnishes material for reflection for a lifetime.

"It is a gratifying fact that fortune begins to bestow her favors upon our artist with a lavish hand. In the enjoyment of a competency, and crowned with honors, with a pleasant cottage home cultivated by youthful 'hopes,' with a naturally cheerful spirit chastened by a genial piety, he cannot but be a happy man. And taking into consideration his age, his genius, his ambition, and his success, it will hardly be deemed presumption to predict that, as a landscape artist, he will yet be acknowledged 'the Hope of the nation.'"

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG have not appeared in such number and variety as in former years at the holiday season. We notice:

Mia and Charlie; or, a Week's Holiday at Rydale Rectory, an English reprint from the press of *Carter & Brothers*: a very pleasing story, with illustrations by Birkett Foster, who stands at the head of his profession.

The Little Shoemaker; or, the Orphan's Victory, an original tale, by Mrs. S. A. Myers, of whose former productions we have spoken favorably. This, we are assured, is a true story, and the youthful reader will not only find it exceedingly interesting, but cannot fail to derive benefit from its perusal. (*Carter & Porter*.)

Brace, Loonis, & Co., are issuing a series of "Illuminated Classics," for the little folks. The first volume now before us is "Chanticleer," the well-known thanksgiving story, from the pen of *Cornelius Mathews*. It is beautifully illustrated, and is to be followed by other entertaining stories, all of which, the publishers assure us, are to be healthful in their moral tone.

Anna; or, Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home. (*Carter & Brothers*.) We are not admirers of the purely conversational style in which these "Passages" are given. We seem to hear only the author in the dialogue, and expect him to get the better of his opponents, while he furnishes arguments for the mere purpose of showing how easily he can refute them. "Anna," however, will interest a large class of readers, and it may be commended for its inculcation of Scriptural truth.

The Farm and the Flower-Garden.

READING FOR FARMERS.—The present season, to the farmer, is measurably one of rest and repose, but not of idleness; the thrifty and intelligent farmer has no time for idleness. The demands of out-door labor are comparatively few; and the time that remains, after proper attention to the wants and comfort of the stock, should be employed in maturing plans for the future, and in intellectual improvement.

The farmer should not be without a choice library; its size is not of so much importance as its character; the light, trashy, demoralizing literature of the day should be rigidly excluded. Biography, travels, essays, history, the sciences and arts, with some good practical works on agriculture and horticulture, will afford instructive and entertaining reading to all members of the family. The reproach that

farmers are not a reading and intellectual portion of the community, is fast losing its force: let there speedily be an end to it. Why should they deny themselves one of the purest sources of enjoyment within their reach? Reading, in fact, has become indispensable to the farmer, if he would reach the highest point of success in his profession; in no other way can he obtain an adequate knowledge of the improvement made in farm implements, the different breeds of stock, and the various operations and accessories pertaining to the tillage of the soil. We regard agricultural and horticultural journals as occupying a very important position in the periodical literature of the day; and every wise farmer will subscribe for at least one of them. A good publication of this kind, carefully read and digested, can hardly fail to make him a more thoughtful man, and a better master of his profession. We shall contribute our mite toward this end, so far as our limited space will admit.

CLEANING FRUIT TREES.—After the fruit is gathered, trees seldom receive any attention till the following spring; and in the hurry which then necessarily takes place, many important things are overlooked or neglected, and perhaps a thought is never given to the fact that multitudes of insects, in various stages of formation, have been left to multiply, and in many instances blight the farmer's hope. The larvæ and eggs of insects may be found in the soil, and under the bark and along the limbs of trees: the larvæ in the soil are most readily destroyed by late fall plowing, which brings them under the influence of winter frosts, and insures the death of most thus exposed. But we wish to direct attention now to the eggs deposited under the bark and on the limbs, and to the various species of coccus, or scaly bug. To destroy the former, the trunk of the tree should be scraped; for this purpose an old hoe may be used. It is only necessary to scrape off the loose outer bark; after this has been removed, the trunk may be washed with a weak solution of whale-oil soap, or even common soap. The tree will be benefited by the operation, independently of the destruction of insects. The nests and nits on the limbs must be destroyed by hand. The labor is somewhat tedious, but it is labor well bestowed, and effects the purpose more surely, and in much less time, than when the trees are covered with leaves. If the destruction of insects is left till summer, much damage is done before any attempt is made to prevent it; and the labor then is greatly increased, as the worms are scattered all over the tree, and hidden from sight by the leaves. It is much better to destroy them when you can do so in mass. You will find the birds willing and cheerful co-laborers with you in destroying your insect enemies; those that escape you during the winter, they will probably destroy during the summer. You should therefore encourage the birds to abide with you, and protect them from wanton destruction by senseless boys, whether of a larger or smaller growth.

We will now add a few words in regard to the coccus or scaly bug, which too often entirely escapes observation. In shape, they re-

semble a very small turtle, and in appearance seem like small scales; hence their name. They are a great pest, and adhere to the bark by suction; suckers, in fact, would have been a significant name for them. They increase rapidly, and spread from the trunk all over the tree, which in consequence becomes sickly, and unable to ripen its fruit. The scaly bug is more frequently found on the pear than the apple; and so seldom attracts notice, that it is not often molested by the hands of man. In winter it is not difficult to destroy; it is then torpid, and easily rubbed off. It is generally found on smooth bark, and is readily destroyed by soap-suds applied with a brush: the scrubbing, however, must be done in good earnest. The whole subject of insects is deserving of serious attention, and we hope our readers will employ a portion of their winter leisure in efforts to destroy them.

FENCES.—The fence is one of the last improvements made on the farm, and generally one of the worst. It is a poor economy, however, to build a poor fence. Where stone is abundant, it makes in the end, if well laid, the most economical, as it is the most durable fence; but one made of locust posts and chestnut rails will last a lifetime. It should by all means be made straight; a crooked rail fence is an abomination, a waste of land, a harbor for weeds, and forever needing "fixing up." It is quite a common practice to divide the farm into small lots; this is both expensive and useless. Where cattle are soiled, very few fences are needed; and soiling is a practice much to be commended, especially on small farms. Look at your fences now, note what repairing is needed, and endeavor to do it before spring work is upon you.

THE PEACH BLOW POTATO.—We have tried this new variety of potato, and consider it one of the best grown. It boils dry, is mealy, and good flavored. It is also productive, and has been but little affected by the rot. The eyes are prominent, and there is consequently little waste in peeling. We saw it last season in several different localities, and found it uniformly good, and in much favor. The finest patch was on the farm of Peter L. Bogart, Esq., at Roslyn. We measured some of the stalks, and found them to be over six feet in length, and very stout. We recommend our readers to give the Peach Blow, and also the Washington, a trial.

A NOBLE LEMON TREE.—In a recent visit to Manhasset, L. I., we were invited to examine a large lemon tree belonging to one of the neighbors. Our surprise may be imagined when we beheld the largest specimen of the kind we had ever seen. Our surprise would have been less if we had seen the tree in some spacious green-house; but it is a "room-plant," and has always been such. Its age is about twelve years, and it had on it when we saw it *one hundred and sixty-two lemons!* many of them of very large size. Last year it produced one hundred and thirty-four lemons. We have seen specimens more symmetrically and skillfully grown, but none in better health and condition. It is about seven feet high and six feet in di-

ameter. To increase the wonder, we have only to add, that this noble tree is owned and was raised by a lady, Miss Mary Bogert. It has been the special object of her affectionate care since it was a "wee bud," and it has, no doubt, beguiled many a weary hour, and added sunshine to the brightest.

CAHOON'S MAMMOTH RHUBARB.—Last fall we had an opportunity of examining this new variety of Rhubarb or "pie-plant," at Mr. Fuller's, in Brooklyn. It is truly a mammoth, its size not having been exaggerated by our Western friends. One of the stalks measured twelve inches in circumference, and weighed eight pounds and a half! We advise our friends to procure this variety, as well as the Linnaeus and Downing's Colossal. The soil should be trenched and manured to the depth of at least two feet, for the Rhubarb is a gross feeder. If stalks are wanted early, the plants should be covered with manure in the fall, which may be forked under in the spring. The exposure should be a warm one, well open to the sun. The plants should not be placed near a grass or box edging, as the leaves will inevitably kill it. The Linnaeus may be cut during the whole season, the stalks being at all times crisp and tender, with a fine vinous flavor. Care must be taken, however, not to push the cutting too far; for repeatedly stripping the same plant of its stalks greatly weakens it, and sometimes kill it. This may be avoided by having two sets of plants.

PARLOR PLANTS.—These will need watching, to prevent them from being frosted. When the nights are very cold, the table should be moved back from the window, which can be readily done if the tables are made as directed in a former article. Means should be taken to keep the temperature of the room above the freezing point, especially at night; and watering should be carefully attended to. The plants should not be watered until the surface of the soil becomes dry, and then enough should be given to go through the pot. This is a very important point to attend to, and its neglect is a source of frequent failure. Dead leaves should be picked off, and the surface of the soil occasionally stirred; and the plants will be benefited by an occasional syringing overhead.

NANTUCKET GIRLS.—Until recently we had supposed that Nantucket was nothing but a sand bank, ornamented with a few fishermen's huts; but we were under a delusion. Nantucket is a great place, and raises smart girls. Nantucket has churches, public schools, newspapers, a gas-house, etc., and an Agricultural Society two years old, with a surplus fund of about a thousand dollars! They had a grand time at their annual fair, in which the women and girls took a prominent part, not only in making the arrangements, but as exhibitors and judges. This is as it should be. We find them writing odes and songs, exhibiting a great variety of needle work and domestic manufactures, and even fruit, besides contributing very materially to the spirit and life of the entertainment at the close. The Nantucket girls, we take it,

excel in growing *peaches*, for quite a number presented them for exhibition at the fair, and Miss Coleman's, we believe, took the first prize. We missed something in not having been there; if we live so long, we shall be on hand at the next annual fair of the Nantucket Agricultural Society. The part which the girls took in this fair pleases us greatly, and receives our emphatic commendation. We saw something of the kind in Boston a couple of years since, and were so favorably impressed with its propriety, and the spirit it gave to the occasion, that we could not help wishing the practice were common all over the land. We have plenty of young "misses" here in New York; we wish our Nantucket friends would take some of them, and make "girls" of them.

THE WORLD AT LARGE.

A map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.—COWPER.

During the past month there has been much excitement in New York in consequence of the position in which the working classes are placed from the want of employment. Meetings of unemployed men were held in most of the principal squares, at which many speeches of an incendiary character were made, chiefly by noisy politicians, who endeavored to make capital at the expense of the poor men by urging them to break the peace. They were, however, unsuccessful in their efforts, and failing to produce what they wanted, notoriety, they abandoned the workmen, who most sensibly disclaimed all idea of disturbing the public peace, and exerted themselves to procure employment. Many of them were successful; but we regret to say there are thousands still idle, and the sufferings they and their families are enduring, from hunger and cold, are terrible. It is the most melancholy winter ever seen in New York, and happy would it be for thousands if it had passed. In other cities the same melancholy tale has to be told, and unless business is speedily resumed, it is feared the consequences will be disastrous.

Late accounts from Honduras state that the surveying corps of the projected interoceanic railroad had reached Comayagua, a point midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The survey had thus far proved satisfactory, and the party of engineers were in good health and capital spirits. At Omoa, the authorities were making warlike preparations to repel an apprehended attack from Walker's filibusters, and a British vessel of war was daily expected to arrive to aid in the defense of the town. Throughout all Central America the mention of Walker's name appears to inspire alarm and lead to an immediate overhauling of rusty cannon and small arms. *Appropos* of Walker, it may here be stated that he wrote a letter to General Cass, in which he repudiated the idea of his infringing upon the Neutrality laws, by enlisting men to make war upon a state with which we are at peace, and in a few days afterward left New Orleans in the Steamer "Mobile," for Mobile, when he was transferred to another steamer, the "Fashion," lying there with a force of four hundred men, and an abundance of arms and munitions of war. The steamer sailed at once for Nicaragua. On it becoming known at Washington, the government immediately dispatched the revenue cutters at New Orleans to intercept this band of filibusters, and as soon after as possible the president recognized General Yrassari as

minister from Central America. . . . *At length the government will be compelled to take active and decisive steps against the Mormons.* Official reports have been received in Washington of the burning, near Green River, by the Mormons, of three government trains, (seventy-five wagons;) also intelligence of the belligerent stand taken by these infatuated men; the proclamation of Brigham Young, placing Utah under martial law, and his threatening speeches, letters, etc., declaring it to be his intention to prevent the troops from entering his dominions. These violent measures admit of no palliation. The government must act energetically, and at once. . . . *Quick justice*, when administered by due course of law, is seldom more strongly exemplified than in a late case at Chicago. William Young and John Powers shot William Crozier on board a canal boat, for the terrible crime of breaking a pane of glass. The murder was committed on Monday night. The same night both Young and Powers were arrested; on Tuesday they were lodged in jail; on Thursday they were indicted; on Friday they were arraigned, tried, and convicted; on Monday they were sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life; and on the same evening, just one week from the commission of the crime, they were lodged in the State Prison. If this course of rapid justice was oftener pursued, crime would be less abundant, particularly in the city of New York, where crime is terribly on the increase. Murder succeeds murder so rapidly, that even when the party is brought up for trial, we forget all about the crime with which he stands charged, we have so many to remember, and so tardy are the authorities in bringing to trial the rascals who commit the deeds. The month of November presented the most horrible calendar of crime in the annals of the city, most of the murders committed being of a cruel, fiendish, and blood-thirsty character. . . . *The news from Mexico* is highly important. Congress has suspended the political guarantees of the new constitution, and invested President Comonfort with supreme authority. Serious difficulties have occurred between the Spaniards and Mexicans in Cuernavaca, and martial law has been proclaimed in that district in consequence. . . . *Advices from Yucatan* represent the whole population of the province as in arms. The accounts of the ravages of the Indians are fearful. The towns of Chiciaconot and Tekax were sacked under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and the people of the Eastern district were flying from the savages in all directions. The citizens of Merida had addressed Governor Barreda on the subject of protection, when that official assured them that a war of extermination will be waged on the Indian race. He attributes their insolent war action to the unsettled state of the country produced by the revolutionists. . . . *The Great Republic*, our largest and swiftest of clipper ships, seems to have had a narrow escape from foundering off Cape Horn, on the 3d of September, (the same date, it will be remembered, of the heavy gale in which the Central America was lost, though at so great a distance.) The Great Republic was on her way from the Chincha Islands to Callao, with guano, and when off the Horn was struck by a gale of such violence as to blow all her sails to atoms, carry away part of her spars, and finally a sea struck her on deck which broke away four of her beams, tore up her hatch-combings, and partially filled her with water. She reached the islands on the 7th, her crew having had no food for four days, and the ship almost in a sinking condition. . . . *Last month the Burnegat Light House*, on the Jersey coast, fell with a loud crash in a severe storm. The sea had been for some years undermining it,

and in order to prevent danger, a temporary house had been put up, to which the keeper and his family had removed a day or two before. A new house is to be immediately constructed, as the light is one of the most important ones on the American coast. . . . *Judge Buchat*, of Bridgehampton, Michigan, has been arrested and thrown into jail, charged with the brutal and inhuman murder of his little child of three years, by beating it and burning on a stove. The child had been reported burned to death by accident and buried, but was dug up to furnish proof of the crime. . . . *A serious and fatal collision* took place in the Gulf of Mexico, on the 15th ult. At midnight, the Texas Steamship Opelousas, from Berwick Bay, for Galveston, came in contact with the Galveston, of the same line, and was so much injured that she sunk immediately. The captain and crew of the Opelousas were all saved, but twenty or twenty-five persons went down with the vessel, among whom was General Hamilton, of South Carolina, a well-known and influential man. . . . *James G. Birney* died in New Jersey, on the 24th of November. He was a native of Kentucky, born in the year 1793. He graduated at Nassau Hall, N. J., at the age of nineteen, and devoted himself to the study of law. On attaining his majority and coming into the possession of slaves, he nobly, and at great pecuniary sacrifice, set them all free. He afterward edited an anti-slavery paper with distinguished ability, and was the candidate of the Liberty party for President of the United States in 1844. His name will fill a conspicuous place in the history of reform when that history shall be written. . . . *Funeral services* in honor of Major General Worth were celebrated in this city on the 25th of November, on occasion of removing his body to the site of the monument about to be erected to his memory. There was an imposing display of military, and a funeral oration was delivered by the mayor. . . . *Mr. Samuel C. Nowlan*, a civil engineer, has executed a plan for bridging the East River between this city and Brooklyn. . . . *The semi-annual Report* of the New York Bible Society, shows that the receipts of the past year have been \$18,700, a diminution as compared with previous years. The society has, however, been able to meet all its engagements, and donate \$1,000 to the American Bible Society. . . . *The total number of persons* at present in all the public institutions of New-York, penal and charitable, under the charge of the ten governors, is about seven thousand, which is an increase of eleven hundred over the number in charge last year at this time. . . . *A scrupulous politician* has been found in Georgia. General John W. A. Sandford, of Baldwin County, lately elected to the state senate, refused to take his seat in that body, because he could not conscientiously swear that he did not obtain the office in any degree by "bribing, treating, etc." . . . *Bees for California*, it may not be known to everybody, that there were no bees in California when first discovered by the Yankee family, and that several attempts made to carry them there at an early day were unsuccessful. Of late several persons have been more successful, and we suppose, have made the business of sending bees to the Golden State a gold-producing speculation. The steamer of Nov. 5 was engaged by J. S. Harbeson, of New Castle, Lawrence County, Penn., to take out sixty colonies of bees, destined for Sacramento and neighborhood. This is the largest shipment ever sent out. . . . *The Easton (Pa.) Argus* mentions an incident of an old gentleman recently deceased in Lehigh County, who had been suspected of having considerable money in his house, although no one knew the amount

On examining the premises after his death, no less than *eleven thousand dollars* were found in specie, which he had doubtless been saving and concealing for many years. . . . *The navy department* at Washington has received advices from Captain Sands, commanding the United States steam-frigate "Susquehanna," then at Spezzia, containing some items of interest. The steamer left Plymouth on the 30th of September, and, on passing the Straits of Gibraltar, shaped her course along that portion of the coast of Barbary known as the "Riff Coast," for the purpose of showing her flag, as the inhabitants were, with good reason, suspected of being piratically disposed. On nearing Cape Aqua, a body of men, with horses and a few canoes, were observed on the bluffs above. The ship was cleared for action, and Captain Sands landed and brought four Arabs on board, from whom he endeavored to gain some information as to what these demonstrations meant. Captain Sands then made a drawing of the American flag, which he showed to the Arabs, telling them that all attacks upon vessels carrying that flag would be severely punished. The visitors were also shown the ship's batteries and engines, and appeared to be deeply impressed with what they had seen and heard. . . . *The most important local election* which has ever been held in New York took place on the 1st of December, when Daniel F. Tienmann, Esq., was elected mayor, by a handsome majority over Fernando Wood, Esq., the then incumbent of that office.

Delhi, the stronghold of the insurgent Sepoys, in India, has been stormed and captured by the British troops. The receipt of this news caused great rejoicing in England, as it was believed that, Delhi having fallen, the insurgents would lose their confidence, and the rebellion be speedily crushed. The assault was attended with terrible carnage, the English having lost in killed and wounded upward of eleven hundred soldiers and sixty-one officers, which were one third of the whole assaulting force. It was, however, most successful. They succeeded in taking the King of Delhi, his two sons and chief wife, prisoners. The age of the king saved his life, but the sons were shot immediately after their capture. Lucknow had been relieved by the gallant Havelock just in the nick of time, as the besiegers were on the point of blowing up the garrison. But a later account states that it was again besieged by fifty thousand Sepoys, commanded by Nani Sahib. The massacre at Delhi was horrible. All the people found in the city were put to the sword. . . . *Among the Missionaries who have fallen victims to the mutiny in India* are: The Rev. A. R. Hubbard, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Rev. J. Mackay, of the Baptist Mission, at Delhi; the Rev. W. H. Havecock, and H. Cockey, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at Cawnpore; the Rev. J. Macalium, of the Additional Clergy Society, at Shah-jehanpore; the Rev. Messrs. Freeman, Johnstone, Campbell, M'Mullen, and their families, of the American Presbyterian Mission, at Futteygur; and the Rev. Mr. Hunter and family, of the Scottish Mission, at Sealcode. To this list may be added the Rev. Mr. Jennings, the English chaplain at Delhi, and his daughter, and Mrs. Thomson, and her two daughters, of the Baptist Mission, at Delhi. . . . *The Contributions to the Indian Relief Fund* already exceed £131,000, and are still pouring in. Some of the most pleasing offers of aid, however, are not in money. In some instances, clergymen and others engage to receive orphans into their families on such terms as these: "a home and home's comforts for any child whose

parents have perished in the fearful mutiny." The Romanists, says an English periodical, especially in Ireland, are characteristically recalcitrant as regards contributing, on the ground that their co-religionists did not receive fair play in the distribution of our Patriotic Fund raised for the sufferers in the Crimean war. Such charges, however, have been summarily refuted; while the sympathies of the Romanists in the horrors of the mutiny have been considerably deepened by accounts of the "martyrdom" of a Roman priest in India, who was barbarously slain at the altar with the crucifix in his hands. . . . *The Family of the last King of the French*, resident in England, had sustained a loss in the demise of the Duchess de Nemours. We also have to record the death of the Infanta Amalia, wife of Don Sebastian and sister of the Duchess of Tuscany. . . . *The effect on the English money market* of the news of the suspension of the banks in this country was very serious, but not so much so as was anticipated. The leading English papers regarded the course taken by the banks as the wisest course that could have been adopted. Many failures had been announced in England and the principalities on the continent. . . . Still later accounts inform us that there was as great a panic in England as there was here; and that commercial houses went down in all directions before the storm. The crisis culminated on the 12th, when the government suspended the Charter Act of the Bank of England, and authorized an unlimited issue of notes. The effect of this movement was quickly felt at every point, the excitement ceased, and business affairs assumed somewhat of their usual quietude. Parliament was to assemble immediately. . . . The Siamese embassy, consisting of four ambassadors and a numerous retinue, had arrived in England, and been received with considerable ceremony and attention.

The Atlantic Cable, it is said, is certainly to be laid in June, 1858, and active arrangements have already been made for that purpose. Four hundred additional miles of cable have been ordered, and as it is expected that the three hundred and forty miles now submerged will be recovered, the company will probably have on hand about 3,000 miles, or 750 more than the length supposed necessary. This, it is believed, will be a sufficient allowance for the slacking in paying out from the strength of the current. The British government have signified their intention of again detaching two steam vessels to assist in the laying; and it is supposed beyond a doubt that our government will likewise again render the same service. . . .

The "Great Eastern," to be hereafter known as the "Leviathan," an attempt was made to launch in the month of November, which proved unsuccessful. The trial was to be repeated at an early day. . . . *The Patrie of Paris* states that negotiations were going on between the French and English governments for an exchange of territory in India. . . . Owing to the failing health of the King of Prussia, the Prince of Prussia had assumed the management of national affairs, but no changes would be made in the details of the government. . . . *An imposing ceremony* took place lately at Sebastopol, the mortal remains of Lieutenant Colonels Fonfrede and Jolly Deshayes having been exhumed and embarked on board the American vessel Susan Jane, to be brought to France for re-interment. All the Russian garrison was under arms, and paid due military honors. . . . A late number of the *Paris Aves* states that the government of the Celestial Empire had officially declared war against England on the 12th of September.